

FHM

FOR HIM MAGAZINE
October 2000

HATS OFF!

**CARMEN ELECTRA
IS BACK IN THE
SADDLE!**

TV TURN ONS!

**TUNE IN TO THE
HOTTEST NEW GIRLS
IN OUR TV SPECIAL!**

**27 MASSIVE
PAGE FALL TV
EXTRAVAGANZA!**

**AMERICA'S
LEAST WANTED!**

The ten most unpopular
people alive

**MEET YOUR
SECRET LOVER**

How well do you know
your girlfriend?

SHIP OF DEATH!

One man's voyage
into an icy hell

SNAKE BITES!

GANGRENE!

BURNT FLESH!

First-aid tricks that
could save your life

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GAP LEATHER

THE BOOT FIT JEAN

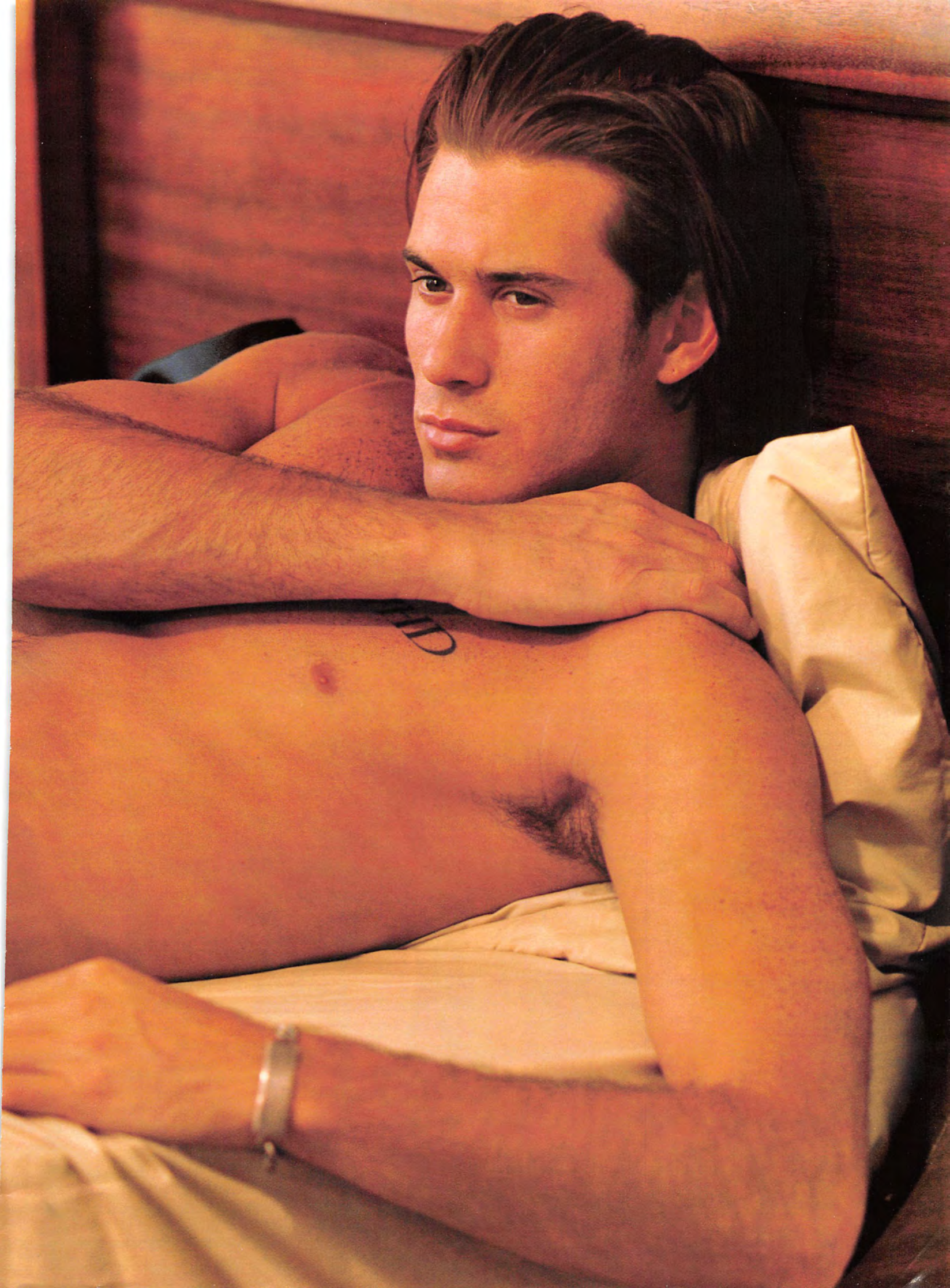


GAP

gap.com

POLO RALPH LAUREN
UNDERWEAR

THE POLO CHINO BOXER

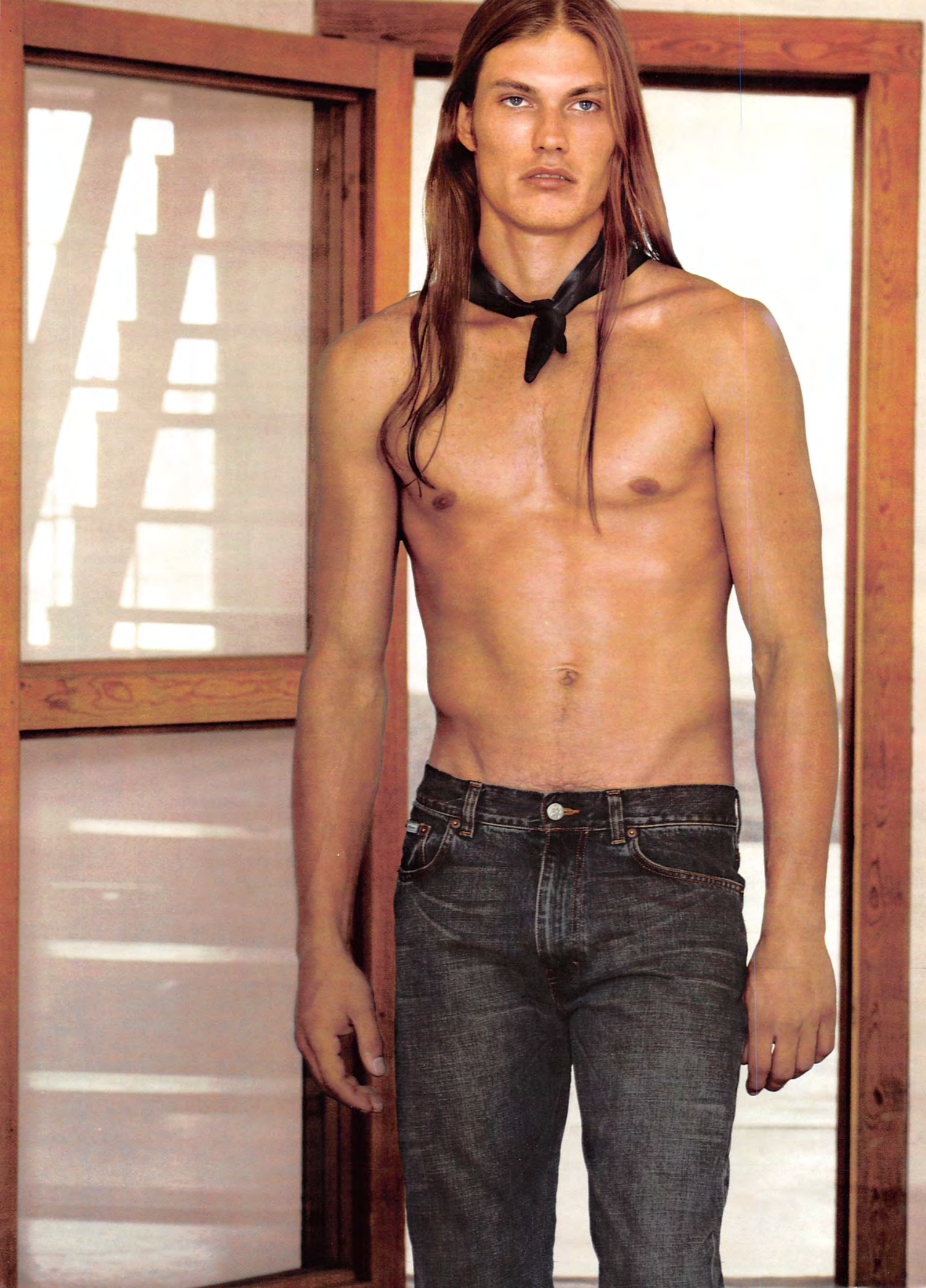


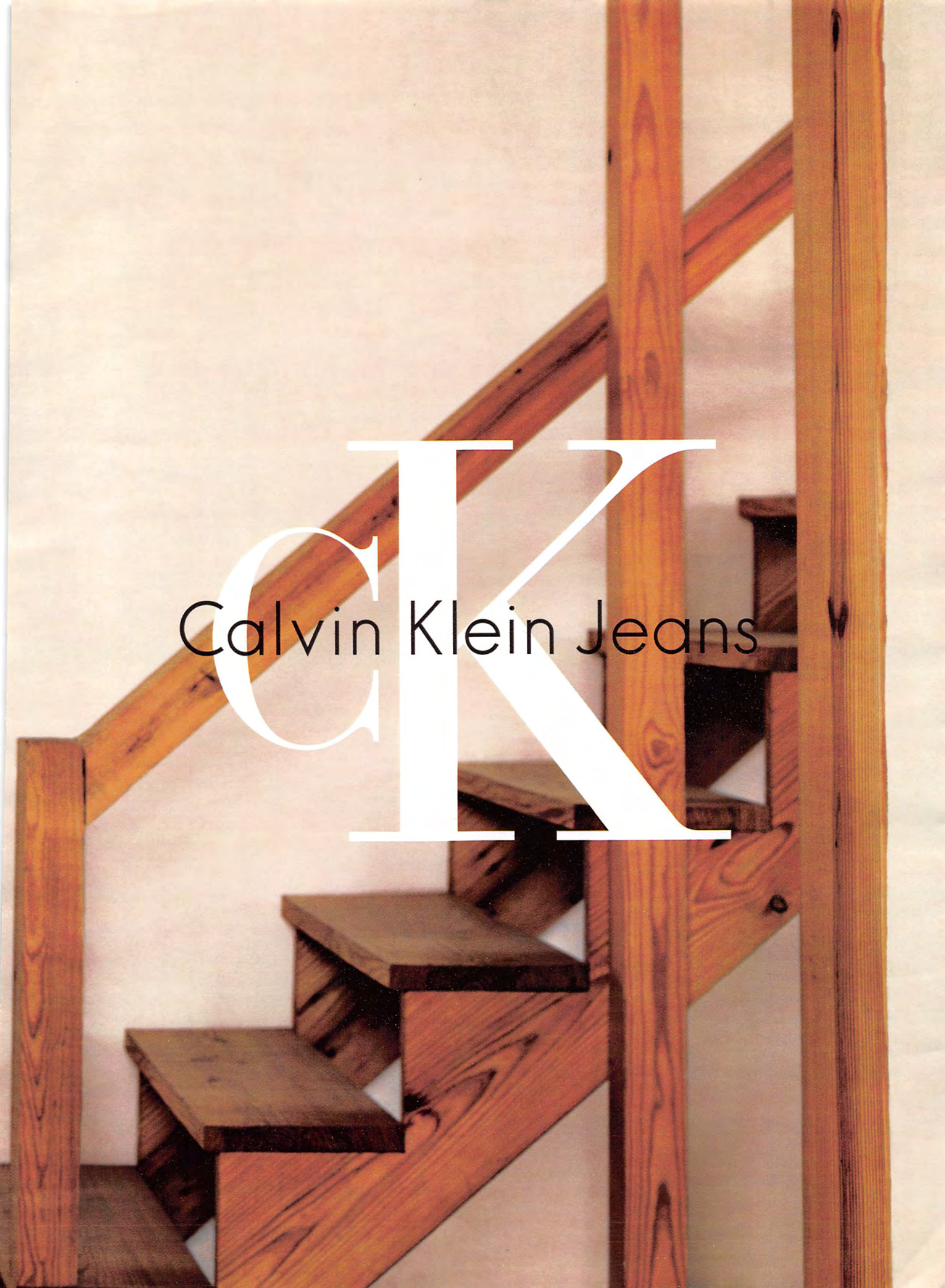




TOMMY  HILFIGER

tommy.com



A photograph of a wooden staircase with a large, white, serif 'CK' logo overlaid in the center. The text 'Calvin Klein Jeans' is written in a smaller, black, sans-serif font across the middle of the 'CK' logo. The staircase is made of light-colored wood and is set against a plain, light-colored wall.

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★ AMERICA'S ★ LEAST WANTED



MIME ★ METER MAID ★ BOUNCER

WHETHER THEY REALIZE IT
OR NOT, NOBODY LIKES THEM!

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individuals



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NAOMI KALTMAN: BRENNAN CAVANAUGH; WYLES TALBOT: JAMES WESTMAN; COURTESY OF STEARNS INC.; COURTESY OF 1999 BOB ROSS INC.; ILLUSTRATION BY RICK ALLEN



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How well do
you know your
girlfriend?

running shoe by Nike, featuring waterproof Gore-Tex™ lining and a zip-top sleeve. It is the only shoe currently available that's uniquely designed with the, umm, extreme trail runner in mind.

It's always open season on extreme trail runners.

An even greater potential threat to the extreme trail runner's mortality comes from another group of individuals who tend to congregate in wooded areas. No, not witches. Hunters!



Running is just more fun when death is on the line.

These omnipresent kill-for-sport enthusiasts offer the extreme trail runner an excellent opportunity to increase the extreme nature of his or her run. To do so, we suggest you avoid loud, conspicuously non-organic-colored clothing, like orange. Instead try muted, animal-inspired tones, such as fawn or mallard green. As far as footwear is concerned, the Air Dri-Goat color scheme,

Trees: gentle giants or silent killers?

A third fully-capable-of-terminating-one's-life-force element that commonly is encountered when trail running is trees. Left to their own devices, trees are actually quite beneficial to trail runners and to human beings in general. The conveniently symbiotic relationship we have regarding the exchange of CO₂ for O₂ has always proven to be a win-win situation for everyone involved. However, should a tree get in the way of a careening-out-of-control trail runner, this partnership will take a frightening and immediate turn south. (Read: extreme!)

The most common result of the moving-trail runner/stationary-tree confrontation is that the trail runner suffers severe, sometimes

When hit at a high enough velocity, even the softest variety of tree is quite capable of wreaking serious life-threatening havoc on the relatively frail internal organs of the extreme trail runner. The sublime aspen, the mighty oak, even the giant sequoia—it really doesn't matter. Each of these species is more than capable of instantly transforming a virile trail runner into a quivering, gelatinous meat sack.

Fortunately, the Air Dri-Goat features a patented goat-like outer sole for increased traction, so you can taunt mortal injury without actually experiencing it.

Right about now you're probably asking yourself, "How can a trail running shoe with an outer sole designed like a goat's hoof help me avoid compressing my spinal cord into a Slinky® on the side of some unsuspecting conifer, thereby rendering me a drooling, misshapen non-extreme-trail-running husk of my former self, forced to roam the earth in a motorized wheelchair with my name, embossed on one of those cute little license plates you get at carnivals or state fairs, fastened to the back?"

To that we answer, hey, have you ever seen a mountain goat (even an extreme mountain goat) careen out of control into the side of a tree?

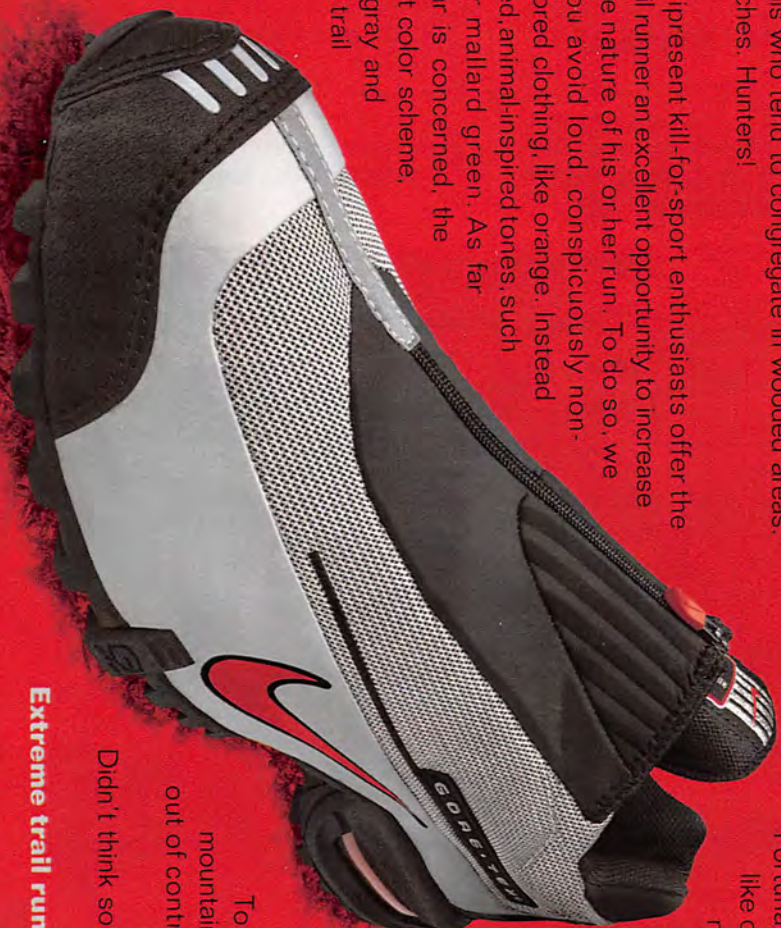
Didn't think so.

Extreme trail runners of the world, unite!

So there you have it. Bears, hunters and trees. Oh my. At the risk of sounding like a stodgy multinational sports apparel conglomerate that's not "with it" or "down" or "dope" or "funky fresh phat," it seems pretty clear to us that trail running has the potential to be quite a deadly sport indeed. And according to our calculations, that alone should qualify it for the way-cool and therefore highly marketable title of extreme.

So, do we have our finger on the zeitgeist, or what?

See ya out on the trail.





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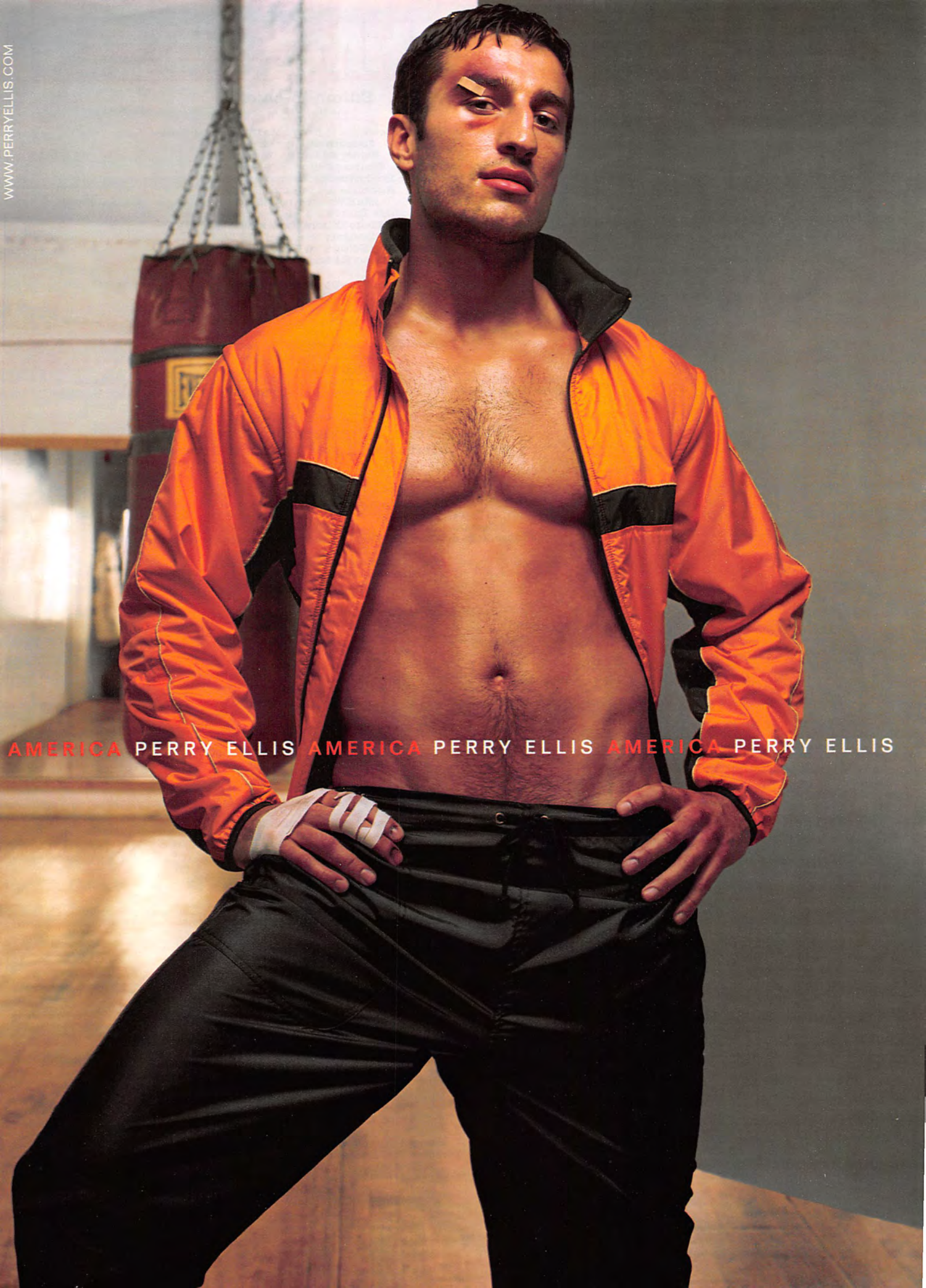
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AMERICA PERRY ELLIS AMERICA PERRY ELLIS AMERICA PERRY ELLIS





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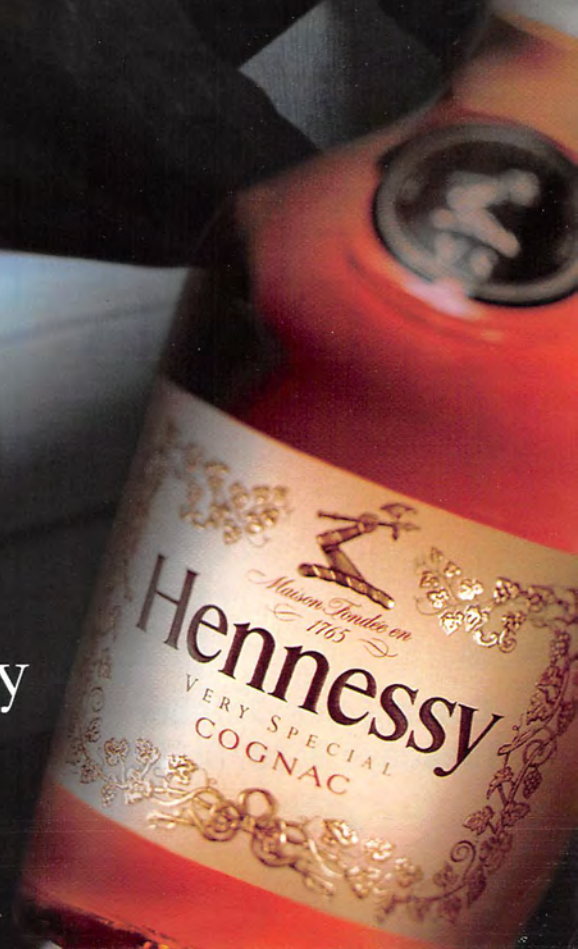
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EDITOR'S LETTER



BRENNAN CAVANAUGH

Yes, this issue has a feature about first aid in it. But before you fall into a coma at the thought of such a dreary subject, let me tell you a story I once heard about a Canadian teenager who was sent into the woods by his father to toughen him up. The poor kid found a job with a logging company, counting trees, to help them decide whether to cut that part of the forest down or not. He was working with a grizzled old woodsman, and one day they came to a clearing, in the middle of which was a bunch of bear cubs. The woodsman knew instantly that they were in grave danger, as Ma Bear had to be somewhere nearby, ready to defend her infants with her giant slashing claws. He urged the kid to run as fast as he could, so the kid ran, pausing only to look over his shoulder and watch an enraged grizzly emerge from the woods, knock the woodsman down and give him a vigorous mauling. The panicked boy resumed his run, and kept it up until he reached the nearest town, 16 miles away. A helicopter was sent out. Although he was a city kid, the boy was smart enough to remember where the incident had happened, but when the helicopter landed in the clearing, there was no sign of either angry wildlife or a bleeding woodsman. However, the helicopter pilot was also a man of the forest and knew exactly where to look. He walked directly to a patch of

freshly turned earth, began to dig and soon revealed, in a shallow grave, the body of the victim—still alive! Unconscious, he was flown to the nearest hospital, where he awoke three weeks later, his body a subway map of wounds held together by hundreds of stitches. The pilot knew that bears have poor digestive systems, so they have to wait for flesh to decompose before they

eat it, and often bury it and collect it later. The fresh soil had packed into the victim's wounds and saved him from bleeding to death. He was lucky, but you may not be so fortunate. Injury can strike at any time, and there will never be a doctor handy. So arm yourself with this month's *FHM*, and not only will you be able to repair any outdoor wound, you'll have something to read while the bears dig a hole for you.

Enjoy the issue.

Ed Needham

Ed Needham
Editor-in-chief



THE FHM COVER

COVER GIRL
CARMEN ELECTRA
WEARS A BIKINI
BOTTOM BY
DOLCE &
GABBANA, CHAPS
BY PRIMAL
STUFF, A BELLY
CHAIN BY ROBERT
LEE MORRIS
AND A HAT BY
PATRICIA
UNDERWOOD

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I NUOVO/CLOUTIER

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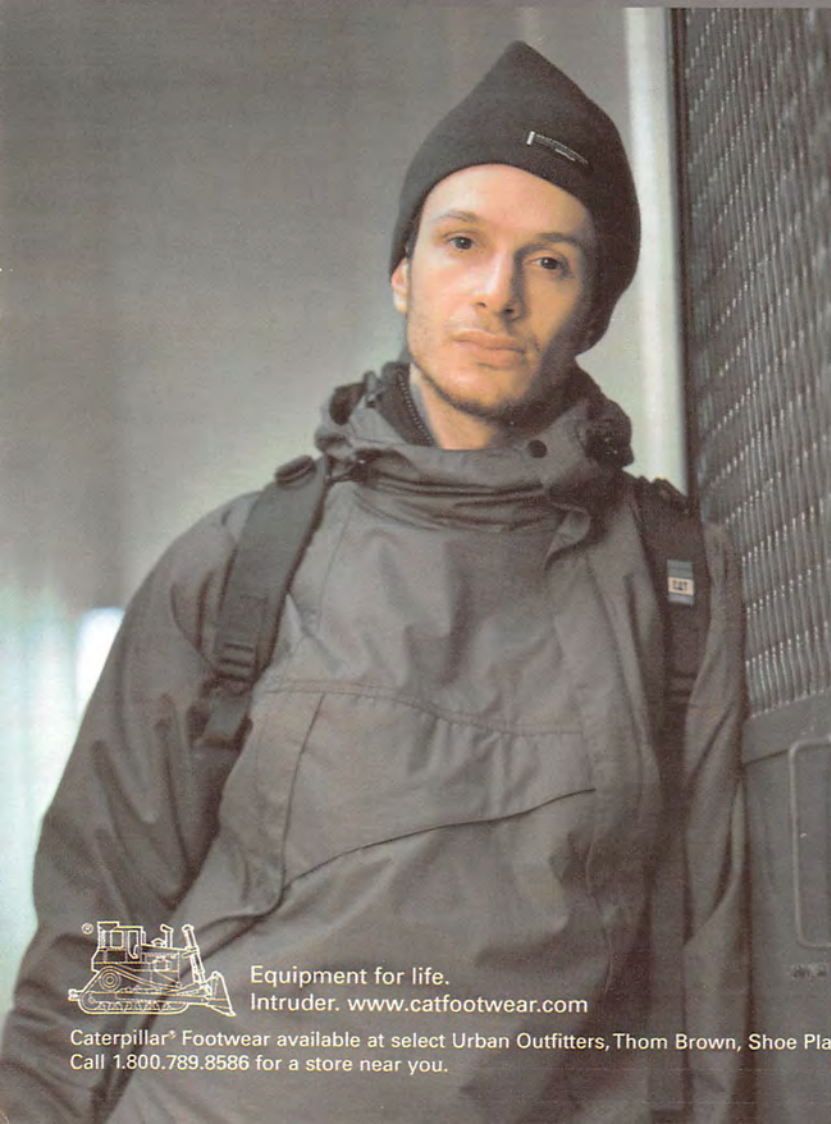
Last month's cover photo of Dominique Swain should have been credited to George Holz. Those people responsible for this inexcusable omission have had their thumbs severed and sent to George by way of compensation.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Ancient monks spent days toiling over manuscripts, copying their lengthy contents by hand. Yet despite their efforts, all the robe-wearing drones could expect was a lifetime of celibacy and carpal tunnel syndrome. That's why *FHM*, in a quest to right historic wrongs, offers true rewards for scribes. If your letter winds up on this page, we'll send you \$50.

Letter of the Month gets \$320. Write to Letters to the Editor, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011 or send an e-mail to FHMletters@emapUSA.com.



Seafarer begs for free booze

I enjoyed your spotlight on Chief Mate Cynthia Smith ("The Return of the Pirate," *FHM* July/August). As a third mate on a container vessel that goes twice a month through the Malacca Straits, I am all too aware of the potential dangers that lurk in the darkness. We handle things a bit differently though. We arm ourselves to the teeth, everyone onboard has been through anti-terrorist warfare training and we won't hesitate to unload on some unsuspecting pirates. One last thing: If your readers ever get the chance to talk to a merchant seafarer, I would encourage them to buy that person a drink. Were it not for them, most people wouldn't be able to indulge in the finer things in life. Hats off to every seaman, or as Cynthia would say, seaperson.

Tracy Jack Ruhl, third mate aboard the M/V Margaret B. Chouet

How about it, readers? Get your local merchant seafarer sauced before he sets sail to tussle with pirates.



I wanna be a pirate!

Thank you for your guide on how to become a pirate. I never realized stealing a gigantic tanker could be so easy. I've been doing data-entry work ever since graduating high school and I'm tired. I talked to some of my friends at work,

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Isaac for president

After reading the Guy at the End of the Bar's interview with Isaac Washington in the July/August issue, I came to the following conclusion: Isaac is a genius. I've been single for six years now and I've tried everything imaginable, from computer dating to blind dates to singles mixers, to meet that special someone. I never get to second base, let alone a second date. Now,

thanks to Isaac's clever insights, I see the error of my ways: I've been concentrating on the panties so hard I never heard what my date was saying. And all this time, I thought it was because I have no legs. Rod Jaundice, Olympia, WA



The ship bartender's stellar relationship advice works no matter how many legs you have.

and we think we're about ready to strap on an eye patch and go steal a supertanker. Can you help put us in touch with some pirates?

Al Bredin, Los Angeles, CA
Write to Three Rivers Stadium, P.O. Box 7000, Pittsburgh, PA 15212. Or log on to www.pirateball.com.

Kerchiefed hottie uncovered

I really like your magazine, but it left me with a question. Who is the very beautiful

blond woman standing with Michael Flatley ("Crazy Legs," *FHM* July/August) on page 96, wearing the scarf on her head, white top and pink skirt? How come she didn't make the 100 sexiest list? I'd sure like to know

who she is and I would love to see more pictures of her. Edward Lee, Waco, TX

That's the chick with the inside track to becoming the next Aunt Jemima. If you want more pictures, buy syrup.



Chump calls the kettle black

I was shocked that you omitted Ella Wright from Reporter's "Ignorance Today" installment in the July/August issue ("Humans Abnormally Attracted to Cows"). She's some moron I read about in my local newspaper who apparently turned her back on a promising commercial banking career so she could take a job washing show cows and setting their hair with cow hair spray. Ella's referred to as "the Miss Universe of the bovine industry." I refer to her as an idiot. Suddenly, I don't feel so bad for having been pumping gas since college, despite getting an engineering degree from Kansas State. Keith Donohue, Manhattan, KS
Mad, yes, but at least she had the sense to turn her back on "a promising banking career" and thus avoid 40 years of unbroken tedium.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

More often than not, the anticipation that accompanies opening a package of freshly developed photographs quickly turns to chagrin. What you thought would be great shots of

a fun night out are just blurry photos of red-eyed zombies. Even worse are the shots of a person you have no memory of meeting. When looking through the photos, friends will inevitably ask, "Who's

that guy?" And all you can say is, "Hell if I know." But instead of cutting the putz out of the picture, try *FHM*'s new service, in which we ask readers to identify these meddlers. Write or send a photo to

Who the Hell are You?, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. If we print your photo, we'll send you \$50. Perhaps fellow readers can identify the killjoy.

Mr. Clean ruins Christmas gift

"My father (in the stripes) and I (with dreads) went out with my cousin and his friend to celebrate my old man's birthday a few months ago," recalls Sean Brown of Wilmington, DE. "After getting tanked at a Chinese restaurant, the busboy snapped this shot for me, but none of us know who Mr. Clean is or what he was doing with us. I wanted to get the picture framed to give to my pop for Christmas, but it's ruined by that follicly challenged jack-ass." Hey, Mr. Clean—who the hell are you?



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DRIVEN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Man held hostage by ghosts

I can't believe you guys had PlayStation 2 way back in July. How'd you ever get any work done in the office? I have an Atari 2600. That machine drives me freakin' bananas. I can't get any new games for it, but I've been locked up on Ms. Pac Man for the better part of the last decade. Those ghosts can be hell. I can only imagine the long hours you guys must log in front of that box.

M. Teasley, via e-mail

And we can only imagine how long it's been since you've ventured out of your parents' dank basement.

Where are all the zombies?

I enjoyed your interview with the jungle explorer in the July/August issue, but if he's such a rough-and-tumble wilderness type, why didn't he pose covered in mud with a zombie in a headlock? Instead, he's holding what looks like a bowl of potpourri.

Mark Rivers, Burlington, VT
Perhaps we caught him on his way to the can.



THE BROWNEST NOSE

One glance at the cover of your July/August issue and I whipped out my eye patch, slipped into my Speedos, jumped into my dancing shoes, ran out to the sandbox next to my old clunker and fired up a joint (in honor of Cheech), ready to find out about my future sex life. Way to go, fellas! Every one of your issues is a grand adventure!

L.D. Dunlap, Pocahontas, AR

Showing support for the Tri-Lambs

If you talk to Booger again, aka Curtis Armstrong ("Where Did It All Go Wrong," *FHM* July/August), let him know he's still got fans. The people at *Felicity* are fools for not asking him back. Maybe they were scared he'd steal the show from that pan-faced chimp Keri Russell. John Styles, Carson City, CA
That's exactly what must have scared them: a 46-year-old actor stealing the thunder on a show about whiny college chicks.



Caution: flammable

While it's clear the photographer used for the July/August issue's Ali Landry shoot was a pro, he should be more careful. Clad in just a tank top, panties and heels, sprawled in front of a fireplace, Ali was in grave danger. Her outfit appears to be synthetic and is therefore highly flammable. Being so close to the fire, she's lucky she walked away unharmed.

Mike Santory, Dayton, OH

Sounds like you speak from experience. Did you burn your tushie while wearing light blue panties by Liza Bruce?

Check us out online at www.FHMus.com and give us your feedback.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH FHM?



Hawk-eyed readers earn \$20 if we print their letters pointing out legitimate errors. Send discoveries to the usual address, or e-mail us at FHMletters@emapUSA.com.

Beach balk I

In writing about Perdido Key, the Gulf coast of Florida and Alabama, on page 105 of your Beach Special (*FHM* July/August), you mention a local attraction: Floribama Bar. It's known

for its notorious double-DUIs in the parking lot because half of the place is in Florida and half is in Alabama—so if you're caught getting in your car drunk, troopers from both states will write you tickets. However, it's called the Floribama Lounge, not Floribama Bar. Michael Hubbard, Macon, GA

Beach balk II

In the write-up of "Padre Island National Seashore, Corpus Christi, TX" in the July/August Beach Special, you mention that it's "only 30 miles from Mexico." Writer Jimmy Jellinek's odometer must've been busted, because it's more like 130 miles. Herman Cantu, Rosharon, TX

State pride

I have to assume that The Guy at the End of the Bar was completely plowed when he stated in the July/August issue that Fred Grandy ("Gopher" from *The Love Boat*) used to be a California congressman. Mr. Grandy represented my state, Iowa, which is one of the few things

that we can actually boast about.

Jeremy Olsen, Sioux City, IA

Sluttier than you think

The Jennie Garth write-up in your "100 Sexiest Women in the World 2000" supplement (packaged with

July/August issue) states that Kelly Taylor lost her virginity on prom night. In reality, she lost it around the time she was a freshman. If you recall, Beverly Hills, 90210 went on for years saying how Kelly used to be a slut and so on. Simon Weiner, Manhasset Hills, NY

IDIOT OF THE MONTH 3

On the opening page of the Ali Landry feature in the July/August *FHM*, you state that she was "swept to fame by a magic corn chip." That's wrong because her break came from a Doritos commercial. Doritos are not corn chips, but tortilla chips, and tortillas are made from wheat. I'd like my \$20 please.

Chad Brewington, Dade City, FL

Tortillas are in fact made from cornmeal, Chad, and the first

ingredient on the back of a Doritos bag is "corn." We expect that \$20 to arrive in our offices no later than November 15.



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reporter

YOU CAN'T DENY IT



Bianca Kajlich

The salacious *Bring It On* cheerleader trades her skirt for a Marine uniform in Steven Spielberg's upcoming television series

Despite the good intentions, surprise parties never seem to go according to plan: Either the victim bumps into guests in the driveway or some moron lets the cat out of the bag weeks in advance. But the surprise at Bianca Kajlich's party was of a different sort. "I dragged a bunch of friends to the theater to see *10 Things I Hate About You*," she says about celebrating her first major role, "only to realize—surprise!—I wasn't really in the movie. You can still see me in the background, but my scene had been cut."

Sadly, the first-generation Slavic actress didn't see it coming. Her character, "Coffee Girl No. 1," was listed between "Cohort" and "Drugged-out Loser" in the credits. "It was my first major Hollywood lesson: You can and will be cut out of a film if you don't have a name."

That's not to say all of Bianca's parts have wound up on the cutting-room floor. As cheerleader Carver Rizchek in *Bring It On*, the 23-year-old literally towers above her peers. "I did tons of stunts, like one where I stood up straight, with my legs together, on top of a guy's hands," she says. Not even 10 years of ballet training were enough to prepare her for the move. "It was really tough. I had to clench my butt cheeks really tight."

That cheek-squeezing performance helped Bianca land a role in Steven Spielberg's next TV production, *Semper Fi*. Due for release early in 2001, it's a series that follows the lives of seven Marine Corps recruits going through basic training. To make it as realistic as possible, the producer summoned the cast to two weeks of boot camp at South Carolina's Paris Island to soak up military life firsthand. Bianca, who's been single for more than a year now, had other plans. "I thought I might meet a guy," she says, "but they were all way too serious. I'm not into muscles."

She almost missed getting the *Semper Fi* part, which would've meant giving up acting and going back to school. Her parents had OK'd Bianca's move from her native Seattle to Los Angeles, but gave her a one-year deadline to make it work. "My time was almost up," she says. "I hadn't gotten any really big parts and had only \$20 to my name. So I'd pretty much called it quits and decided to spend my last day at Magic Mountain." Totally immersed in her amusement park experience, the roller-coaster enthusiast didn't hear her pager.

"Everyone was yelling at me about how I almost missed out on *Semper Fi* by not calling back. But it was worth it. The Superman ride is unreal." (JB)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN DANELIAN







**I DID A STUNT WHERE I
STOOD UP STRAIGHT ON
TOP OF A GUY'S HANDS.
IT WAS TOUGH. I HAD
TO CLENCH MY BUTT
CHEEKS REALLY TIGHT**



Consider this
a *tease* for a
hot new show
premiering this fall.

TITANS

NEW DRAMA! WEDNESDAYS 8/7PM NBC 

NBCi.com/premiere

THE FHM HELPING HAND 5

Beaver trouble

FHM helps ease a woman's bitter feelings toward the furry rodent



THE CULPRIT



THE VICTIMS

The background

Living in the small farm town of Inwood, Manitoba, 26-year-old Sam Pshyshlak is no stranger to beavers. "We had one come out a few months back and it was great," she says of one such encounter. "I was so excited, I went out and took pictures with him. He was no problem, a true gentleman."

The cause

Sadly, though, beavers aren't always on their best behavior.

"They're portrayed as docile animals," says Pshyshlak, "but they're not." One got out of hand recently, "terrorizing" her two giant Newfoundland dogs. "It pinned them," she recounts. "I've lost all respect for beavers. If one shows up here, I'll call the neighbors. They have a gun, you know."

The help

Though Pshyshlak claims nothing will restore her feelings for buck-toothed dam-dwellers,

FHM has sent her the customary \$20 to help ease her pain. We looked into shipping her a baby beaver she could raise, but learned that standard packing supplies—bubble-wrap and shipping tape—are hardly suitable for live mammals.

Show support for Sam by mailing beaver-related trinkets and other pro-rodent propaganda to Helping Hand, FHM, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

BIOLOGY

KNOW YOUR RODENTS

Sam Pshyshlak's pansy dogs were mildly bitch-slapped by a puny beaver, but it could've been a lot worse. So when picking a fight, be aware of your rival's viciousness. . . .

THE RODENT

HOW VICIOUS IS IT?



MUSKRAT

Extremely. This take-no-shit rodent is highly territorial. Females will even kill their young to make room for the arrival of a new litter.



PRAIRIE DOG

Very. Prairie dogs will gang up on enemies thanks to their possession of one of the most advanced forms of natural language.



BEAVER

Moderately. During David Letterman's NBC days, a pissed-off muncher bit Jack Hanna, almost severing the zoo raider's thumb.



GROUNDHOG

Hardly. Also known as a woodchuck, it's merely a shadow-watcher. When alarmed, it just lets out a feeble shrill whistle.



GOPHER

Not at all. Any myths born out of *Caddyshack* are completely false. And its Wilford Brimley mustache scares only little kids. (PC)

FINGER ON AMERICA

Newspaper staffers know that major disasters sell papers by the truckload. Unfortunately, federal buildings don't get bombed every day, so local reporters are often forced to disguise non-newsworthy occurrences like rain showers and eye-irritation as headline news.

◆ **RAIN POURS DOWN** Seattle, WA, is known to only have 50 days of sun a year, which means rain is hardly worth reporting. Yet *The Chronicle*, a paper serving Lewis County, WA, made pouring rain (an unim-

Rain pours down

DUMPING: Water covers some roadways, causing closures, but no heavy floods reported. *By The Chronicle and Associated Press* Wednesday's downpour should not be repeated today, although another weather system may move through the area Friday.

pressive 1.75 inches to be exact) the subject of a massive 400-word front-

page story. Thanks to Mike Walsh of Tacoma, WA, for sending this in.

◆ **CONSTRUCTION WORKER SAFE . . .**

When construction worker Scott Grauten of Spring City, PA, found himself trapped "in at least three feet of soil," rescue workers sprang into action. Though he'd freed himself by the time they arrived, *The Mercury's* multi-page article chronicles the "injury caused by soil that got into his eye," accompanied by two giant pictures. Thanks to Justin Highlands of Limerick, PA, for this gem.



Construction worker Scott Grauten of Spring City, PA, who was brought to the hospital, is tended to by Troop Medical personnel before being taken to the hospital.

Construction worker safe after trench collapse
By HANNAH BULLLEY
Mercury Staff Writer
LIMERICK — A construction worker was taken to the hospital Wednesday morning after being caught in an excavation of soil while working in a trench. Scott Grauten, 37, of Heckel Avenue, Spring City, was treated and released for injuries he sustained to his leg and eye, according to Limerick Police Chief Douglas Weaver. Grauten, an employee of

tractors, was at 61 Reidsnyder Road where he was working at the site of a sewer line installation from the street to a residence, Weaver explained. As Grauten knelt in the 10-foot deep trench, with a hand

◆ **POLICE FIND EXPLOSIVES**

When police in Bristol, TN, had to evacuate a veterans' hall after finding explosives "just three blocks from where former first lady Barbara Bush was set to speak," the locals were shocked. The *Jackson Sun* was so shocked it ran a 58-word story about it on its front page—twice! Thanks to Christopher Schaffer of Jackson, TN.

WE NEED YOU
While perusing the paper, did

you find a story so unimportant, that if it had happened to you, you wouldn't have noticed? Then send it to us at Finger on America, FHM, 110 Fifth Ave, New York, NY 10011. If we print it, you'll get \$50.

➤ **BRIEFLY**
Police find explosives

BRISTOL — A gambling raid turned into an evacuation when police found industrial explosives at an East Tennessee veterans' hall just three blocks from where former First Lady Barbara Bush was set to speak. "There were four vials of liquid and four of powder and about a dozen blasting caps," Bristol police Maj. Steve Templeton said.

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S E R I E S P R E M I E R E



**He's a
detective...
without
a clue.**

William Devane



Tim Meadows



Amy Farrington



From three guys who wrote for a little show called *Seinfeld*.

the MICHAEL RICHARDS show

8/7pm Tuesday, Oct. 24th on NBC 

NBCi.com/premiere

THE BURNING QUESTIONS

Aquatic infants

I remember hearing that babies are born with the ability to swim, but my sister just had one of the little buggers and her doctor says they can't. Is he a quack?

Norbert Schürer, NC

"Half the people I see think babies naturally know how to swim," says Karen Dewling, chief of pediatrics at the Emory Clinic. "It's absolutely not true." Although babies float in amniotic fluid while in the womb, the experience doesn't give them an affinity for liquids after they break for the light at the end of the uterus. "An infant will cough if he gets a mouthful of water," Dewling says. "It's not as if he thinks, 'Oh, I remember doing this in the womb, so I'll try it again now.'" So no matter how cool you think the baby on the cover of Nirvana's *Nevermind* looks, tossing a newborn into a pool is a bad idea.



Aquaboy kept on, despite a gimp hand

Dirty hyenas

Why can hyenas eat rotting meat, but I can't?

Doran Bortz, MO

After centuries of eating processed Twinkies and meat that's been cooked over a fire, man's guts have gone soft. Modern humans avoid eating rotting meat because it can contain bacteria capable of tearing through our intestines worse than Tijuana tap water. Hyenas, though, "don't turn anything down," explains Lisa New of the Knoxville (TN) Zoological Garden. "Skin,



Millennium Falcon: complex

bones, teeth—their digestive systems can break most of it down." Anything a hyena can't digest is belched up later. In these oversized hairballs, scientists have found horn fragments, stones and even entire hooves.

Plane keys

Do pilots need keys to start airplanes?

Sean Foley, ME

Pilots have keys, but they don't start the engines. In fact, any bozo with an aviation background can start the plane by flipping a few switches. Because pilots hop from one flight to another, several planes can share the same key. Airline reps

wouldn't say how universal the keys are (something about "enabling hijackers") but Tom Cogan, chief engineer of Boeing's 757, says, "We deliver a plane with a lock and a key, but the airlines can change that once it's theirs."

Are you so baffled by something that it has completely consumed your tiny brain? Send inquiries to Burning Questions, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. If yours sees print, you'll get \$50.

"OK. Rabbit goes around the hole. No, wait"



WEB TREASURE

MR. T CHIA HEAD

Sproutable B.A. Baracus planter offers substantial upgrade from flower vases and lawn gnomes

During the prosperous days when Nancy Reagan called the shots and hair bands reigned supreme, pop culture was dominated by such novelties as Rubik's Cubes, Chia Pets and *The A-Team* paraphernalia. Now, thanks to Nickelodeon's TV Land, two of those three things have come together in the form of a



Mr. T: vegetating

DECEPTION

BE A CASH-WASHING CRIMINAL

You don't have to be a communist mobster to beat the system

If you had no idea what was going on when stories of Russian Mafiosi laundering \$7.5 billion cluttered the news, you're not alone. But any meat-head can understand the concept of money laundering with the explanation provided in Jeffrey Robinson's book, *The Laundrymen: Inside Money Laundering*,

the World's Third-Largest Business: "Money laundering perfectly describes what takes place—illegal, or dirty, money is put through a cycle of transactions, or washed, so it comes out legal, or clean, money." By following these steps, even you can be a successful cash-washing criminal.

1. Choose a crime

Because drug-dealing and embezzlement have become passé, we suggest trying something more creative. For instance, on the way back from your next trip to Guam, smuggle exotic lizards—preferably three males and three females—in your carry-on.



2. Make tons of money

Once you've bred hoards of lizards in your basement, start pawning the critters off on the eager buyers in the reptilian black market. Fill an empty closet with the hard currency resulting from your proceeds.



3. Disperse the dough

Hire some dude you call Laundering Lou and have him arrange for couriers to deposit the funds under different names in inconspicuous amounts, say between \$7,500 and \$8,500, at branches of every bank in certain cities. Do this twice a week for as long as needed.



PROPULSION

Commies put Air Jordans to shame

Ever since that "One giant leap for mankind" speech, the Russians have tried to get a leg up on us Americans. The vodka-lovers' most recent attempt targets our country's symbol of athletic superiority—Nike.

Unimpressed by American footwear, Russian

aviation expert Roman Kunikov has unveiled a gas-powered boot, which lets users bound as far as 13 feet per stride at more than 25 miles per hour. Although it's still unclear how to stop once you're in motion, no major accidents have been reported thus far. (JB)



scintillating ceramic stump. Twenty-five thousand vegetation-infested busts of Mr. T were handed out at this year's National Cable Television Association trade show to hype *A-Team* reruns on TV Land. Now, the unlucky

many who missed the convention are flocking to eBay to shell out as much as \$25 for green, leafy B.A. Baracuses. "We gave one to everyone on staff," says TV Land's Paul Ward. "But we had to take some back because more clients wanted them." Ward had no comment regarding whether said clients are the same devious people now scalping the head on eBay. (JM)

4. Convert funds to e-cash

Have Lou transfer these funds, depositing the money in sums less than \$10,000 into Internet banks that accept e-cash. Amounts more than that require filing a currency transaction report that could help trace your path.



5. Relax

You've now entered the mainstream economy and can start drawing interest. Because you've gone through a few layers, the feds will never trace your money back to your lizard-smuggling. (SG)



Rudolph's sister was thankful for the nose job

HEADGEAR

Nation gets swept up by Antlermania

Latest fad puts animal horns in high demand with the ladies

Deer antlers, long considered useless aside from accessorizing Shriner lodges, have finally found a home—atop women's heads. At the center of this phenomenon is the Antlerarium, a Web site "dedicated to women with nice racks (of antlers)." Not everyone's on the bandwagon.

"I wouldn't wear antlers for any man," claims Stephanie Boyle, who works for PETA, the animal-rights group known for working itself into a tizzy every time a Pekingese is

brushed incorrectly. When asked to comment on her organization's stance regarding the sensation, she callously responded, "It doesn't concern us. Male deer shed their antlers naturally. What people do when they find them is their own business."

Such lack of empathy begged *FHM* to ask: What if someone took your hair from a salon floor and wore it on her head? "I guess it would gross me out," admits Ms. Boyle. "When you put it like that, it is pretty disturbing." (JB)

Contact: www.farookh.com/chicks1.html

I COULD DO THAT . . .

The stripper scout

As manager of the upscale Los Angeles gentlemen's club Bare Elegance, it's up to Jeff Watler to handpick the next buck-naked hoochie he'll work with

First of all, what's up with those lame stripper names like Ginger, Amber and Jade?

In 15 years in the business, I've known three Gingers, zero Ambers and zero Jades. They all seem to be named Donna or something normal.

So how does one get a job watching loads of naked Donnas?

When I was coming into the clubs as a customer, I started dating one of the girls. I was unemployed at the time and she got tired of supporting me, so she got me a job at the club. I started as a janitor and worked my way up. You just have to be a people person. You have to get out there and talk to the guys. Make 'em feel at home, like they're coming back to see old friends. And you have to make the girls feel comfortable, too, like you're really there for them. It's kind of like being a dad, a psychiatrist and a best friend all in one.

After a hard day's damnation, Satan relaxed with a pole dance

THE DETAILS

AGE: 35 **SALARY:** \$50,000
HOURS: 10 a.m. to 7 p.m., Monday through Friday (no weekends)
PERKS: Free food and drinks when working, scouting trips to other strip joints and a Christmas party that would make even Caligula blush

Aside from a fourth-grade education, what do you look for when evaluating new talent?

Body obviously has a lot to do with it, but it's also comfort on stage. A girl could be a 10, but if she's stiff on stage, she won't do well in this business. We sell fantasies. You have to have girls who are able to bring forth that fantasy to the customer.

How do you break the news to women who aren't up to Bare Elegance standards?

First of all, you shouldn't audition girls who you don't think will make it. It's easier to say upfront,

"Maybe you ought to hit the gym for a little while." We're in the business of showing naked bodies. You have to be honest with these girls and most of them are pretty open to criticism. I usually suggest they get comfortable by dancing naked at home, either in front of a mirror or for their boyfriend or husband. I've hired girls that are borderline—maybe they've got a little baby fat on them—but they've just got that look. And sure enough, six or seven months later, they burn off that baby fat and become knockouts.

After a while, doesn't one hot naked chick look like every other hot naked chick?

Absolutely not! But in order to be professional, you have to get into a mindset that the girls are just wearing uniforms. That's the only way to feel comfortable in a dressing room with 25 beautiful naked women. It just so happens their uniforms are, uh . . . you know, their naked bodies. Occasionally with bits of lace. Or sometimes leather.

Do you get your freak on at company parties?

Oh, God—our Christmas party is a blast. We have three clubs, so we get all the girls together with the bartenders, waitresses, management, everyone. We rent a nice restaurant for the night, get a lot of limos, then the champagne flows and the fun is on. We've seen everything from bartenders—female bartenders—dancing topless and bottomless on tables to management passed out in bathroom stalls. It's a pretty wild show. You must find beaches to be dreadfully boring. No, it's nice seeing girls in bikinis. When you see them naked all the time, it's kind of exciting to see them in clothes. For me, the beach is better than anything. (JM)

Terry was tiring of his career in gay porn



. . . BUT I'M GLAD I DON'T DO THAT

THE PENGUIN VOMIT COLLECTOR

An aspiring marine biologist, Mike Cameron shuffles around Antarctica getting penguins to puke

How'd you get stuck with this atrocious gig?

I was looking for a job in marine biology. It's simple to do: I take a bag of penguin vomit and sift through it to collect infor-

mation about the crill they eat. I'll look through it with anything from a pair of tweezers to a microscope. The downside of the job is moving to Antarctica for a few months and having to force the penguins to throw up.

How do you make a penguin hurl?

You force lukewarm salt water down its throat through a catheter. Then, when you turn the penguin upside down, it vomits into a bag.

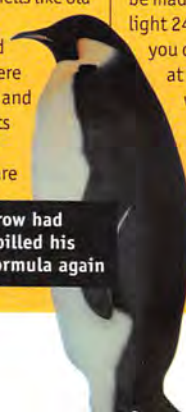
At least you don't have to deal with disgusting animals like walruses.

A lot of people think of penguins as being beautiful creatures, but there are things the wildlife calendars don't show. A penguin colony smells like old sweat socks. Also, they tend to not care where they defecate, and it sort of squirts out, so a lot of the penguins are covered in other penguins' waste.

So is living in Antarctica a rocking time or what?

We live in an isolated field camp away from the main base, in small huts that we drag out onto the sea ice. There are four to six people per hut, and during that time we only see each other, so it can be maddening. It's daylight 24 hours a day, so you can get sunburned at 4 a.m. Every two weeks we get a day off, so we'll go to the main base and take a shower, get re-supplied and do our laundry. (JB)

Crow had spilled his formula again





* Get a close comfortable shave, whenever you're in the mood.

Unexpectedly Close*

Norelco® PUT IT TO THE TEST



PHILIPS

BLEMISHING

The savior ...in pasta!

Be alert the next time you push mashed potatoes to the far end of your dish, because fame will be yours if you find Jesus on your dinner plate. . . .



The wet wall Jesus!

What is it? An impressively biblical apparition, featuring the classic longhair-and-beard look the Son of God favored, spotted on a wall in France.

Flaw: He's standing in front of a mushroom cloud.



The stencil Jesus!

What is it? It's Jesus, of course—or one cheap-ass hoax. Found on a piece of granite in Perth, Australia.

Flaw: If Jesus could've kept his beard that neat, surely he would've shorn the mullet.



The wooden Jesus!

What is it? A freshly stained wooden door on the front of the Episcopal Church of the Good Shepherd in Massachusetts early last year.

Flaw: Jesus never wore a gas mask.

The spaghetti Jesus!

What is it? An eerie bit of spaghetti fashioned into a likeness of the Messiah. The billboard drew such a crowd that the gas station across the street was forced to close temporarily.

Flaw: He has a fork through his head.



What is it? A streaky image of the Virgin Mary, left by a careless window-cleaning crew, which impressed passersby in Florida.

Flaw: Mary didn't do windows.



TARMAC

TRAILER-CHURCH

Once the hedonistic hooker-lurking, porn-filled paradise of lonely drivers, truck stops now offer heaven of a different kind

Howard E. Jones was a trucker for more than 30 years before he became president of Transport for Christ (TFC). "Far from home, with weeks to go before he can see his family," says Jones, "the average trucker is confronted with all sorts of temptations. Under these conditions, a bit of bad news can lead him into total despair."

Although reluctant to expand on what evils go hand in hand with "total despair," Jones is

offering salvation to all wayward truckers thanks to an 18-wheel evangelist rig, one of a num-

ber of fully equipped mobile chapels. But that's not all. TFC is omnipresent in truckers' lives. Preachers are available round-the-clock to offer comfort to lonely wives (over the phone, of course), and will even bless misbehaving trucks. And in a world of sinners, the TFC is proud of its heroes. Says TFC preacher Brother Don: "Elwood Evans is a legend. He'd go into a truck stop, and as he walked in he'd yell, 'If anyone wants to talk about Jesus, come sit with me!'"

What trucker in his right mind could have resisted that? (HW)





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CONTEST!

MYSTERY MACHINE 4

Guess what this is and win a Handspring Visor Deluxe personal digital assistant

Like forged currency, serial killers and your girlfriend's cooking, not everything in this world is easily recognizable. That's why even the best of us sometimes date transsexuals. But for the brainy few who can divine the nature of this mysterious machine, *FHM* is offering this shiny Handspring Visor Deluxe. Contest entries are due by November 1, 2000, and *FHM* will determine the winner through a random drawing of all correct responses.



Write to Mystery Machine 4, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. And be specific with your

answer. Smart-ass responses

along the lines of "It's a machine" will be used to line the cage of our intern. See page 207 for official rules.

Here's the Handspring Visor Deluxe. It's a handheld personal digital assistant that fits in your palm and is armed with an address book, date book, to-do list, memo pad, calculator and world clock. You can also access e-mail messages, depending on the program you use.



MYSTERY MACHINE 2

THE RAYTHEON RADAR RANGE

When a microwave-producing device called a magnetron was invented in 1940, it was a key component for radar. But it wasn't until six years later, when Raytheon Company engineer Dr. Percy Spencer had a sweet craving, did cooking figure in.

While running tests on the magnetron, Dr. Spencer reached into his pocket for a candy bar, only to find it had melted. In that instant, he realized the magnetron was capable of cooking food. (Oddly, he never thought it could be cooking him as well.) Raytheon went on to build the first microwave oven, the Radar Range, which was large, unwieldy and struggled to make even decent popcorn. (JB)

Congratulations Suzanne Walsh of Saddle River, NJ, for being chosen as winner of Mystery Machine 2.



Lady elk was serenaded with old Devo tunes

CONSERVATION

Dung keeps trees safe

At long last, Swedes prove worth by collecting feces

Save the trees!" is the well-known battle cry of Sierra Club eco-warriors, although they're conspicuously tight-lipped about what we're saving them for. Now, thanks to a couple of Swedes, there may be a better approach to conservation than using one Charmin square at a time.

After collecting elk doofers from their local forest, Ann-Mari Remahn and Sune Haggmark experimented with a food processor and an oven—as any sane people who collect mam-

mal turds might. They soon realized that by combining the ruddy sludge of twig-eating beasts with a secret binding agent, tree-free paper could be produced.

Skeptics have sanitary concerns about stationery made from poop, but Remahn claims that such anxiety is unwarranted. "The paper does not smell of anything except the bark elk eat," she counters. "It's a light brown color with

traces of small splinters."

Best of all, it takes as few as eight elk nuggets to produce a standard sheet of A5 paper. So as long as the creatures remain regular, the world can have an inexhaustible supply. (JB)



EVERYTHING YOU LEARNED AT SCHOOL WAS WRONG

Computers

The school's scrawniest teacher invited socially inadequate, sweaty-palmed boys to stay behind for computer club so they could revel in the technology of the computer and praise the men who invented it. But he never mentioned the women who made it all possible. . . .

The claim: According to The MacQuarie History of Ideas, "The first working digital computer was designed by Eckert and Mauchly and completed

in 1946. Known as the ENIAC (Electronic Numerical Integrator and Computer) it was bulky, requiring 18,000 vacuum tubes, using 130 watts an hour and needing to be housed in a room that was 26 feet by 45 feet."

The truth: Now we learn that when John Presper

Eckert and John Mauchly showed the ENIAC to the press in February 1946, they very conveniently forgot to mention that they couldn't get the thing to work until they had enlisted the help of six women. The brainy ladies were given blueprints and instructed to "figure out how it works,

then figure out how to use it." With no manual, operating system or computer language to work with, the women undertook a year's worth of painstaking calculations until they had finally created a program that enabled the machine to eventually do what it was supposed to. For their efforts, all but two of them were given pink slips, and the entire group was kept well away from the celebratory dinner. (PB)



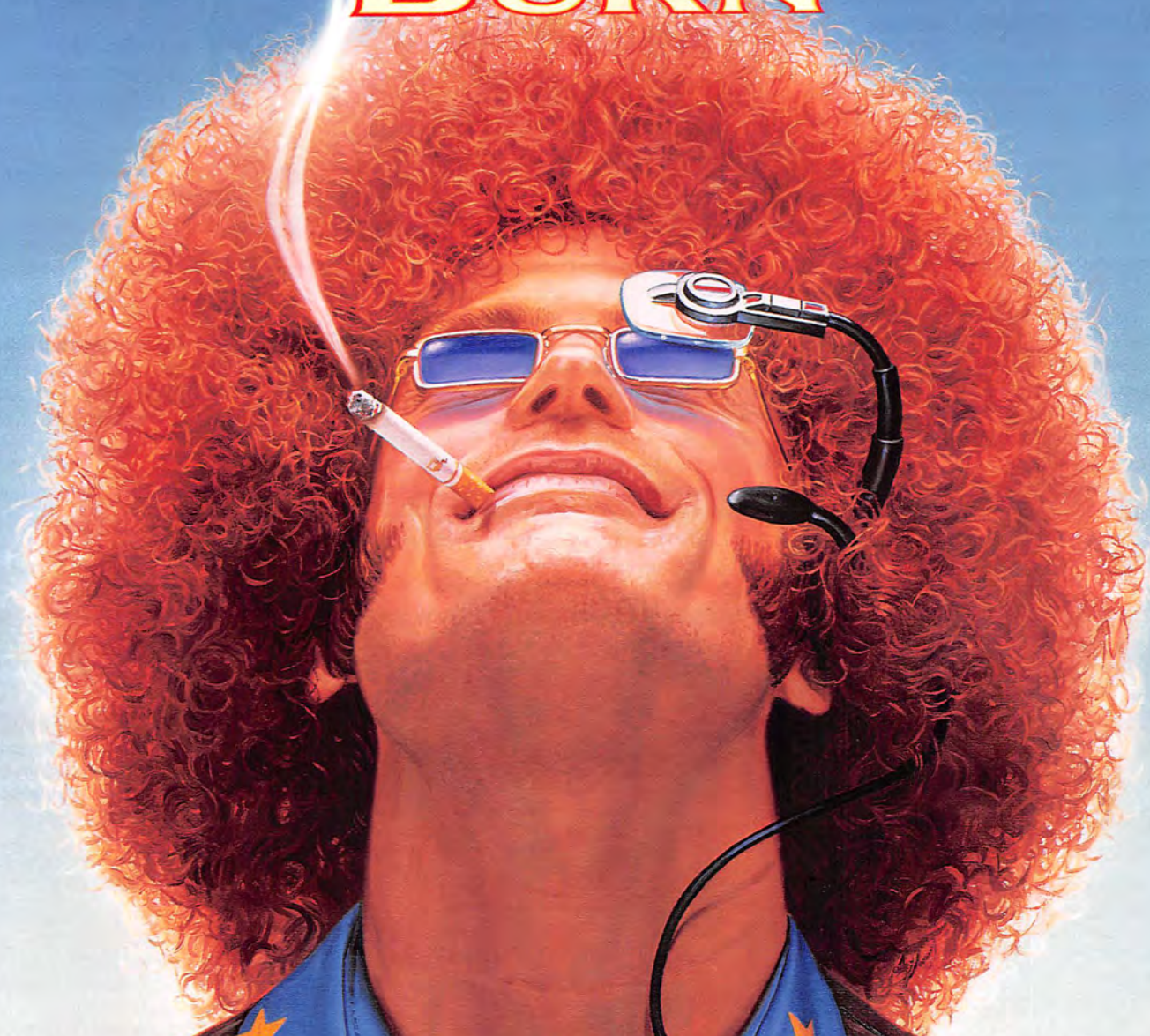
Computers: strawberry

THE FACTS

Cats can make more than 100 vocal sounds; dogs can muster only 10 . . . A good-sized cumulonimbus cloud may have a volume of 785 billion cubic meters and weigh as much as 10,000 jumbo jets . . . A catfish has 27,000 taste buds . . . There are 200 million insects for every human on earth . . . Lions can mate more than 50 times per day

CAMEL

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Camel Lights

11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.



SINCE 1913

IGNORANCE TODAY

School daze

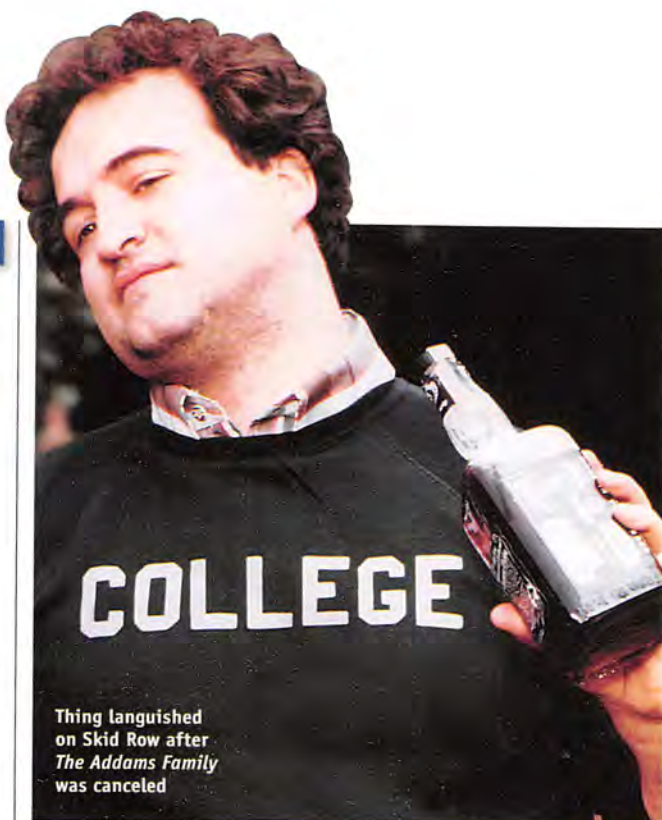
Frat boys prove that college isn't just for smart people

Bondage creates confusion

After almost everyone had been evacuated from a burning Sigma Nu frat house at Washington State University, the residents remembered to tell firefighters that one of the brothers was tied up with duct tape inside. The kid had been bound that evening as a prank, and firefighters found him lying in a bedroom with his feet and ankles taped. Defending the tie-up as good ol' fraternity fun, Joe Farina, a parent of one of the guilty brothers, said, "They were just trying to confuse him."

Pair celebrates with grand theft auto

When Fire Capt. Robert Gibson responded to a call at a University of Alabama frat house, he left his car running out front. There was no fire, but those degenerate Sigma Nus struck again—Bradley Blunt and George Warren Veale Jr. decided to "borrow" the captain's squad car. The two abandoned the cruiser but were easily apprehended by campus police. They were dressed as Christmas elves.



Thing languished on Skid Row after *The Addams Family* was canceled

Hazing extended to farm animals

Because creating a frat house zoo "seemed like a good idea," the brothers of Alpha Epsilon Pi fraternity at Illinois State University went on a shopping spree at a farm auction. Their plans were thwarted when police found the animals they bought (a goat, a duck, a peacock, two rabbits, four guinea fowl and 17 chickens) locked in a truck without food, water or ventilation. In addition to being charged with animal cruelty, the frat racked up more than \$2,000 in animal maintenance fees for failure to sign over ownership of the critters to the head of the local Humane Society.

Atomic wedgie maims

In 1997, Texas A&M Kappa Alpha frat boy Jonathan Culpepper was charged with criminal hazing for lifting a pledge off his feet by the waistband of his briefs. The severe wedgie caused irreparable harm to one of the kid's testicles, which later had to be surgically removed.

Thief runs for president

Back in 1966, when he was a Delta Kappa Epsilon at Yale, presidential candidate George W. Bush got a misdemeanor for "borrowing" a Christmas wreath from a storefront. Bush admits that he and his brothers "might have had a few beers" before declaring themselves the "decorating committee" and liberating the wreath. "We didn't make it far," he recalls. "We probably made a lot of noise laughing."

Bird punished by idiot with hurt feelings

Upset with a brother who had circulated a nasty e-mail about him, Chad Alvarez, a Sigma Chi at Duquesne University, retaliated by nuking the parrot of his tormentor. When a fellow brother found the singed parrot, the microwave timer had 57 minutes left on it. Alvarez, son of Wisconsin football coach Barry Alvarez, was sentenced to 10 days in jail and was released just in time to catch his dad's team play in the Rose Bowl. (AW)

CRACKPOT CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE MONTH

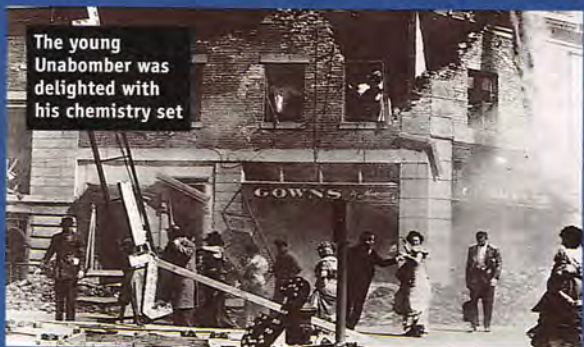
MAN-MADE EARTHQUAKES

When about 242,000 people were killed in the devastating earthquake that leveled Tangshan, China, in 1976, most folks blamed Mother Nature. But not Jason

Jeffrey. He pointed his finger at the Commies. "It wasn't a natural earthquake," claims Jeffrey, a leading researcher in the phenomenon of man-made quakes. "The Russians were testing their system

on the unsuspecting Chinese."

Known as the telegeodynamic oscillator, the quake machine has been coveted by evil geniuses and our own CIA. Nikola Tesla invented the doomsday device in 1896 as a means of conducting invisible warfare by emitting ultra-low-frequency waves that shake the earth to bits like shattered glass. Wishy-washy Lt. Col. Tom Bearden, a nuclear engineer and Tesla researcher, helped back Jeffrey's claims when he told *FHM*, "I will not confirm or deny the presence of any telegeodynamic weapons. I will only point to a speech made by Defense Secretary William Cohen who said, 'Such electromagnetic weapons do exist. I cannot say anything further.'" (JJ)



The young Unabomber was delighted with his chemistry set

KNOWLEDGE

Wise words



Old folks, who prefer to speak at high volumes and ignore moist food bits on their face, try their hand at predicting the future

Will there be time travel in the future?

Wherever you are in time would be the current time to you. You wouldn't ever say, "Wow, I'm really enjoying the future." It just wouldn't make sense. By definition, the future is not now, but later. Take my son, for example. When he was young, around 4 or 5, if he didn't like something we were doing, like eating in a fine restaurant, he'd ask, "When will this be past?" Of course what he meant was, "When will this be in the past?" as in "over." Are you following this? See, it was cute for him to say something like that because he was young. He stopped saying that later because adults don't talk that way. —Robert Young, 81

PHOTOEST; KOBAL COLLECTION; ARCHIVE PHOTO

THE FACTS

In the US, six times as much money is spent on video games as is for school library materials . . . In Mississippi, one out of four births is illegitimate . . . 80 percent of US sixth-graders can't locate the US on a world map . . . On average, Americans spend 20 minutes per day waiting in lines . . . One in 12 Americans believe they'll go to hell



Want strong
bones?

Your bones
grow until
about age 35
and the calcium
in milk helps.
After that,
it helps keep
them strong.

TRANSACTIONS

"They traded me for dead fish!"

Humbling trades prove that baseball players are practically worthless

Pitcher loses to swimmers

In 1998, the Texas-Louisiana League's Pacific Suns traded pitcher Ken Krahenbuhl to the Greenville Bluesmen for 10 pounds of Mississippi catfish. "I was hot," Krahenbuhl recalls. "Anyone who's traded for a couple of fish isn't going to like it." Two years earlier, the Bluesmen got first baseman Andre Keene from the Meridian Brakemen for \$750 and a sealed copy of the 1971 blues classic, *The London Muddy Waters Sessions*.

Repairs take top priority

Before becoming a Hall of Fame pitcher, Robert "Lefty" Grove paid his dues with a minor-league team in Martinsburg, WV. When the team fell into debt over construction fees in 1920, Grove was dealt to the International League's Baltimore Orioles in exchange for an outfield fence.

Thanksgiving arrives early

Joe Engel, renowned as "The Barnum of the Bushes," owned the Chattanooga Lookouts. In 1931, he traded shortstop Johnny Jones to the Charlotte

Hornets for a 25-pound turkey and later stated, "The turkey had a better year." Before the Lookouts switched stadiums in '99, Engel Stadium was still serving the "Johnny Jones Turkey" sandwich.

Food, glorious food

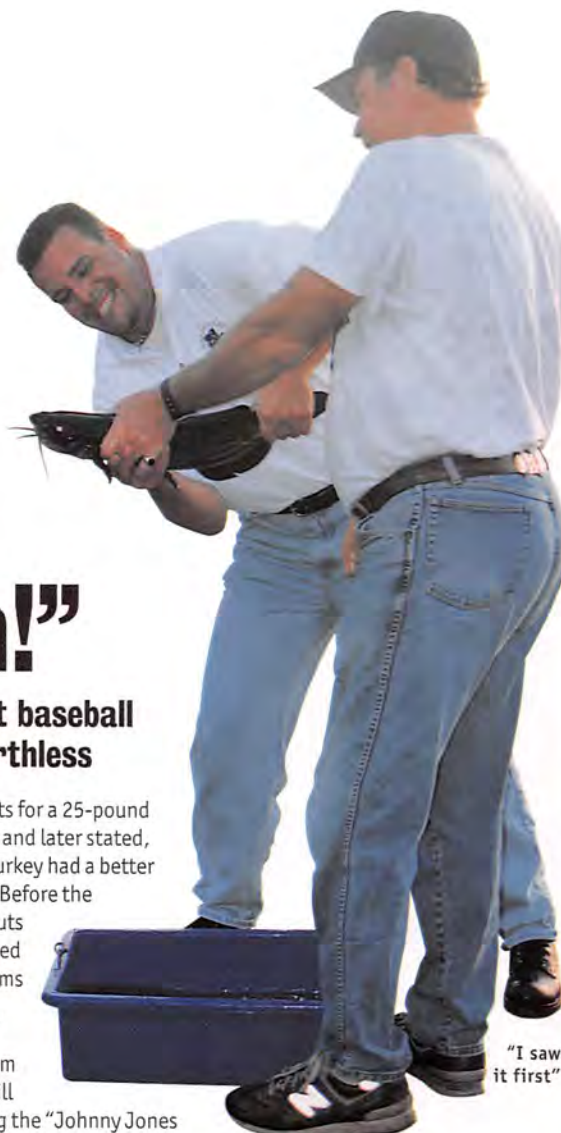
Even before three Oreos were worth one Twinkie on the playground, people were trading goods for food. Infielder Len Dondero was dealt for 12 doughnuts after hitting .194 in 19

games for the 1929 St. Louis Browns. Euel Moore, a National League chump from the '30s, was traded for a plate of beans. And Jack Fenton probably considers himself lucky

for never having made it to the big leagues. Otherwise, more people would remember him as the first baseman shipped from San Francisco to Memphis for a box of prunes.



Clemens's giant ball fooled nobody



"I saw it first"



As Titanic sank, the beers grabbed a lifeboat

A BURNING QUESTION

Huge melons

Guys on my softball team bust on me because of my gargantuan head. I wear a size 8 ball cap, and some dude bet me \$100 that no one else on earth has a head that big. Who wins?

Peter Kling, Hermosa Beach, CA
You're in luck. Bruce Bochy, who now manages the Padres, wore a size 8 during his nine-year playing career as a catcher for three different teams. His cranium is regarded as the largest in big-league

history. "I had to put a new coat of paint on my batting helmet each time I got traded," says Bochy. "They don't custom-make helmets in my size." One time, after he slugged a game-winning homer, his teammates ran a red carpet to his locker, where they had a six-pack icing inside his colossal helmet. **Send your burning questions to FHM, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011, or by e-mail to FHMquestions@emapUSA.com.**

Balls deemed useless

"My career has been checked," admits pitcher Tim Lincecum. "I've been humbled many times." One of those times was when the Reno Silver Sox traded him to a Milwaukee Brewers' minor-league squad in 1989 for \$2,500 and 12 dozen baseballs. While Lincecum would see a bit of playing time in the majors years later, the gross of baseballs would not, as they were American League issue and couldn't be used in minor-league play.

Mollusks better than wins

Joe Martina won nearly 350 games and had 2,770 strikeouts, a minor-league record for nearly 60 years. When the New Orleans Pelicans wished to woo the fireballer from the Dallas Steers in 1921, all Dallas asked for in return was two barrels of oysters. The trade stamped Oyster Joe Martina with a nickname that followed him to his grave. (PC)

SELF-PROMOTION

I RULE! Commemorate your greatness with a statue

While we all think our individual lives are poignant and full of meaning, the truth is, most of us will never do anything of significance. But that doesn't mean we can't celebrate our meager successes.

Using a digital photo and a computer, iVERSION Sculptures is able to mold a marble-like statue of you doing anything worth memorializing—say, swinging a golf club, or cooking a burger. Unfortunately, displaying such a monument will only reveal the painful depths of your loneliness. (JC)

Contact: www.mysculpture.com; Price: \$400-\$800



Augusta softened its stance on albinos

COURTESY OF THE GREENVILLE BLUESMEN; CHRIS GORMAN

FACTS

The silhouette on the MLB logo is Harmon Killebrew; the NBA logo's silhouette is Jerry West... Pittsburgh is the only city in which all major sports teams have the same colors: black and gold... Steve Kerr was the only player in the '90s to win four straight NBA championships... The first puck ever used in a hockey game was a frozen piece of cow dung

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Tom Green



THE GUY AT THE END OF THE BAR...

TASTES BEER



FHM's sot devises a game to test his buds

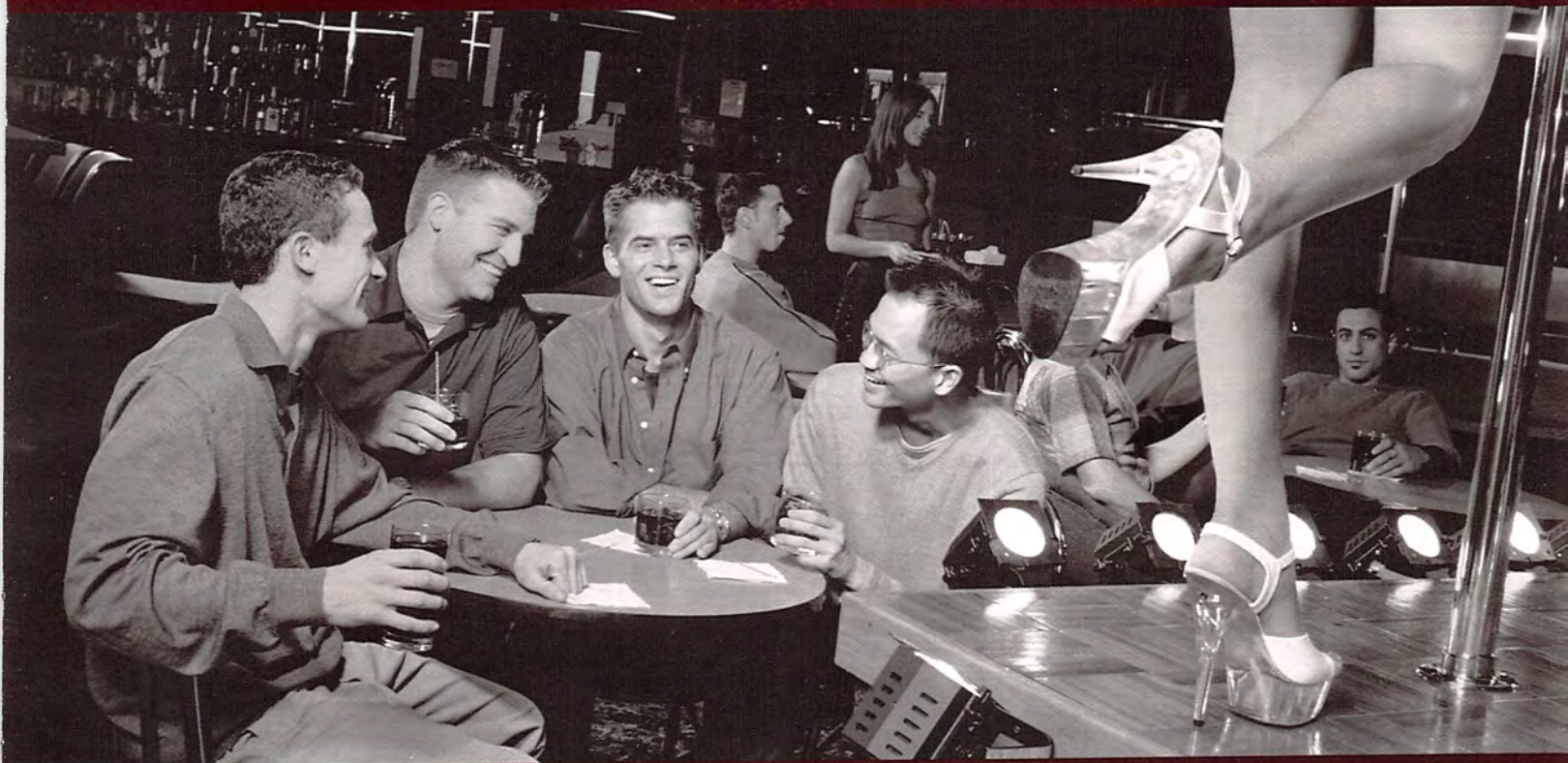
As it's clear that every breathing male considers himself an authority on beer, I've devised a contest to separate the mere poseurs from the true experts. Needing to test my game against a worthy opponent whose vast knowledge rivaled my own, I contacted Jim Koch, the founder of Boston Beer Company and Samuel Adams. He's always blabbing on about being a sixth-generation brewmaster, so I couldn't wait to hand him his ass in a challenge to determine the identity of 10 randomly selected beers.



"My hypodermic pen can't hold any more"

	My analysis	My guess	Jim's analysis	Jim's guess	Answer
BEER #1	Tastes pretty expensive, and therefore obviously not something I drink very often.	Sierra Nevada	Nice floral aroma. Hops are a flower, a botanical relative to marijuana, in fact.	Samuel Adams	Samuel Adams
BEER #2	Reminds me of my youth, when I would swipe beers from my old man. Definitely something you can drink by the gallon.	Iron City	Skunky. Beer tastes like this when light hits it through a clear or green bottle, not from age or temperature changes.	Heineken	Heineken
BEER #3	A distinctively English taste. I got loaded on this stuff on my trip to London last year.	John Courage	Very identifiable hops. They're from Saaz, a growing region in Bohemia.	Pilsner Urquell	Pilsner Urquell
BEER #4	This one's more up my alley. Good ol' cheap American macrobrew.	Schlitz	It's thinner than the others and very watered down.	Busch	Meister Bräu (Proves he's mortal)
BEER #5	I can't taste even a smidgen of alcohol.	Fresca	It can't be Fresca because that has carbonated vegetable oil to give it a cloudiness. It tastes like 7UP. I think it sucks.	Zima	Zima
HALFTIME	Score: Jim: 4, Me: 0 Analysis: This guy's identifying regions of foreign countries in which hops are cultivated, while I'm mistaking premium imports for \$8.50-a-case regional brews. But I'm not dead yet. And I can feel that my buds are just starting to warm up.				
BEER #6	Definitely an upscale light beer. We sometimes splurge for this stuff when it's Christmas or somebody's birthday.	Michelob Light	I get a little more mouth-feel than with a light beer. Some light beers will literally float on water. This one wouldn't.	Harp	Harp
BEER #7	Now that I'm mathematically eliminated from winning this thing, my goal is to avoid a shutout.	Coors Light (Or maybe O'Doul's)	This is really thin and dry, sort of like soda water. It could be any one of 20 different beers.	Generic industrial beer	Natural Light (Jim gets a half)
BEER #8	I suck at this game.	Pete's Wicked Ale	I get burnt malt and a little bit of caramel sweetness. It's dark, but sort of thin.	Pete's Wicked Ale	Pete's Wicked Ale (I'm rolling)
BEER #9	It looks like Guinness and tastes like Guinness.	Guinness	It's rubbery, a little mushy, but you get some mouth-feel and some creaminess.	Sierra Nevada Stout	Sierra Nevada Stout
BEER #10	It looks like Guinness and tastes like Guinness.	Murphy's Irish Stout	It's like drinking coffee—with no sugar, milk or anything.	Guinness	Guinness
FINAL RESULT	Score: Jim: 8%, Me: 1 Analysis: All right, so perhaps I'm not yet in Jim Koch's league. Identifying random beers is far more difficult than it looks. If you don't believe me, go ahead and find out for yourself. It's easy enough to play at home, and it can be the definitive test as to whether you're the expert you think you are. (SG)				

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It's your ex-girlfriend!

As in a world-class garage sale, *FHM* finds prizes in other men's refuse

It's difficult to believe that 21-year-old Katie Doyle would have trouble keeping the attention of the men she's dated. After all, this Texas beauty is easygoing, likes to party and has a figure even blind men notice—qualities ignored by a sad quartet of ex-boyfriends.

First, there was the jock who found college baseball more enticing than rounding *her* bases. "I guess you can't have a relationship and date baseball too," Katie says, "so I was put on the back burner. He'd never go out because there was always a game the next day."

The next loser she refers to simply as The Brain. "He was always studying. He'd stay in Saturday night to study for tests that were weeks away, but worst of all, he'd correct my grammar in front of people. On the bright side, my grades improved while I was going out with him."

Moron No. 3 was the party animal. "My parents called him Alcoholic Aaron. His idea of a fun date was hanging with 10 buddies and chugging

a 40-ounce. I was with him for seven months, and we probably only had sex four times because he was always too drunk for it to work."

Finally, and perhaps most despicable, was the pretty boy. "I liked him because he looked good on my arm, but he cared more about how he looked than me. At first I thought it was cool because we'd get our nails done together, but then I realized how strange that was. He'd practically fight me for the mirror."

The upside of all of this: Katie's now available. But before you stake your claim, there are a few things you should know.

She sometimes fibs

"I like to say I was just released from prison—especially when guys use corny lines with me. I'll say, 'OK, I'll go out with you. I haven't been with a guy in so long because I just got out of the slammer.' No one believes me, which is odd since I know all the lingo."

She packs heat

"I'm no stranger to firearms; my dad showed me how to use them. Sometimes

I sleep with a gun by my bed."

Make her laugh—then duck

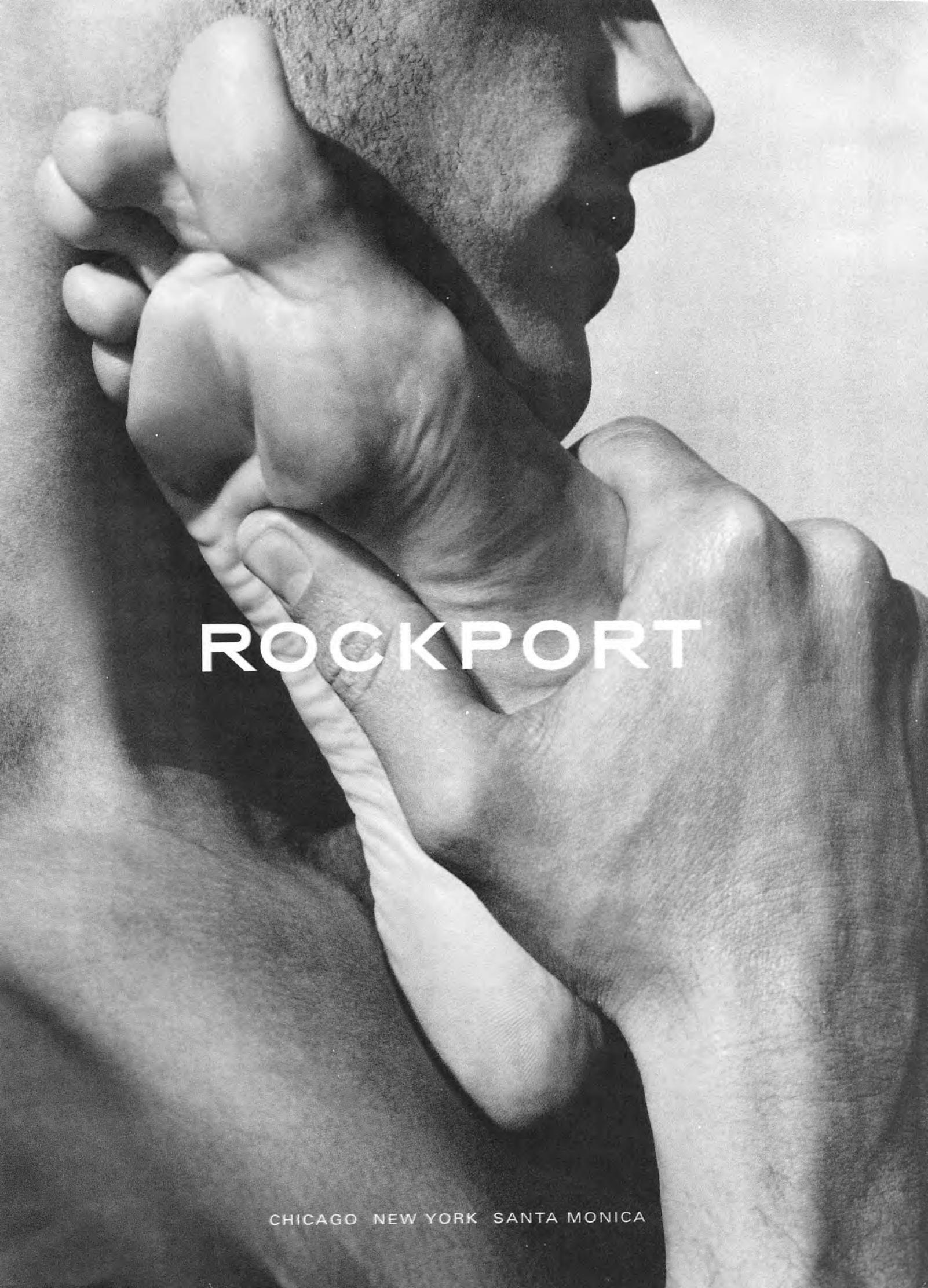
"I love laughing. If a guy's got a good sense of humor, he becomes so cute that I just want to hit him."

Resist the urge to track her

"I was stalked once. This psycho would call my house and repeat everything I did that day, everyone I talked to and everything I wore. I wasn't that scared because it was right around the time *Scream* came out, so I thought it was one of my guy friends messing with me. But then he threatened to kill me, so the police had to patrol our neighborhood every hour for two months." (JB)

Ladies, any men you'd like to shame by appearing in *FHM*? Send your letters (and pictures) to Trouble, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.



A black and white photograph showing a close-up of a person's face in profile, looking upwards. Their hands are clasped together near their mouth, with fingers interlaced. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the textures of the skin and the contours of the face and hands.

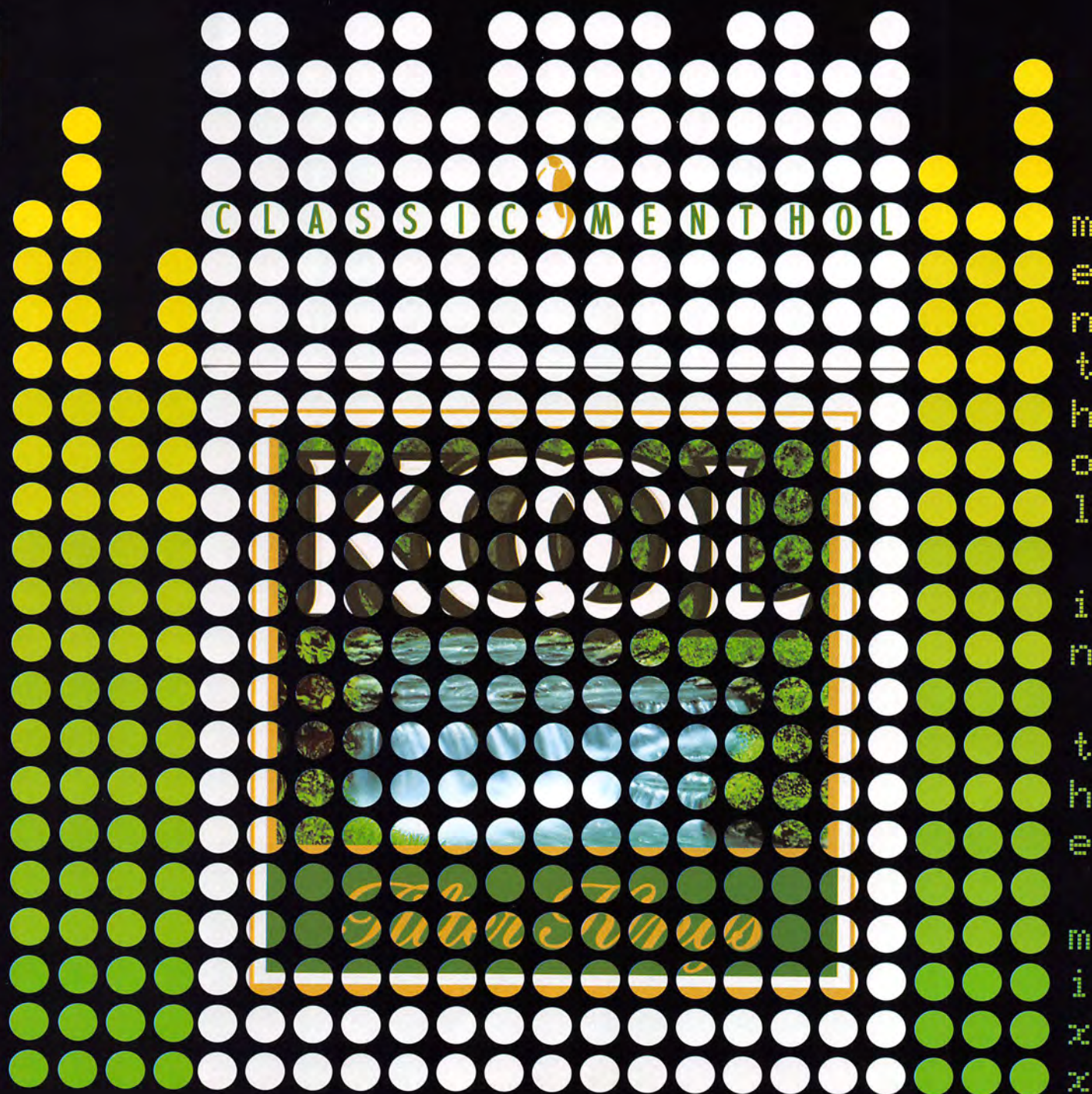
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The show stopped when Ms. McClanahan raised her shirt



OBSESSION

Put a book on!

David St. Hubbins, the front man of Britain's legendary heavy metal band Spinal Tap, talks about his love of listening to literature

Don't you feel lazy listening to a book on a tape?

No, there's something rather nice about shutting your eyes, putting your feet up and pampering yourself like the blind.

So what's the last book you listened to?

Someone put out the complete Agatha Christie series, which I've quite enjoyed. I'd have one going in the car and another in the house. So I was listening to three and four different stories at the same time and I was getting very confused. But I was determined to comb my way through every single one—and I have, finally. It's taken me about six-and-a-half years. Now I'm ready to move on to Perry Mason.

Three or four at once must have been quite taxing on the brain.

Well, it's like that bloke who's spinning the plates, isn't it? Just running up and down, keeping them all spinning. It was like that, following all those plots at the same time.

Do you have any audio book recommendations?

There's a marvelous version of *The Iliad* read by Jamie Farr from *M*A*S*H*. He does a brilliant job; he's really got the meter right, but it's not intrusive. Before that was the Namesake Series where famous blokes read books by authors with the same last name, such as McLean Stevenson reading *Treasure Island* by Robert Louis Stevenson, and Dr. J reading *The Legend Of Sleepy Hollow* by Washington Irving.

Is the Namesake Series still around?

I think they went out of business. They got terribly angry that I'd mentioned them in the film. Apparently, they didn't want to be associated with us. In fact, the cease-and-desist letter they sent to us said something to the effect of "sexually explicit stage shows and audio books aren't meant to be together." I disagree. If they'd been a bit more open-minded, perhaps they'd still be around. (DB)

ALBUMS

The ratings: ★★★★★ Jet fuel ★★★★★ Gasoline ★★★ Steam ★★ Solar panel ★ Oxen



15

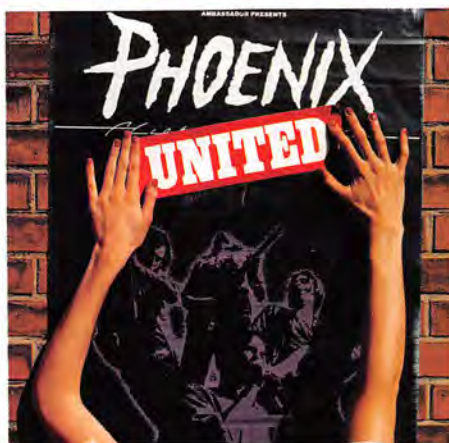
15 (GIANT)

To make a successful Spice team, you used to need a sporty chick, a strong girl, a shy one and so on. But to get a more worldly feel with this pre-fab wonder, the producers sucked people in from around the globe. One girl is from Mexico, another's from the Philippines and the other three come from England, Israel and the US. Sadly, the only good thing that can be said about 15 is that whoever put it together must've racked up loads of air miles. ★ (QR)

Tamia

TAMIA (ELECTRA)

If you know Tamia only for her work on Quincy Jones's pet project, *Q's Jook Joint*, you will probably be let down by her latest effort. Though the Canadian-bred singer/songwriter does the funky R&B thing well—especially on tracks like "Can't Go for That," a re-mixed remake of a remake, featuring Missy "Misdemeanor" Elliott—it lacks that classic understated feel Quincy had previously brought out in her. It's also hard to believe she's really having the man troubles she sings about on songs like "Dear John," "Can't No Man" and "Go," seeing how she's been married to Orlando Magic star Grant Hill for nearly three years. ★★★ (MS)



Phoenix

UNITED (ASTRALWERKS)

Instead of ordering *Those Radical '80s* or some other CD advertised on TV at 3 a.m., save yourself the embarrassment by picking up this album from Phoenix. Inspired by Van Halen's "Jump," tracks such as "Too Young" have the same brand of just-for-the-hell-of-it lyrics and guitar solos that didn't quite survive past the end of last millennium. Others, such as "If I Ever Feel Better," are reminiscent of Michael Jackson during the Bubbles era—when it was OK to admit to liking him. ★★★★★ (DC)

Snoop Dogg

LAST MEAL

(NO LIMIT/PRIORITY)
When Suge Knight wound up in jail, Snoop left his Death Row Records for Master P's No Limit. But if Snoop has his way, he'll soon be a free agent again. As if his label-mates weren't acutely aware of this, he's titled his final No Limit release *Last Meal* just to rub it in. Rest assured that Snoop's decided to go out with a bang. George Clinton turns up on the album, as does Dre, with his expert production on several tracks. Pimp-flavored "All in My Game" and "My Favorite Girl," and the tension-releasing "Stressful Times" reign supreme. For diehard Snoop fans, *Last Meal* will be filling enough until Mr. Dogg winds up elsewhere. ★★★★★ (BT)



A

A VS MONKEY KONG (MAMMOTH RECORDS)

To some, naming a band after the first letter of the alphabet is pure genius, but most think it's just lame. It does ensure that the band has the first CD in any record store's rock section, but that doesn't mean squat if their music is as uninspired as their moniker. *Monkey Kong* is a passable collection of forgettable punk and rock anthems. The best song is "Jason's Addiction," in which A rips off Jane's Addiction. ★★ (JH)

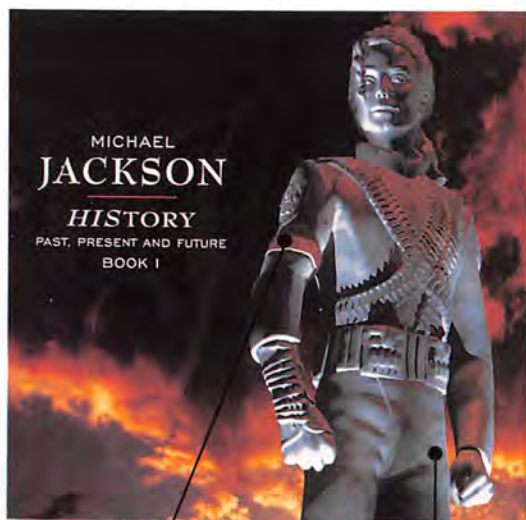
EXPLANATION

Box-top breakdown

Like bus schedules and menstrual cycles, CD covers can be confusing. *FHM* explains how Michael Jackson failed when he built a monument to himself

Bad investment

Sony invested more than \$30 million to promote *History Past, Present and Future*, with much of that cash going to the creation of several 30-foot-high statues like the one on the cover. But the album sold far fewer copies than any of Jackson's prior releases.



Precedence

This wasn't the first time the Brits had stymied Jackson. In '95, his PR team asked British ambassador Sir Robin Renwick if MJ could be knighted "for his work with the children."



Heil...

The ad for the album depicted "Jackson freeing a communist country, upon which a grateful populace erects a statue of him." Critics claimed the commercial and red armbands reeked of Nazi imagery.

Rejection

When his offer to donate a statue of himself to the Brits was rejected, a confused Jackson asked why, noting, "You have statues of that woman all over the country... you know, that woman... the Queen."



Coincidence

In 1989, Michael Jackson became the third American ever knighted. But we aren't talking about the pop star. A London-born LA radio personality (above) has the same name. (JB)



ACTIVITY

MUSICIANS TAINT THE BIG SCREEN

As if the chance to drive around in flashy automobiles, misuse roadies and corral a harem of groupies aren't reasons enough to be jealous of recording stars, the bastards also have an easy time landing movie roles. Test your knowledge of which artists have crooned for the casting couch by matching each film in Column B with the musician who appeared in it. Then turn the page to find out how well you did.

Column A



Ice-T



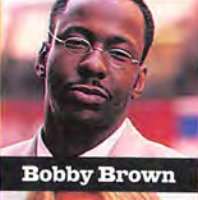
Meatloaf



LL Cool J



Lauryn Hill



Bobby Brown



Vince Neil



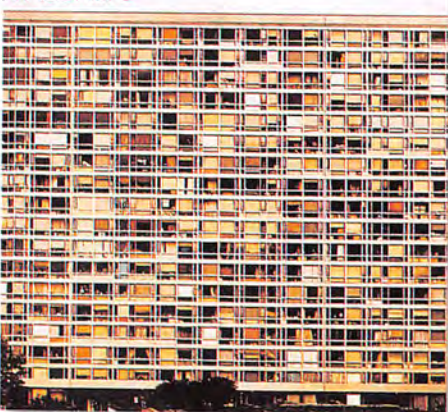
Sting

Column B



ALBUMS

PALOALTO



PALOALTO

(COLUMBIA/AMERICAN)

You may assume PALOALTO is from Palo Alto, the posh Northern California city that claims to be the birthplace of Silicon Valley. Wrong. They're from Los Angeles. Signed by Rick Rubin, the Def Jam co-founder who bolted the groundbreaking label to follow his rock instincts, you'd think they'd pump it as hard as a horny dog. Wrong again. The album's intelligent vocals are laced with Oasis-like melodies and every now and then it slips into a strange Robbie Williams pop thing. ★★ (DC)

Electrasy

(ARISTA)

Much like Schwarzenegger in the *Terminator* flicks, Electrasy has been built for total domination... of the pop world, that is. On this album, songwriter Nigel Nisbet succeeds in writing emotional lyrics that are not annoying, a formula that worked for British rockers Travis. By adding production work from Matthew Wilder, who helped No Doubt vault to stardom, and making sure each of the 11 tracks has a distinctive sound (i.e., the electronic feel of "Cosmic Castaway," used on the *Titan AE* soundtrack, to the just-fell-in-love vibe on "Morning Afterglow"), Electrasy has constructed a virtually indestructible record. ★★★★★ (DC)



Amy Correia

(ANISE/ODEON/CAPITOL)

Raised by strict parents in the small town of Lakeville, MA, Amy Correia was never allowed to attend the stock-car races she could hear going on near her home. But while missing out on cars driving in circles is sad, it's hardly a tragedy. That deflated-but-not-depressed tone carries throughout *Carnival Love*, a womanly album along the lines of Fiona Apple's last release. Keep it on the coffee table to impress dates. ★★★ (MS)



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WINNER

Rock-star stalemate

Congratulations to Shlomit Donner (and the guys from his band Liquid Audio Tape Deck), selected as winners of our "I Want A Dead Rock Star" contest (May/June and July/August) in which *FHM* offered to give Doors front man Jim Morrison's bones to the reader who wrote the best letter stating what he'd do with the prize. Though they won by promising to tie strings to the skeleton (that's Donner's hand-drawn rendering below) and use it



"I think I found Ray's frog"

to the French embassy at all hours of the night, our pleas that "our friend is trapped in your country" have fallen on deaf ears. Still, our relentless team of lawyers will continue to fight the good fight. But until the corpse makes its way to our offices, Donner and party should simply rejoice in the warm glow that only victory can bring.



as a marionette, that won't be possible—yet. Though calls were placed

ALBUMS



Barenaked Ladies

MAROON (WARNER/REPRISE)

Canadians are a funny breed, and the Ladies are no exception. Sure, there was the comedic-reference-filled "One Week," but even funnier is what they've been up to since then. Fellow Canadian Jason Priestley (of *90210*) made a documentary about the group, called *Barenaked in America*, which won favor at the alternative Slamdance festival. The laughs continue right through *Maroon*, with songs such as the Cake-like "Sell, Sell, Sell" and "Humour of the Situation." ★★★ (DC)

Memphis Bleek

THE UNDERSTANDING

(DEF JAM)

If you pick up *The Understanding*, understand you're buying two tracks masquerading as an album. The Timbaland-produced "Is That Your Bitch," featuring Jay-Z, Missy Elliott and Twista, is sure to make the record a success, as is "My Mind Right," on which Bleek garners the distinction of being the first rapper to mention the *Robb Report*. But the chorus of "1,2,3," with its school-kid choir, is a cheap knock on Jay-Z's "Hard Knock Life," and the rest all sounds like every other thug who delivers more gun-waving, money-having talk than an NRA meeting. It's annoying when Tom Selleck does it. When Bleek does it, it's unbearable. ★★ (QR)

ACTIVITY

ANSWERS

After you've completed the quiz "Music and movies converge" on the previous page, check your answers here to see if your memory and random guesses are as sharp as you think they are

1. Ice-T: *Tank Girl*



Due to a heinous military experiment, Ice-T ("T-Saint" in the flick) is transformed into a half-man/half-kangaroo with dreads and huge ears. Equally as embarrassing, he reveals that he was a cop in a prior life.

2. Meatloaf: *Spice World*



Meat plays the lowly role of the Spice Girls' bus driver. His shining moment comes when he's asked to clean the girls' toilet. "I love those girls," he responds, "but I won't do that."

3. LL Cool J: *Toys*



As security chief in his uncle's toy factory, LL darts about in odd camouflage that allows him to blend in with the furniture—an effect eerily similar to listening to his album *Walking With the Panther*.

4. Lauryn Hill: *Sister Act 2*



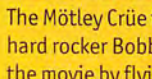
In a real stretch, Lauryn plays a troubled youth with an amazing singing voice.

5. Bobby Brown: *Ghostbusters II*



Working as a doorman, Mr. Whitney Houston asks the Ghostbusters whether he can have a proton pack for his kids. He shows sound acting skills when he does not go about stealing one after being rebuffed.

6. Vince Neil: *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane*



The Mötley Crüe frontman plays hard rocker Bobby Black. He opens the movie by flying into a concert on a zip line. Then he catches on fire and dies.

7. Sting: *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*



Sting appears as a soldier who has risked his life taking out six enemy cannons and saving 10 prisoners. He's summarily executed for raising the bar too high for mediocre soldiers. (AW)



THE WALLFLOWERS

BREACH (INTERSCOPE)

Jakob Dylan gives up on escaping the comparisons to his dad

Whether intentional or not, front man Jakob Dylan did just about everything he could to invite unwanted comparisons to his father on the Wallflowers's 1992 debut album.

There was Bob's faux drawl, word stretching and the organ, front and center, in nearly every song. Four years later, the Wallflowers returned with *Bringing Down the Horse* and a

sound that earned them two Grammys. But, like a senior citizen in diapers, *Breach* marks a bit of a regression.

"Sleepwalker," the album's first single, and "Murder 101," a call-and-response duet with Elvis Costello, are both solid. But most of the other songs seem like a step back in time. Every third song is a Dylan Senior-like ballad and the album lacks a "One Headlight" to get excited about. "Up From Under" is a blatant Bruce Springsteen rip-off and many of the other tracks sound like vintage Tom Petty. Only on "I've Been Delivered," which has some appealing imagery and clever wordplay, do Dylan and his crew truly deliver. ★★ (DB)

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I SURVIVED ROCK!

A dozen years after selling 2 million copies of *Look What the Cat Dragged In*, *Poison* and *Bret Michaels* continue to sell out arenas. Yet the lead singer still finds time to rant

On longevity

Our first album was in '88. Now it's the year 2000 and I'm proud to say we've stuck to our guns through all the changes. I mean, our music has bridged a generation gap. People like Kid Rock and Lit have called us an influence. Do you think a group like 'N Sync will ever be able to say that? I'd have to say no.

On making friends

A lot of women out there have named their kids Bret Michaels. It's a big honor, but it's also sort of strange. I met a woman who told me that just the other day, then she introduced me to her son. The kid didn't look a thing like me, thank God. That was a big relief because when we used to go on tour, let's just say we spent time with a lot of people.

On the value of tickets

At a show recently, a bunch of girls snuck under the fence, got

naked and blew all our trucks, just to get free passes. But it didn't faze me. When I heard about it, I was just like, "Cool, what city are we in?"

On life on the road

My only real complaint these days is that my life has started to seem normal to me. There were these girls I met at a beach party and they had me sign their asses. They found me the next day in Connecticut and they'd all gotten my name tattooed on their butts exactly how I wrote it the day before. In '86 that was eye-opening. But now it's just another day.

Poison's Power to the People is in stores now. For more Bret Michaels, log on to www.bretmichaels.com.



Miss Luxembourg failed to reach the semifinals

ALBUMS



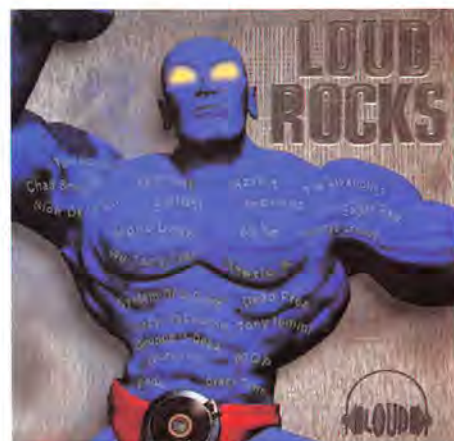
VAST

MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE (ELECTRA)

Like *Batman Forever*, VAST is brooding and fantastic. That's because Jon Crosby, the centerpiece of this one-man band, has a Bono quality when he sings. In fact, the album sounds like U2's "Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me, Kill Me," which isn't necessarily a bad thing. *People* has high points—"Free" and "I Don't Have Anything"—low points and intriguing twists, such as an orchestra playing backup on several tracks. ★★★★★ (DC)

Talib Kweli & Hi Tek REFLECTION ETERNAL (RAWKUS)

With Eminem and his how-to-kill-people rhymes dominating the industry's landscape, MCs Talib Kweli & Hi Tek arrive as a breath of fresh air. Kweli, a dynamic lyricist who demands constant left-brain attention and is best known as the opposite half of Black Star's Mos Def, co-owns and works at a Brooklyn bookstore between studio sessions. Thanks to beats so pleasant your grandparents could get down, he and the clever Tek have done their part to bring intelligent hip-hop back to the forefront with music that deserves to remain on heavy rotation until the next ice age. ★★★★★ (QR)



Loud Rocks

LOUD ROCKS (LOUD/COLUMBIA)

Steve Rifkind, the founder of Loud, must've gotten sick of watching just anyone go platinum from yelling/rapping over a live band. Perhaps that's why he's brought in the pros. Loud has gotten rock icons to team with top-notch rappers on their greatest releases. Incubus joins Big Pun for an awesome version of "Still Not a Player," Ozzy Osbourne and the Wu do "For Heaven's Sake" and Everlast collaborates with Mobb Deep on "Shook Ones." Fred Durst had better start planning his next career. ★★★★★ (JB)



Few were intimidated by Belgium's border guards

RADIOHEAD

KID A
(CAPITOL)

Will Radiohead's experimental phase land them any more recognition?

Radiohead scored big in 1993 with its grunge-sounding, self-loathing *Pablo Honey*. Then there was *The Bends*, a solid album, and of course, the critically acclaimed *OK Computer* (they were named Best Band in *Rolling Stone's* 1998 readers' poll). But the moment *Kid A* drops, so will the jaws of millions of fans. It seems as if

Radiohead, like so many bands before them, has leapt head-on into an experimental phase.

The album's first song, "Everything in Its Right Place," sounds as if it's being played backward. It has the same low-fi sound as songs on *OK Computer*, but the lyrics are hidden behind so many effects, including a vocoder a la the Beastie Boys's "Inter-galactic," that they're unintelligible. In fact, it's not until the fourth track, "How to Disappear Completely," that a single word can be made out. Without being told, there's no way you'd even know this is Radiohead. Most of it is heavy and dark, with rocking basslines mixed with break-beats like Fatboy Slim, and trumpets showing up more than once. There's even a bit of disco layered in for effect. It is a huge leap, even from the more out-there tracks off *Computer*. What it's not is a tender "Paranoid Android." ★★ ★ (JT)



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A-AJ Benza B-Brooke Burke C-Brian Unger
- 3 What color are the two teams on *Search Party*?
A-Red/White B-White/Blue C-Red/Blue
- 4 What eating utensil is seen during the opening of *Talk Soup*?
A-Fork B-Knife C-Spoon

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Guru's Jazzmatazz

STREET SOUL (VIRGIN)
Rappers love to use acronyms. Take, for instance, the Wu-Tang, which on occasion stands for Witty Unpredictable Talent And Natural Game, whose lyrical prowess was somewhat in question until they released the song "Cream," or "Cash Rules Everything Around Me." Guru of the Jazzmatazz series chimes in with an acronym meaning Gifted Unlimited Rhyme Universal. With guests including Angie Stone, The Roots, Macy Gray, Isaac Hayes, Erykah Badu, Herbie Hancock and Kelis, the beauty of the Jazzmatazz project is that the music far outshines some of the rap's more trivial tricks. ★★ ★ ★ (DC)



Willie Nelson

MILK COW BLUES
(ISLAND)

Of all the methods to get over an ex, listening to Willie Nelson comes in third, right behind getting drunk and screwing a Hooters waitress. His lyrics are tender but never sugary, and you don't need to be a good ol' boy to relate to them. Unfortunately, this album is more suited to smooching than suicide. Willie noodles through old hits such as "Night Life" and "Crazy," most of which he's done better before. ★★ (GS)

Boys II Men

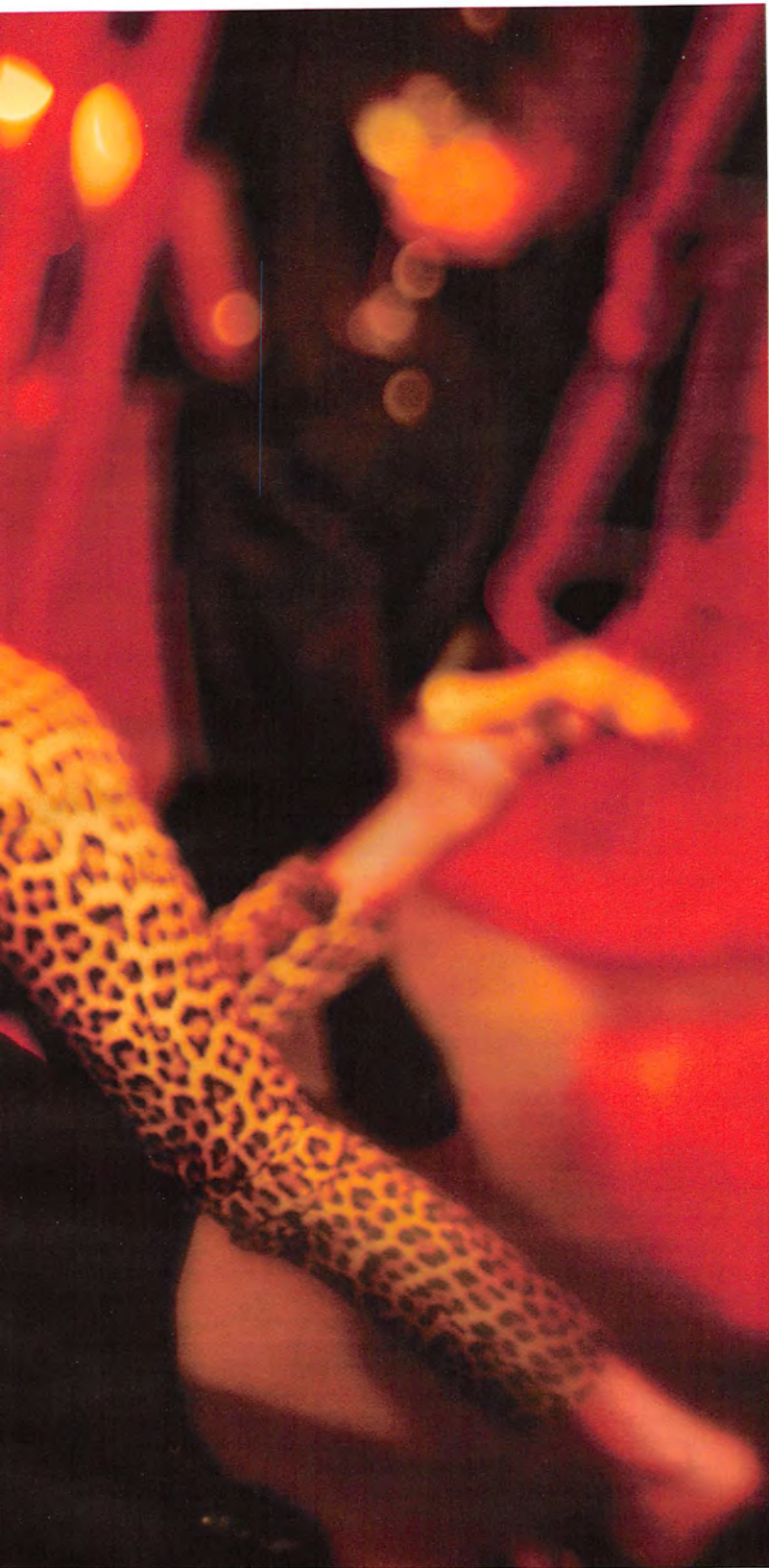
NATHAN MICHAEL SHAWN WANYA
(UNIVERSAL)

With the exception of "Motown Philly," the funky track that unleashed Boys II Men on the world, everything these guys do sounds the same—not bad, not good, just the same. Call it R&B by numbers, something like Bob Ross and his paints, only these guys make tons of dough. "Beautiful Women," a sort of softer version of David Lee Roth's "California Girls," where the guys sing the delights of women by state, is the exception. Aside from that and perhaps one or two other tracks, *Nathan Michael Shawn Wanya* is little more than uninspired grown men wailing about new love, old love and love lost. ★ (QR)

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SLEEPER

Best in Show

From the makers of *Waiting for Guffman* comes a look into the heart of dog shows

9/29 Intricate plot twists take a back seat to amusing character studies in Christopher Guest's newest mockumentary about a slew of eager and obsessive dog owners as they prepare their pooches for the canine show-down of a lifetime: The Mayflower Dog Show.

With Christopher Guest, Eugene Levy, Parker Posey, Catherine O'Hara, Michael McKean and Fred Willard

Underdogs Four years ago, Guest (who starred in and helped create *This Is Spinal Tap*) and Levy (an SCTV alum who played father to the pie molester in *American Pie*) created an outline for *Waiting for Guffman*, a low-budget *Spinal Tap*-esque mockumentary about a small

town's attempts to mount an original musical in their high school gymnasium. Like *Spinal Tap*, there was no script for the film and most of the dialogue was

improvised by the actors during the shoot. Even though the resultant depiction of small-town tackiness caused much pants-wetting among critics nationwide,

relatively few theatergoers showed up in cinemas to soil the seats. Since then, word of mouth has powered the video to cult status, yet it remains to be seen whether that popularity will rocket *Show* to mainstream success. Reuniting much of the *Guffman* cast for another exercise in ad-lib, Guest and Levy outlined a story that finds the former as



"Should we tell Carmine?"



Scottie would soon learn he was adopted

a bloodhound-owning redneck and the latter as a nerdy Norwich-terrier lover. Meanwhile, the rest of the cast plays fond fondlers of Shih Tzus, Weimaraners and standard poodles with ridiculous names such as Rhapsody In White. Most likely, the concept will be a bit too esoteric and the humor overly straight-faced

for kids who have been corn-fed on Adam Sandler and Jim Carrey, but for anyone who savors subtle humor, *Best in Show* should be one of the fall's funniest releases.

Get this Guest's improv film-making style left them with nearly 60 hours of unused footage from the *Waiting for Guffman* shoots.

FILM PREVIEWS

Ring of Fire 9/29

A bull rider doesn't let life-threatening injuries and a broken social life keep him from the hulking cattle he loves.

With Kiefer Sutherland, Marcus Thomas, Daryl Hannah and Molly Ringwald

The cowboy way For a genre that seems so full of action and dramatic possibilities, there's a surprising dearth of good rodeo movies. While *Ring*'s two-brothers-love-the-same-woman sideline could derail a perfectly good and brutal flick, hopefully Sutherland and company will add a grittiness that will keep audiences interested for more than eight seconds.

Get this Sutherland works on his own ranch (see page 66), which births about 400 cattle each year.



Girlfight: Chick fights her dad and other women

Girlfight 9/29

Chicks punch each other in this story of a woman who defies her father and becomes a champion female boxer.

With Michelle Rodriguez, Santiago Douglas, Jaime Tirelli and Paul Calderon

Much slapping and pulling of hair Granted, watching girls fight with pillows or in pudding is vastly superior to catching them sweaty and bruised in a boxing ring. But *Girlfight* was the hottest thing at Sundance this year, taking Best Director and the Grand Jury Award.

Get this Rodriguez spent more than four months in a gym preparing for her role, becoming such a good boxer that her trainers tried to convince her to turn pro.

Dancer in the Dark 9/29

A struggling immigrant factory worker must choose between legal defense for herself or an operation for her son.

With Björk, David Morse, Catherine Deneuve, Peter Stormare and Joel Grey

Audience participation

Even though it won the Palme d'Or for best film at Cannes, this musical tragedy from director Lars Von Trier (*Breaking the Waves*) actually had critics standing and booing at an early screening. Bonus points go to Björk, who not only composed the music, but also landed Best Actress at Cannes.

Get this Von Trier and Björk reportedly feuded on set, causing the actress to walk out for four days. Von Trier said, "I enjoyed working with her, and I will never do it again."

Meet the Parents 10/6

Like a dysfunctional *Father of the Bride*, a family meets their soon-to-be son-in-law and decides they hate him.

With Robert De Niro, Ben Stiller, Blythe Danner, Teri Polo, James Rebhorn and Owen Wilson

The king of comedy? De Niro's track record for delivering punch lines is spotty (*Rocky & Bullwinkle* vs. *Analyze This*) and so is Stiller's (*There's Something About Mary* vs. *Mystery Men*). But director Jay Roach (both *Austin Powers* movies) and a dark, funny script should help them both.

Get this Stiller is developing a film based on a short sketch he did for the 1996 VH1 Fashion Awards in which he played "Derek Zoolander, Male Model."



Meet the Parents: Family antagonizes son-in-law



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for
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FILM

QUIZ

ARE YOU SMARTER THAN LORNE MICHAELS?

Aside from the first Wayne's World, Saturday Night Live spinoffs are as unfunny as the show's '95 cast. Yet Paramount's impending release of *The Ladies Man* proves that studio execs still lack SNL spinoff savvy. Test your knowledge of the devil's genre. . . .

1. Which joke was the comedic low point of *It's Pat: The Movie*?

- A) Filling in a blank for "sex" on a form, Pat writes "often."
- B) Pat asks for "feminine napkins" and gets napkins with a flower print.
- C) After falling down stairs, Pat cries, "I crushed my nuts," then pulls out a cracked walnut.



2. Which filmmaker had an uncredited role reworking an SNL film?

- A) Woody Allen (*Superstar*)
- B) Quentin Tarantino (*It's Pat*)
- C) Spike Lee (*Stuart Saves his Family*)

3. How many jokes are there in *Stuart Saves his Family*?

12 13 14

4. Which is greater?

- A) The number of times Mary Katherine Gallagher smells her armpits in *Superstar*.

B) Number of times they play "What Is Love" in *A Night at the Roxbury*.
C) Number of times a character thinks he's discovered Pat's gender in *It's Pat*.

5. Which *A Night at the Roxbury* review is fake?

- A) "America is still the land of opportunity if Will Ferrell and Chris Kattan can make a movie." —*The San Francisco Chronicle*
- B) "A Night at the Roxbury is the latest proof that *Saturday Night Live* has become about as cutting edge as *Cracked* magazine." —*The Memphis Commercial Appeal*
- C) "Funny!" —*Chicago Sun-Times*

6. Which bomb earned more at the box office than *It's Pat*?

- A) *Squanto*
- B) *Cabin Boy*
- C) *Boleto*



Answers: 1) C 2) B 3) 12 4) A 5) B 6) C

FILM PREVIEWS



The Ladies Man: Lispering loverboy scores chicks

The Ladies Man 10/6

Fired from his gig as a late-night TV host, *The Ladies Man* tries to grift some money from a past ho.

With Tim Meadows, Will Ferrell, Kevin McDonald and Mark McKinney

Blame Lorne Revisiting the formula that perpetrated such atrocities as *It's Pat: The Movie*, *A Night at the Roxbury* and *Superstar*, Paramount stretches another one-joke *Saturday Night Live* sketch into a movie (see above).

Get this Even though SNL movies rarely perform well at the box office, once TV and video money have been counted, Paramount claims the only SNL film that hasn't turned a profit is *Stuart Saves His Family*.

The Contender 10/13

A US senator's path to becoming vice president is in jeopardy when a sex scandal comes back to haunt her.

With Gary Oldman, Joan Allen, Mariel Hemingway, Jeff Bridges, Christian Slater and Sam Elliott

Cure for crowded theaters Rare are political-scandal pictures that get anyone interested enough to pay money to see it. For every *All the President's Men* there are a dozen *Bulworths*. But in its favor, *Contender* was the first already-produced flick to be picked up by Dreamworks.

Get this Stranger than his habit of getting busted for doing something stupid are Slater's Vulcan brows. As a teen, he shaved them to look like Spock, and they never grew back.

EVERETT COLLECTION (3); MARNI GROSSMAN/PARAMOUNT PICTURES; QUIZ TEXT BY ADAM WINER

LUNACY

"THE CIA BUGGED MY CAT'S LITTER BOX"

Like *Blade Runner* and *Total Recall*, *Impostor* is a sci-fi flick based on a story by the late Philip K. Dick, a writer more suited for the mental ward than any high-brow literary society. Here's why. . .

Celestial visions For several days in 1963, Dick saw a terrifying face filling a quarter of the sky wherever he looked. Acknowledging the vision played a role in his religious beliefs, he later recalled, "It was metal and cruel and, worst of all, it was God."

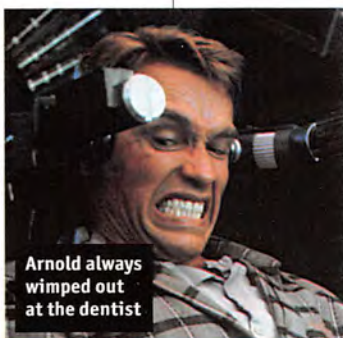
Paranoia Once convinced that a former housemate would hunt him down, Dick concluded he needed "contract killers" for protection. He hired a couple of teenagers to be on 24-hour call, but after finding them insufficient, he paid three men to spend a tense night sitting on his couch with loaded weapons. He also thought the CIA had once bugged his cat's litter box.

Amnesia Dick claimed he had no memory of a two-week stretch preceding a suicide attempt in 1972. Or of the year 1969.

Alien convergence After answering the door one day in 1974, Dick believed he was visited by and linked with a spiritual entity. His description of the entity varied: Sometimes it was an alternate self from the Roman era named Thomas;

sometimes it was a more nebulous spirit named Firebright. Either way, the incident is the backbone of his novel *Valis*, in which an alien machine makes contact with a schizophrenic writer—named Philip K. Dick.

Photon communication Dick believed information was zapped into his head by pink light beams. One day, the lights filled his head with the idea that his son had a physical defect that needed surgery. A visit to the doctor confirmed that his son *did* have an inguinal hernia that may have been fatal. (AW)



Arnold always wimped out at the dentist



Join the party.

Impostor 10/6

During a time of intergalactic tension, a government scientist is suspected of being an alien clone. The bitch of the matter is that he's not sure of his own humanity himself.

With Gary Sinise, Madeleine Stowe, Vincent D'Onofrio, Tony Shalhoub and Mekhi Phifer

Alien intelligence Based on a story by sci-fi schizo Philip K. Dick (see above), *Impostor* began as a 30-minute short, but was extended to a full-length feature when Miramax executives got wood over the impressive initial footage.

Get this When recruiting extras for the film, casting agents chose only thin people, assuming that in the future, everyone will have better diets.



Impostor: Man may not be himself

Lost Souls 10/13

A female exorcist must convince a court reporter that he is the target of a satanic conspiracy that will plague the world with absolute darkness.

With Winona Ryder, Ben Chaplin, John Hurt and Philip Baker Hall

Hollywood's old haunts Completed and scheduled to hit theaters in October 1999, *Lost Souls* was pushed back by the suits at New Line so as not to get lost in last fall's flurry of surprise-ending, spirit-seeing thrillers. A year later, this genre can't survive another nauseating *Sixth Sense* wannabe.

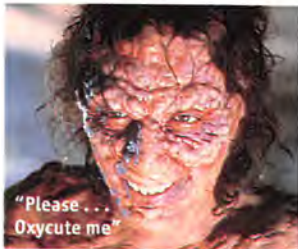
Get this Meg Ryan was supposed to play the film's Satan-battling exorcist, but she later balked, ironically claiming the role held too many similarities to her turn in *City of Angels*.

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DOUBLE FEATURE

Sequels land on DVD



The Fly/Return of the Fly Double Feature The Fly/The Fly II Double Feature

SEPTEMBER; FOX

Because it's impossible to see too many movies featuring insect-headed humans, Fox has raided its vaults for a pair of DVDs, each one containing two *Fly* films. The first is the 1958 Vincent Price mad-scientist shocker along with its sequel, both plots focusing on what happens when a fly is left in a matter transportation device. The second includes the 1986 Jeff Goldblum remake, as well as the sequel in which his son (Eric Stoltz) exhibits some behavioral problems because Dad passed him some fly DNA.

The Delta Force; Delta Force 2

SEPTEMBER; MGM

As part of a special missions force, Chuck Norris unleashes a rampage of postal-worker quality, courtesy of Uncle Sam. The first installment is based on the hijacking of a 1985 TWA flight in Athens. The second deals with America's insatiable desire to see Norris go ape-shit.

Jurassic Park; Lost World Collector's Edition

OCTOBER; UNIVERSAL

Steven Spielberg's first dino adventure was an impressive display of innovative filmmaking and groundbreaking computer enhancements. The sequel was little more than an effects-laden trip to the bank. And now, when inserted into your machine,

the new DVDs give you a sneak peak at the cash-in that's been dubbed *Jurassic Park III*. Plot quibbles aside, T-Rexes sure do sound cool when they roar in Dolby 5.1 surround sound.

Toy Story; Toy Story 2 Collector's Edition

OCTOBER; DISNEY/PIXAR

Woody and Buzz Lightyear make their DVD debut in a three-disc Collector's Edition that contains

Toy Story and its sequel, as well as a rundown of abandoned concepts and a guide to hidden jokes, such as how one Rock 'Em Sock 'Em Robot is missing a chunk from its ear, a la Tyson-Holyfield.

Danny Kniel dressed sensibly



RELEASES

ALSO ON DVD...

THE NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS

The Special Edition of Tim Burton's stop-motion story of how the ghoul stole Christmas, plus *Frankenweenie*, the story of a lovable reanimated dog corpse.

TOUCH OF EVIL

Universal never granted writer/director/star Orson Welles his wish to edit his 1958 noir classic about a Mexican murder. Forty years and one dead auteur later, the movie is as he intended.



Anaconda II had a limited budget

PITCH BLACK

A motley group finds themselves stranded on a planet that tends to become over-ridden with flesh-eating aliens anytime it's dark.

THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

This 25th anniversary edition has an audience participation track to bring the cult film's legendary shout-at-the-screen insanity into your home.

U-571

Too uncultured to watch *Das Boot*? Check out this explosion-laden feature about American soldiers trapped on a German sub instead.

UNDERDOG

In three classic episodes, as well as the cartoon's mini-pilot (unseen since 1964), Sheshine Boy does a quickie phone-booth change before fighting evil in a red jumpsuit.

FILM PREVIEWS



Get Carter: Hitman shoots people

Get Carter 10/6

Mob enforcer Jack Carter knows what a rubout looks like: It looks like what happened to his brother.

With Sylvester Stallone, Michael Caine, Rachael Leigh Cook, Alan Cumming and Miranda Richardson
From the man who brought you Judge Dredd A remake of the 1971 film that starred Caine as the hitman, the new *Get Carter* will no doubt suffer from the curse of Stallone. While the role of an assassin is nothing new for the utterly overrated Italian Stallion (he did, after all, star in *Assassins*) the man hasn't made a good film since *Rocky*.
Get this *Carter* was remade in '72 as the blaxploitation film *Hit Man*, with Pam Grier playing "Gozelde."

Dr. T and the Women 10/13

Surrounded by lovely women, a gynecologist nonetheless finds himself having a mid-life crisis.

With Richard Gere, Helen Hunt, Farrah Fawcett, Tara Reid, Liv Tyler and Laura Dern

If you can't open up to your friends Director Robert Altman, known for compiling all-star casts into painfully long, thinky films, should once again deliver a pretty-faced yet ponderous picture. In the cameo department, look for Andy Richter to deliver five lines in his first post-Conan appearance as Dr. T's hunting buddy, Eli.

Get this On a Web site where adults place bets on their child's success, Gere put \$15 down, betting his newborn son would someday win a Best Actor Oscar.

Requiem for a Dream 10/20

A mother becomes hooked on weight-loss pills while her son and his friends plumb the depths of coke addiction.

With Ellen Burstyn, Jared Leto, Jennifer Connelly, Marlon Wayans and Christopher McDonald

The feel-bad movie of the year Guaranteed to make audiences leave theaters feeling awful, *Requiem* is the anti-date movie. Yet impressive acting, and direction from Darren Aronofsky (the critically lauded director of *Pi*), will make it a must-see for film fanatics and movie masochists.

Get this Aronofsky is rumored to be developing the fifth Batman film for Warner Bros., which will focus on Bruce Wayne's transformation into the Caped Crusader.



Requiem for a Dream: Cokeheads indulge in... coke

Pay it Forward 10/20

A boy devises a scheme where he will help three people, then ask them to pay the goodwill forward to three others, thereby spreading kindness throughout the world.

With Kevin Spacey, Haley Joel Osment, Helen Hunt, Jon Bon Jovi, James Caviezel and Angie Dickinson

That'll be \$9.50 The story sounds like mushy tripe, but the stellar cast should guarantee it far surpasses, say, an average installment in TV's *Hallmark Hall of Fame*.

Get this While trying to attract Kevin Spacey, producers took liberties with the character portrayed in the book *Pay it Forward*. Therefore, Spacey's character is named Reuben St. Clair, not Eugene Simonet. And he is white.



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Q & A

Kiefer Sutherland

The star of *Ring of Fire* on prison popularity, goats in dresses and being buried alive

So you're in another one of those cowboy-type movies. What's up with you and farm animals?
I went to Montana for a summer right after *Young Guns* and ended up getting into horses and staying there for five years. I had some friends who were talented cowboys, and I told them I wanted to start roping, which they did professionally. They started me out slowly, roping chairs at first. Then I got on a horse and started roping a dummy, and then I moved on to steers. We started team roping on the United States Team Roping Championships circuit. I rope the horns of a steer, then my partner ropes the back feet and we lay the cow down. We won the Los Angeles USTRC event in January. But 90 percent of it is your horse. They'll get a distance from a cow and maintain their speed, so it's almost like you're throwing standing still. It's hard to get a horse that knows how to do that.

What were your parents thinking when they named you Kiefer William Frederick Dempsey George Rufus Sutherland?

I've never really known. I know my first name came from a man named Warren Kiefer, who directed my father's first film. Dempsey is my mother's maiden name. George was a friend of my father's and Fred was my father's father. But William and Rufus, no one's ever told me where those came from.

The kids at school must've been relentless.

I got teased about Kiefer. The older boys used to call me Reefer, which was embarrassing. They'd just go, "Reeeefffeer." I didn't even know what they were talking about. I was in fourth grade.

Still, your dad's Donald Sutherland; life couldn't have been that hard. How many film roles did he land for you?

None. I grew up in Canada, and he was living in Europe. I moved to New York when I was 17 and started sending resumes to theaters. Like any young actor's resume, half of it was bullshit. I think lying on your resume is a rite of passage for an actor under 20. The only thing that gets people in trouble is if they start lying about being in musicals and they don't know how to sing. When you start lying about a talent you don't really have, you can get yourself in a lot of shit.

Having played some evil characters, did anything ever really freak you out during filming?

I was buried alive in *The Vanishing*, and the director, George Sluizer, didn't tell me they were going to do it. I was put in the coffin, and I thought they were just going to sprinkle some dirt on it. But I heard a drill screw in like eight screws and a tractor push in dirt, and then it went black. I panicked,



As night fell, Kiefer dreamt of *Young Guns 3*

because the box top was an inch from my face. If you look at the movie where Nancy Travis digs me out, it's all one shot. The top is pulled off, and I'm supposed to be dead, but you can see my jugular pounding because my heart was beating so hard. I'm very obviously *not* dead in that scene.

What the hell was the director thinking?

George Sluizer is a peculiar man. He looked at Nancy and said, "He's actually in the ground right now. You have to dig him out." I think it was to get her into that panicked state. It worked. But I have no idea why he didn't tell me. We later had a conversation about communication. He understood where I was coming from.

Do you ever get up to any pranks yourself?

On *Young Guns*, Emilio Estevez and I cellophoned the director's door one day so when he walked out, he wrapped himself up. Another time, Emilio put a goat in a dress and a bonnet and stuck it in Lou Diamond Phillips's trailer. He was going to hide in the closet and take pictures of Lou and the goat, but Lou didn't come in early enough, so the goat shit all over his trailer and ate half his bed.

Ever use barnyard animals to give Emilio a taste of his own medicine?

I did when he was directing *Men at Work*. It's a lot

of work to act and direct in a film, and we were all proud of him for doing it. But we didn't give him a break. He was doing a shoot-out scene on Hollywood Boulevard one day, and I had a 3,000-pound cow delivered to the site. They had to tie it up to a parking meter and look after it for a while. Charlie Sheen was also in that movie, and he had two friends from the LA Police Department come and arrest him on the set. Emilio spent a good hour trying to figure out what he could shoot without Charlie before the cops told him Charlie wasn't really in jail. It was hysterical. The guy was just trying to do his job.

Older boys used to call me Reefer, which was embarrassing. I didn't even know what they were talking about

You Brat Packers were big heartthrobs. Did women stalk you?
The worst thing that happened to me was

when a guy in prison got a hold of somebody's phone book. He was phoning actors and pretending he was me. People were actually talking to him, and I didn't find out until Sherilyn Fenn from *Twin Peaks* phoned my office and asked why I didn't meet up with her. I said, "I've never met you or talked to you in my life." And she said, "Yeah, your voice is different." We tracked the guy down to a California prison, but because he was a prisoner, he was protected, and they couldn't give us his name. I still don't know why he chose me. (AW)



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EMPLOYMENT

Impress the ladies

The Internet was Patrick Winogrand's ticket out of a dreadful desk job

What triggered you to visit online job sites?

Working as an analyst for an Orlando-based e-commerce company, I was turning pale sitting in an office all day. So I put my resume online at Monster.com, and began searching for work through the "Other" section of their site. I found one listing for "blimp crew" and thought it would be fun. I sent an electronic resume to them and a couple of other sites.

And you got the job?

Yeah, I had responses from several places within a few days, and I ended up taking the job with a company called the Lightship Group. They own a lot of the big blimps, like for Budweiser and Sanyo. It took about



The mohel would be needing his sharpest knife

two or three weeks to get the job, which is a long time for an online job search, but it isn't bad compared to sending resumes out the old-fashioned way.

Any tips for putting a resume online?

Make sure it's easy to read, not too long and that you have two forms of it—one in HTML format, one in Word format. And

because many sites use keyword searches for sorting through resumes, use descriptive words for your skills and interests. For instance, say "C++ programmer" instead of just "computer programmer."

So was the blimp job your first online job-hunting success? I had worked for a month as a model

scout, which I had also found online. It was cool for a while, but it wasn't my thing. Now I fly from city to city in the blimp and go to all the big events: the Super Bowl, Kentucky Derby, baseball games, football games. There's really no other job quite like it. And I've got to tell you, there's no better way to impress a girl. (JC)

INTERNET JOB SITE REVIEWS



MONSTER.COM

One of the first Internet sites to create strong brand recognition, the preposterously named Monster.com pioneered finding a job on the Web. More than half a decade old—eons in Internet years—it remains one of the few Web sites out there that are actually useful. Not only does Monster boast the most job listings of any site, but it also contains all the necessary extras: freelance jobs, personalization, career advice, international jobs and a healthy entry-level job-hunting section. You can also post your resume online for potential employers, but beware: Monster sells its resume database to headhunters who are eager to besiege you with phone calls. ★★★★★



HOTJOBS.COM

Where Monster.com gains an edge with its huge selection, Hotjobs beats the competition by offering the most job listings in the sexier sectors, including entertainment and the somewhat sketchy and diminishing Internet sector. Although its site is relatively difficult to navigate compared with the competition, Hotjobs thrives on the awe factor—most movie studios, record labels, ad agencies, publishing houses and magazines prefer to list job openings here instead of on other job sites. Hotjobs also throws a large annual job expo called WorkWorld in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, offering you the chance to meet a potential employer the old-fashioned way—in person. ★★★★★



CAREERPATH.COM

Careerpath certainly has a huge volume of jobs—almost as large as Monster.com's—but the listings are nothing more than a more geographically diverse version of what you see in the classified section of any major metropolitan newspaper. Drawbacks with Careerpath abound, including the fact that a majority of jobs are less than desirable—after all, they are taken directly from newspapers' help-wanted sections. There are plenty of uninspired copycat extras on the site—posting a resume, help with moving—but they lack the usability of the features on competing sites. Some employers list on the site independently, but few offerings are better than minimum-wage, go-nowhere jobs. ★★

E-MAIL ATTACHMENT

VIDEO FOR YOUR IN BOX

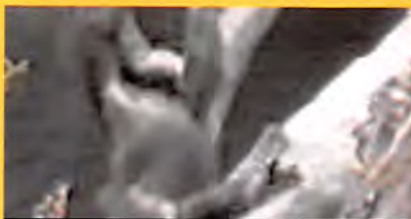
Want to know why the guy in the next cubicle won't stop laughing? FHM lets you in on the secret



0:04 Clearly bored, monkey inserts finger into a private place



0:06 With childlike curiosity, monkey smells said finger



0:07 Oh, no! He's fallen out of the tree! Will animals ever learn?

To see the stinky monkey in action, check out www.FHMus.com.

THE POWER OF SEARCH ENGINES

Each month, FHM uses a different keyword to test the intelligence of the Internet. Here are the five most intriguing Web addresses Yahoo! spit out in response to "sulking"

5. Filipina Emotions and Behavior
www.filipinawives.com/emotions.html

4. Dawson's Creek | Episodes
www.dawsons-creek.com/episodes/season1.html

3. That's How Straight Boys Dance
www.bliethe.com/bhq2.4/2.4.1.html

2. Young Hitler in Love
www.azstarnet.com/~fishes/hitler.html

1. How Joggeli Finds a Wife
www.vcu.edu/hasweb/for/jg/joggeli_e.html



They're Dewar's.

Ana Maria Harkins
Ethan Zuckerman
Brett McDowell
Elisa Korentager

DEWAR'S PROFILE | 004

They're wired a little differently. Using the Internet not to make money, but to improve lives. Recruiting people from the tech world to help the Developing World. Sharing a lofty goal: to actually make the Web worldwide. **They're Geekcorps.**



Dewar's

VOYEURISM

No joysticks required

Hand-eye coordination optional on DVD football

By the time most of us hit the legal drinking age, our athletic prowess has been reduced to chewing food semi-gracefully and operating a rake with only slight difficulty. Yet deep down inside, there's a Rudy weeping girly tears for a shot at football glory. Thankfully, popping *Quick Strike Football League* into your DVD-ROM drive can help satisfy that inner-Irishman.

Tsunami Media Corporation spent eight years developing and filming this sports simulator, and the results are encouraging. Played over the Internet, *QSFL* utilizes a full-motion video simulator that allows you to call plays without having to execute them. You then watch real NFL and CFL players simulate action in pre-recorded, multi-camera,



In his dreams, Webster was a CFL star



Officials: cocksure

Monday Night Football-type graphics. But because the action sequences are held on the *QSFL* DVD-ROM, the only game info that passes over the Net is each team's play choice. Hence, not only are the graphics high quality, but your ratty 56k modem is fast enough for speedy play.

The game's biggest drawback is that the teams to choose from

are lame (i.e., "Blue Cobras," "Red Generals"). But the rosters are populated by 120 pro players (assuming you count the CFL as pro), and cheering crowds add to the ambience. The game's commercial breaks are annoying, but they make the game inexpensive. And let's face it: Commercial breaks are what 21st century sports are all about. (CC)

Contact: www.tsunamimedia.com; Price: \$5.95



Puffy Paul threatened his barber

PUGILISM

FIGHTIN' WORDS

With a new game on the shelf, *Ultimate Fighting Championship's* Tito Ortiz talks about tussling on screen and off

UFC is a video game now. Is your guy tough at all?

Oh, yeah. I play as myself all the time. I've got good hand speed, good take-downs and really powerful punches. I train about eight hours a day, but when I'm not training, I usually sit around playing video games. It's kind of sad. **What's the worst beating you've taken in the real world?**

There was the match between me and Frank Shamrock. We both beat each other up bad—that's about as sore as I've ever been. My wife and I were hit by a bus a little while ago, and I was more sore after that fight than I was after getting hit by the bus.

What's it feel like to get punched repeatedly in the head?

It's kind of a stunned feeling. At first it doesn't hurt much. People don't understand, but in boxing, the reason fighters wear gloves is to protect their hands, not the other guy's head. I guarantee that if I hit you in the head, it's going to hurt my hand more than it will hurt your head. It's the accumulation of multi-

ple contusions to the head that's going to hurt after the fight. But that only lasts a day at the most.

Been in any good bar room brawls?

Dennis Rodman came into a club once with his buddies. I spilled a drink on Danny Schayes from the Suns, and he turned around and pushed my chest. So I foot-swept him, and then three of his guys jumped up. I blew it off and went to the bathroom. But when I came out, Rodman's bodyguard came up and called me a pussy. I told him I didn't want to fight, but then he pushed me. This guy weighed maybe 240 pounds and was all steroid-huge. I threw a punch; he tried to take me down, but I choked him out in about 30 seconds. By the time he woke up, I was already at the other end of the bar, and he was like, "What happened?"

Do you have a softer, more sensitive side?

I love cats. We have one named Bam-Bam and one named Pebbles. When I come home from training, they meow and meow because they're so happy to see me. (AW)

VIDEO GAME REVIEWS



Ultimate Fighting Championship

CRAVE DREAMCAST: \$49.95
Ultimate fighting was once reserved for violent, massive men with no qualms about shooting 'roids till their sacs were as tight as spandex. With *Ultimate Fighting Championship*, however, even the meek can dominate in the ring with no rules. But it's doubtful you'll be playing it in six months—like most fight games, this evolves

faster than relationships on *The Real World*.

Best bit The graphics and audio are phenomenally realistic.

Verdict For all its realism, the 22 players, 3,000 moves and 1,200 combinations make this game very complex. You'll pound the keys like an angry chimp, hoping your man executes the moves you were too lazy to read about in the manual. ★★★ (JB)

Quake III Arena

SEGA DREAMCAST: \$49.99
PC gamers used to be the only ones who could enjoy the maul-your-neighbor fun of *Quake III Arena* over the Net. But



the arrival of the SegaNet means Dreamcast users can now log on and blast strangers in online tournaments, team death matches and capture-the-flag competitions.

Best bit If you don't want to use the standard Dreamcast controller, plug in a mouse and keyboard to play *Quake* the way God intended.

Verdict It's hard to resist the allure of demolishing people you've never met.

★★★★★ (EB)

Echelon

BETHESDA SOFTWARES

PC: \$49.99

Taking a plot from a sci-fi film, *Echelon* deposits players on a hostile alien world where humans must battle for survival. Once you're done grimacing at the story line, strap into a combat aircraft and start blowing stuff up.

Best bit The replayability: Missions are nonlinear, and there are 14 different aircraft to get all the Last Starfighters in.

Verdict The alien terrain is some of the best around, so you at least have something nice to look at while you wait for a better sim.

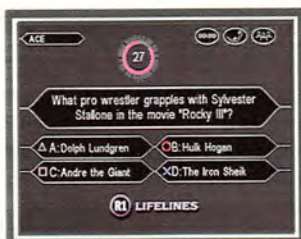
★★★ (PS)

This month's reporters (in order of the first car they ever owned): Jon Chase ('33 Pontiac), Jon Tesser ('67 Plymouth Sports Fury), Scott Gramling ('70 Camaro), Hugh Wilson ('76 Pinto), Enid Burns ('80 Datsun 200SX), Jim McLaughlin ('81 Fairmont), Adam Winer ('84 Accord), Michelle Stiles ('86 Cabriolet), Phillip Crandall ('86 Voyager), Jimmy Jellinek ('88 Blazer), Jake Bronstein ('89 Datsun), Darius Cohen ('91 Civic), Chris Chiarella ('96 Camry), Quincy Roscoff ('97 KIA), Dana Buoniconti (never had a car), Grub Smith (never had a car—"but I got a blowjob in an old taxi"), Peter Suci (never had a car), Bonsu Thompson (never had a car)



www.bvinteractive.com

Good news, now you get to be the genius that blew the easy question.



Okay, smarty pants, strap on your thinking cap and let's get down to business. **Who Wants To Be A Millionaire: 2nd Edition**, is now on PlayStation. Six-hundred questions, plenty of topics, 3 Lifelines, even a 2-player Fastest Finger round. It's just like the TV game show, only without all the commercials. Real questions, real drama, real Regis. And, yes, that is our final answer. (Sorry, we couldn't resist.)

WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE
2nd Edition

For a few dollars more

Jake Mitchell loved his high-paying globetrotting job. Until he wound up with loads of cash and surrounded by beautiful women

Do you realize," said my friend Dave, "that we're in a place where the booze is almost free, the girls are beautiful and we've got \$1,000 in our pockets when the average weekly wage is \$30?" There was no doubt—Romania was wonderful. If only I hadn't gone and spoiled everything.

Dave and I were sitting in a small bar on a Bucharest street, guzzling gin-like drinks with names that sounded, as far as we could make out, like Grrrk and Pfffsk. They cost about 45 cents a pint and were so vicious that when Dave tried to give me a friendly nudge, he missed completely and fell off his seat. But what did we care? We had finished our work here and our pockets now bulged with lei, the local currency.

And to be more accurate, most of my cash—the booty from a couple of weeks as a freelance construction consultant—was in US dollars and it wasn't actually in my pocket: I was wearing it in a hideous surgical-pink money belt. It was the first time in countless trips to faraway places that I'd ever used such a shameful, wimpy item. But I'd heard such terrible warnings about this city.

"Never, never, never," said The Man Who'd Been Before, "carry much money in Bucharest. There's a well-known scam there. A guy will come up to you and offer to change dollars at a good rate. It doesn't matter what you say to him because the next minute, another guy will come up, introduce himself as a policeman and arrest the first guy. Then the policeman will ask if you've exchanged any money. You say no and he asks politely to look at your cash to see if you're telling the truth. While he's looking, he steals a few hundred by sleight of hand. There's nothing you can do."

"Nothing?" I asked. "Can't I just call the real police?"

"You're missing the point," he said. "These people *are* the real police."

So it was either use the hideous money belt, or stuff the wedge in my sock and hobble.

The rest of that evening was a blur. We had lots



"I had robbed these girls of what little reputation they had"

more strange drinks and some weird food (pig's brain with iced cucumber was a first), but talking to the local girls turned out to be problematic. Although they spoke some English ("More drink, pliz!"), none of them were what you'd call fluent. Not enough for a killer pickup line anyway. In any case, we had drunk so much Pfffsk that we weren't exactly fluent ourselves anymore.

Eventually, we gave up and staggered back to our hotel, resigned to spending our last night in Bucharest alone. But then, right there in the hotel bar, we saw two beautiful girls: a leggy blonde and a slightly dumpy but very pretty redhead. Simply but skimpily dressed. About 18. Smiley. Maybe it was worth a try. We grinned drunkenly and the blond one said, "Hi there! Had a good night?"

They were Russian and spoke good English. Students, they said. They liked to come to the hotel to chat with foreigners. We liked to chat with them; we liked the idea of all sorts of stuff. And no, they had never had the chance to admire Bucharest by night from the upper balconies. They'd love to pop up to our room for a nightcap. I said we'd have to clean up a bit and we rushed upstairs, stripped to our jeans and awaited their arrival. It occurred to me we had just one ancient condom between us, and I was doubtful whether I was sober enough to perform. The thought of Dave filling his boots with both girls was too much to bear.

So when the girls arrived, plunked their bags on the faded carpet and revealed their true colors by demanding \$60 each, it was a relief. We made our excuses and showed them the door. After

they left, Dave and I agreed we'd made a narrow escape and he staggered off to his room.

It was then that it dawned on me—sickeningly—that I couldn't find my money belt. Not only did it contain my cash, but my passport and return airline ticket as well.

I raced to reception, thinking I might intercept the girls as they left to divide the spoils. But to my amazement, they were sitting in the bar, bold as brass. Standing in just my jeans, I demanded my money back. They professed bafflement.

"OK," I said. "You can keep the money—I'm insured. And I can get a new ticket. Just give me my passport, please."

More stubborn indignation.

There was only one thing to do. I marched the leggy one to the front desk. "This woman and her accomplice," I said, trying to be dignified in spite of my near nakedness, "have robbed me."

"Oh, I think not," replied the imperturbable concierge. "They are very respectable girls." Then he produced the hotel's prostitute register (the what?!), complete with copies of their passports and medical certificates, to show me they were hotel fixtures as much as he was, or the chandelier above his head.

My confidence wavered a little, but I figured there was no way I could recover my losses without an official report, so I insisted he call the police. Within a minute, two ancient black-and-whites rumbled up and the lobby was full of Romanian cops—all pistols, leather, BO and cheap cigars. With the enthusiasm of second-rate policemen everywhere, they searched the girls' handbags, turned them upside-down and vigorously investigated the contents of their pockets to no avail. Gradually, a crowd of onlookers began to gather.

Finally, a Detective Joe Friday, a man of impeccable seriousness and faultless English, took me aside. "Well," he said, "it is possible these girls have passed your property to an accomplice. But before we take them away, may we see your room?"

I led the mob upstairs, where Detective Friday opened my suitcase—and instantly found the money belt.

I sank to my knees in shame. I had been stupid enough to invite hookers to my room, sober enough to think to hide my cash, then drunk enough to forget I'd done it. I had robbed these girls of what little reputation they had; I had let them get molested by a gang of sweaty cops; I'd almost gotten them grilled (and God knows what else) in the cellars of the police station.

I ended up spending the rest of the night buying expensive Western drinks for most of the Bucharest police force, plus the hotel staff, plus all the town's prostitutes and their pimps. Then, as I was shuffling up the stairs to bed, very much the worse for wear, a uniformed policeman stepped out of the shadows and asked to check my wallet—to be sure I hadn't changed any cash.

"Of course you can, officer," I said. **FHM**

? Think about it

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No guts, no glory

When Ian Goodsen helped out a vet, he wanted to impress a woman, not become the animal kingdom's worst nightmare

On the few occasions that I've ended up in the emergency room, I've been closer to fainting at the sight of other people's wounds than my own. I'm so squeamish that even a drop of blood is enough to empty my stomach. So when I was asked to help cut up animals at a shelter, I should have had the sense to refuse. And I would have—if it hadn't been for Alison.

Dark, beautiful and with a body that defied both gravity and belief, Alison had walked into my life just 12 hours earlier, tagging along with my friend Jay, whom I had arranged to meet for a Friday night drink. Entranced, I hardly spoke a word to Jay, concentrating my efforts on figuring out the best way to impress Alison. Within five minutes, I'd hit the jackpot—it seemed she was obsessed with any animal that was small, cute and lovable, and that any man who wanted to see her in her birthday suit had to prove his lust was tempered by an overpowering affection for anything with four legs.

My suspicions were confirmed when I mentioned how much I loved watching *Animal Planet* and

the show, and despite knowing nothing of what I was getting myself into, I nodded vigorously.

"That's wonderful," squealed Alison. "I work in an animal shelter some days, and the nurse is out sick. I know the vet would love to have someone as experienced as you around to help out."

"Great!" I said, too stunned to mention that the closest I've ever been to the cows on my uncle's farm is when one winds up on my dinner plate with a side of potatoes.

"It's settled then. I'll see you at eight o'clock tomorrow morning at the shelter."

The next day, I contemplated canceling, but the vision of Alison purring as she led me into bed at the end of the ordeal was enough to spur me on. Besides, I did get an A in biology and had picked up a basic knowledge of medical procedures after

dog's intestines while I remove the tumor."

My stomach was churning as it slowly dawned on me what I was about to do. I looked over at Alison, who was staring at me longingly. There was no way I could give up now.

After washing my hands, I turned back to the vet with a sickening feeling. He pointed at the three-inch incision he had just made in the dog's abdomen, and I could just make out the bowels, which were arranged a bit like the wiring in the back of a transistor radio, only covered in dull red slime. "Put your hands in there and try to hold those purpley bits back with your arm," he ordered, "and then don't move."

I shut my eyes and plunged into the pit bull. My head swam as I tried to overcome a rising attack of nausea. Although the warm, sticky feeling of the blood on the dog's organs was nowhere near as disgusting as I had expected, the smell was repulsive. If I hadn't been able to see the dog breathe, I would have been convinced it had been dead for weeks. My legs gave way and my stomach lurched.

Just as I was lapsing into unconsciousness, I could hear the vet's voice screaming at me. "Open your eyes! His intestines are falling out." My grip on the dog's innards was so shaky that they had begun to spill out onto the table. On the other side

of the room, Alison was at the point of bursting into tears, her hand glued to her mouth in horror

at the dog's plight and my incompetence.

Meanwhile, the vet tried to rectify the damage, stuffing the tubes back into the incision.

Desperately trying to make amends, I grabbed hold of a section of gut and tried to put it back inside

the dog, but my hands were trembling too much to get a firm grip. Blood was seeping at an alarming rate from the wound in the animal's bowels. Finally, there was a low rasp and the room was filled with the stench of feces. The vet confirmed what I had guessed: The intestines had ruptured. With the most pathetic of whimpers coming from its nostrils, the dog expired. I fainted.

The rest of the day was a blur. After the vet picked me up off the floor, he banned me from the shelter. As for Alison, she would've refused to talk to me had she not already left by the time I came around. She had been too upset over the dog's fate to finish her shift. I, on the other hand, was not allowed to leave until I had packaged up the animal and sent it for cremation. But at least my disappointment at missing out on the date was minimal. After the trauma of the operation, sex, or any activity that involved feeling inside a living creature, had slid way down my list of priorities. **FHM**

Ever done anything humiliating, senseless or extremely moronic? Want to share it with your fellow readers? Call 212-886-3690 and maybe we'll print it.



she couldn't stop talking about how the channel was "the only reason I get cable." We were soon in full flow, discussing the atrocities of deer hunting and fur wearing, and by Alison's reaction, I was fairly certain I would be seeing her cute and furry parts before the weekend was out.

After about half an hour of watching me hang on Alison's every word, Jay began to get annoyed. He was trying desperately not to choke on his beer while listening to the things that came out of my mouth, so he decided to stir things up.

"Has Ian told you about how he loves to help his uncle milk the cows on his farm?"

Before I could do more than offer a startled glare in Jay's direction, Alison grabbed me by both hands. "Really?" she cooed. "That's great. Are you really that comfortable being around animals?"

Before I could reply, Jay was in full flow, "Oh, and he's single-handedly raised a litter of kittens." Alison looked at me with puppy-dog eyes. "You've really done that?"

"Oh, yes," I lied.

She stared intently into my eyes. "Are you free tomorrow?" By this time, my libido was running

being forced to sit through episodes of *E.R.* by an ex-girlfriend who enjoyed watching me squirm.

When I arrived at the shelter, Alison tied a plastic apron around me and introduced me to the vet. We made our way to the operating room and the vet outlined the itinerary for the day: three mundane operations—two cat spayings and one neutering—and then one piece of major surgery on a dog. My job was

doing the grunt work (setting out the tools) while Alison and the vet busied themselves with the anaesthetic and prep work.

To my relief, the first three procedures were remarkably bloodless; the animals' organs were pulled out through a tiny hole in their sides. But next up

was the major surgery: The removal of a large cancerous tumor from a pit bull terrier. And as long as I could keep well away from the table itself, I was confident I'd be OK.

"Scrub up," said the vet.

"Pardon?"

"Scrub up. Alison will be in charge of the anaesthetic, but I need you to keep hold of the

"I grabbed hold of a section of gut and tried to put it back inside the dog"



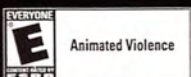
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Sega Dreamcast

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CORBIS; ILLUSTRATION BY MARK ZINGARELLI

JOKE OF THE MONTH



A farmer is in the pub one night bragging about his pig. "That animal saved my life twice," he says. "Once, I fell into the river and he jumped in and dragged me to the bank. Another time, my house caught on fire, and he ran in and saved me, the wife and the kids."

The farmer passes around a picture of the miraculous animal. One of the guys notices the pig is missing a leg. "Which accident did the pig lose its leg in?" he asks.

"Neither. An animal like that you don't eat all at once."
Mark Tanner, Cincinnati, OH

Two Amish women are harvesting potatoes on an autumn day. One of the women has two potatoes in her hands. She looks at the other woman and says, "These potatoes remind me of my husband's testicles." The other woman asks, "Are his testicles that big?" "No," she says with a sigh. "They're that dirty."
Rob Perkins, Warwick, CT

What did the cannibal do after he dumped his girlfriend? He wiped his ass and moved on.
Ed Brooks, Gladstone, MO

A little old lady with blue hair enters a sex shop and asks in a quivering voice, "Y-y-young man, d-d-do y-you s-sell d-d-dildos h-here?"

The salesman, somewhat taken aback by the little old lady's appearance in his shop, says, "Uh, yes, ma'am, we do."

The little old lady, holding her quivering hands about 10 inches apart, asks, "D-do y-you have any ab-b-bout th-this l-long?"

"Yes, ma'am, we do. We have several that come in that size."

Forming her shaking fingers into a five-inch circle, she then asks, "A-are an-n-ny of th-them a-about thi-is b-big ar-round-d?"

"Well... yes, there are a few of them that are about that big."

"A-and d-do a-a-ny of th-them v-v-ibra-a-ate?"

"Yes, ma'am, one of them does."

"H-how d-do y-you t-t-turn it off?"
Vito D'Adamo, Staten Island, NY

After 35 years of marriage, Bernie is lying on his deathbed. With a tear in his eye, he says, "Annabelle, before I die, I have to tell you something. The first year we were together, I caught pneumonia and almost died. You sat by my bed and nursed me back to health."

She nods her head solemnly as he continues. "And when I lost half my family in a car crash, you were by my side. When our children grew up and left our home, you sat with me. And when I lost everything in the fire at the store, you were right by my side the whole time. Annabelle, you've always been there through all the bad times."

"Yes, I have," says Annabelle.

"So before I die, I just want you to know: You're a fucking jinx!"

Warren Beck, Albuquerque, NM

The owner of a world-class hotel is in desperate need of a pianist for the grand piano in the lobby. He sees hundreds of applicants, but none are qualified. Finally, a bum wearing torn clothes, reeking of alcohol and sporting a scraggly old beard applies. The owner

reluctantly agrees to give him a try, and the bum plays the most beautiful songs ever. When asked the names of the songs, the bum says, "The first one's called 'Pull My Pants Down and Slap My Ass' and the second was 'Scratch My Leg and Suck My Balls.'" Dumbfounded, the owner gives the bum the job along with some cash to get cleaned up. The next day, the bum comes back, clean except for his pants, which are still the torn rags he wore the day before. The owner says, "Fine, just sit on the bench, hide your legs and don't talk to anyone. I don't want people to be offended by your foul language." After several hours, a woman stops to admire the music. Suddenly, she looks down and says, "Sir, do you know your pants are ripped and your balls are hanging out?" To which the bum replies, "Know it? I wrote the son-of-a-bitch!"
Dan Judge, Ft. Collins, CO

A young man finally agrees to meet the parents of the young woman he's been dating. But by the time he gets to their house, his nerves have put him in a state of gastric distress.

The problem develops into one of acute flatulence, and halfway through dinner he realizes he can't hold it in a second longer without exploding. A tiny fart escapes.

"Spot!" the girlfriend's mother calls to the family dog, who is lying at the young man's feet. Relieved that the dog took the blame, he lets a slightly larger one slip out.

"Spot!" she calls sharply. The young man thinks he's got it made and decides to let a big one go, which he believes will put an end to his problem.

"Spot!!!" shrieks the mother. "Get over here before he craps on you!"

Avi Rothstein, Poughkeepsie, NY

A lady in her late 40s goes to a plastic surgeon for a facelift. The doctor tells her of a new procedure called The Knob: A small knob is implanted on the back of a woman's head and it can be turned to tighten the skin, producing the effect of a brand-new facelift—forever. Naturally, the woman wants The Knob.

Fifteen years later, she goes back to the surgeon. "All these years, everything's been fine. I've turned The Knob on lots of occasions and I've loved the results. But now I've developed two problems. First of all, I've got awful bags under my eyes, and The Knob won't get rid of them." The doctor looks at her and says, "Those aren't bags, those are your breasts."

"Oh," she says. "Well, I guess that explains the goatee."

Lewis Clay, Detroit, MI

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The Marquis de Smith

Is suffering fun or freaky? Our man gives it a fair crack of the whip to find out

Although it would be true to say, in the manner of all those refreshingly genuine letters that appear each month in *Penthouse* magazine, "I've had my fair share of women," I have always erred on the side of respectability. My bedroom contains nothing in the way of whips, hot candle wax, snorkels, chains, handcuffs or gas masks, and all that I've ever demanded from a sexual partner is firm breasts, a good sense of humor and a complete inability to say the words, "Is it in yet?"

However, all this was thrown into confusion recently when I perused the back of one of those free, independent weekly newspapers. It wasn't the number of escort service ads inside that disturbed me, but the fact that 90 percent of them were advertising torture and bondage. Clearly, this was a burgeoning social trend, and as I was still cursing myself for not buying *Blood Sugar Sex Magik* until it was passé, it was clearly one worthy of investigation.

Accordingly, I threw myself into a crash course in perversion. I bought several magazines devoted to "sub" and "dom," hung out in a shop that purveyed restrictive PVC garments and tried to convince myself that there was "a thin line between pain and pleasure." Sadly, this didn't do the trick. (I especially had trouble with the pain-and-pleasure theory. Every sinew in my body, except the ones in my nose that had been butted by a colossal skinhead in 1994, told me this was crazy.)

Given these falterings, it soon became obvious to me that reading about the subject and observing it were not enough. If I was really going to discover the thrills to be had from caning women or being zipped up in a gimp suit, a more drastic approach was required. I decided to go straight to the top. I decided to be the Marquis de Sade for a day.

My preparations were simple. First, I read his masterpiece, *The 120 Days of Sodom*, and jotted down a few scenarios to re-enact once I had begun. Then I familiarized myself with the language. While he uses the word "thricefold" more often than you'd find in, say, *Celebrity Sleuth*, it seemed easy enough to understand, and I had no doubt that the sort of people I'd be running into were well-acquainted with technical terms such as "Frig my membrum with a martinet." Finally, I set up a timetable for my orgy of pain.

When I presented this to my editor, however, he seemed more concerned with the budget than the need for historical accuracy. I tried to explain to him that, to be properly like de Sade, I would require the services of at least 16 willing females. But he assumed this was just another of my ruses to get my hands on Christy Turlington's home phone number, so he said no, then offered me \$350, tops. I was disappointed, but, after a quick



If I was really going to discover the thrills to be had from caning women or being zipped in a gimp suit, a drastic approach was required

bit of refiguring, I reckoned that I could still afford to be the evil Marquis for about two hours. Long enough, probably, to discover what all the fuss is about. . . .

2:48 p.m. Arrive home from work, having taken the afternoon off to "spread pain and misery, and share them in the pursuit of a pleasurable discharge." Call dominatrix who advertises herself in the newspaper as "Strict Mistress Seeks Pupils" to confirm that my 3:15 appointment is

still on. Ask her if she does "other stuff too." Change underwear.

2:53 p.m. Pop into local funeral home to see if I can have an orgasm "by listening to the sound of hammering as a corpse is nailed into its coffin." The guy in the lobby says they use screws nowadays, and that the stiffies are kept at their other branch anyway, which has a chapel of rest.

3:01 p.m. Try to kick a cat. Too slow on my feet.

3:14 p.m. Arrive at "Strict Mistress's" house just as the previous customer is leaving. Embarrassed,

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we both look at the ground. He is wearing brown clunky shoes and a pair of nasty tan socks.

3:15 p.m. Chitchat takes place. Far from being a strict mistress, she seems very affable. When she offers me tea or coffee, I say I prefer drinking "the weak young piss of virgin boys." She looks at me oddly.

3:17 p.m. Perhaps because of my piss comment, she explains her rules. "I don't do sex without a condom, and there's no back door. If you want me to stop beating you at any stage, just say the password." I ask her what the password is, and she says I can choose it.

3:20 p.m. Finally come up with one. "Anguish." She looks at me oddly again.

3:21 p.m. While she's putting on a new outfit, I examine my surroundings. Far from being a "princely chateau with towers and priceless works of art," it is actually a small one-bedroom apartment. But it does have a set of wind chimes that tinkle when the door is opened.

3:26 p.m. She appears, her rather disappointing body wrapped in tight PVC pants and a bodice top. She tells me to drop trou and bend over the end of the sofa. I do so, feeling very pleased that I remembered to put on new underwear. However, she pulls them down, baring my buttocks, and begins hitting me with a small leather whip. It hurts about as much as being beaten with a souvenir bookmark.

3:28 p.m. She is still hitting me. It's already quite

3:41 p.m. She spans me with her hand, finishing each stroke by twisting some of the hair on my ass with her fingernails. It is incredibly painful, but my yelps only encourage her.

3:42 p.m. Finally remember that the password is anguish. She stops.

3:45 p.m. As I leave, I give her a cheerful wave and tell her I hope to "embugger her in the lowest pit of hell." She closes the door. Did I just imagine that I heard her put the chain on too?

3:53 p.m. Walking home, I nearly stumble over a decrepit bum who spends every day begging outside the subway station. His habitual croak of "spare change, please" infuriates me even on a good day, so now I lean close to him and whisper, "I'd like to bury you alive, and then press my ear to the ground so I could hear your muffled screams for mercy." Clearly accustomed to worse abuse than this, he ignores me and asks someone else for money.

3:59 p.m. As de Sade's hero, the Duc de Blangis, recommends that a "man should fling himself into every vice, and take care to have not a single virtue," I go into the local OTB for a bet and a smoke. I add one more vice—swearing—when my horse loses in the fifth.

4:16 p.m. Arrive home. Message on my answering machine from my girlfriend saying she'll be dropping by soon. Call her to let her know I'm back, then feel shame at having been nice. Quickly make up for it by calling the dirty 900 numbers in

She tells me to bend over the sofa, and begins hitting me with a small whip. It hurts about as much as being beaten with a souvenir bookmark

boring, so I concentrate on the Marquis's theory that "our bodies have a huge capacity for pleasure, but we inhibit it because society tells us to."

3:31 p.m. No, it's still boring.

3:32 p.m. She stops whipping me, and tells me to get on my knees. She begins French-kissing me. Clearly, she is no fan of Listerine, and I wonder if this is anything like having a "street harlot besot herself with wine and, when she is drunk, vomit in my mouth." As her tongue rolls around my fillings like a garlic-flavored slug, I try to convince myself that "all lust has the power of an irresistible force, and never for a moment can we do anything but surrender to it."

3:34 p.m. She makes me kiss her feet. In bold contrast to the condition of her teeth and gums, they are in excellently clean condition. A shame, as I was keen to enjoy the sensation of "eating the dirt from between a woman's toes," a pastime which, according to de Sade, "made me discharge before I had left my breeches."

3:38 p.m. With only seven minutes left on the clock, she finally makes her move to my privates. Her fingers toy with my balls, but I fail to get aroused, possibly because I'm aware that I don't match up to the character called Bum-Cleaver in *Sodom*, who was "possessed of a membrum 13 inches in length, with a fine curve in this majestic prick." Panicking, I tell her that I just want her to hit me some more.

a porn magazine and saying stuff like, "I want to put my prick in an owl."

4:29 p.m. My girlfriend arrives. I explain the situation. She gets upset, and it doesn't help when I say, "Your tears are useless, my dear, as they only serve to engorge me further." She finally agrees to play ball if I take her out to a nice dinner later. I get her to lick my boots, which she does with minimal enthusiasm.

4:39 p.m. Feel that it's time to instill a hatred of religion in her. I tell her to abominate Christ. She says OK, and then reminds me she's Jewish.

4:41 p.m. Throw her on the bed and tell her that "a woman must never have any objective but to have herself pleased from morning till night." She looks at me and laughs in what strikes me as a very cruel, mocking way, certainly better than anything I've managed today.

4:45 p.m. Begin to have sex with her, but my attempts to pin her down are somewhat ruined by her convulsions of laughter. I warn her that when I come, "my instant of crisis will be preceded by a spasm in the membrum which is dangerous for any serving my passions."

4:46 p.m. She's laughing so hard that I fear she's going to have some sort of coronary incident.

4:47 p.m. Enraged, I say I'm going to depulcate her, then realize I don't know what that means. Look at my watch. Stop being Marquis de Sade. Her laughter subsides to a slow, staccato giggle.

MASTERCLASS

Sex tips that work for novices and swordsmen alike



Q: I've always wanted to make it with a stewardess, but so far I've been unsuccessful. How should I go about it properly?

The author of *How to Find and Fascinate a Mistress* suggests that you should always carry a tennis racket onto the plane with you, as the stewardesses—bored with all the businessmen—will think you're an athlete. As an added refinement, he reveals, "Get a large trophy made, have it engraved with the word champion, and stash it under your coat as you enter the aisle. When they come forward to help you with it, thank them and say you were so embarrassed about winning such a gaudy thing. They will admire it—and your modesty—in the galley before putting it away, and now your cunning trap is set."

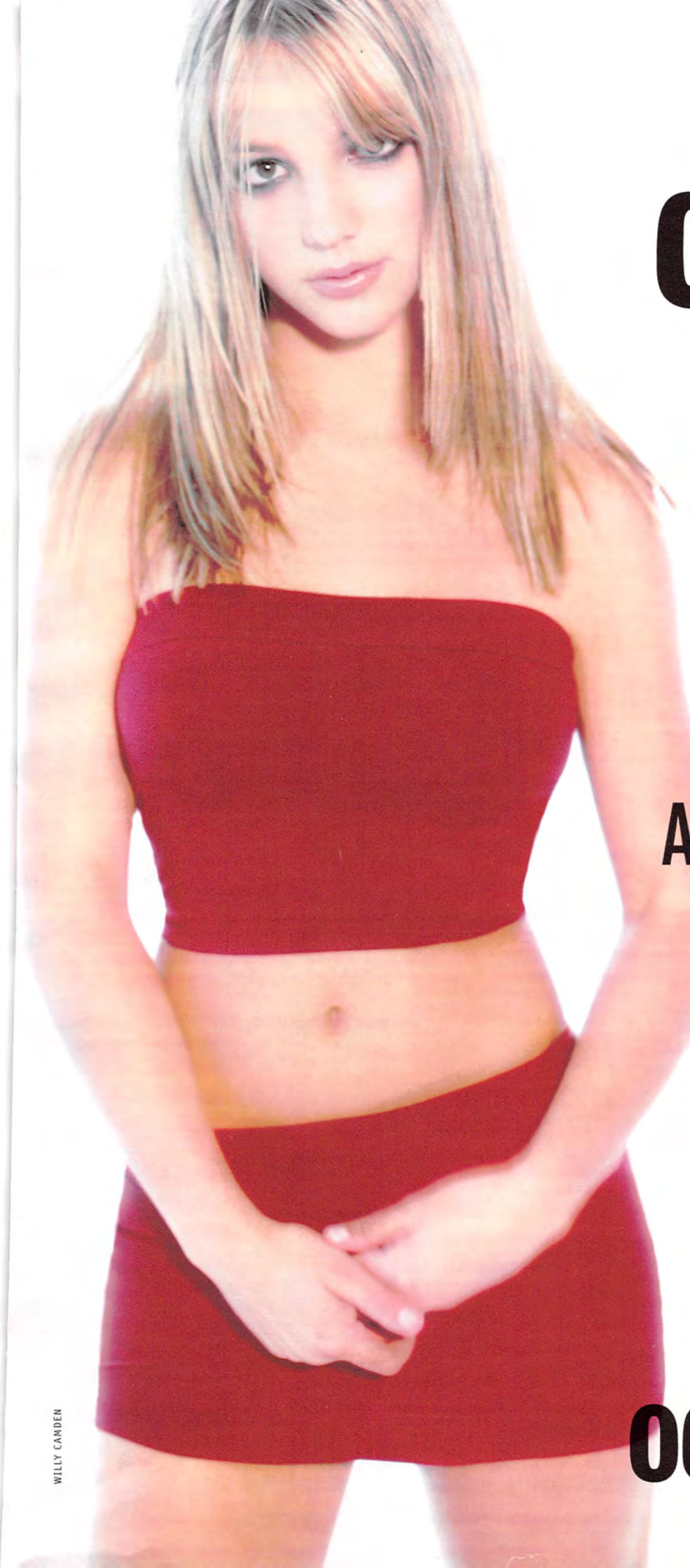
Q: What is the best time to have sex?

According to Tracey Cox, author of the sensationally entitled *Hot Sex: How to Do It*, a woman's sexual nerve endings are at their most sensitive midway through her menstrual cycle. As for guys, their testosterone levels tend to be highest at around nine o'clock every morning. Put these figures together and you have the recipe for an amazing shag at least once a month—so long as neither of you mind being late for work, of course.

Q: I have a small penis. How can I make it look bigger without expensive surgery?

As the top inch of your penis is concealed by a "hanging garden" of pubic hair, you can add the illusion of length by clipping this. The best shape to go for is an arrowhead, with the point toward your navel and the remaining hairs hanging down like sideburns. To all but the most intense scrutiny, you will now appear to have a penis that's about two inches longer than before.

Got a sex query? Then send it to FHM, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.



NEXT ISSUE

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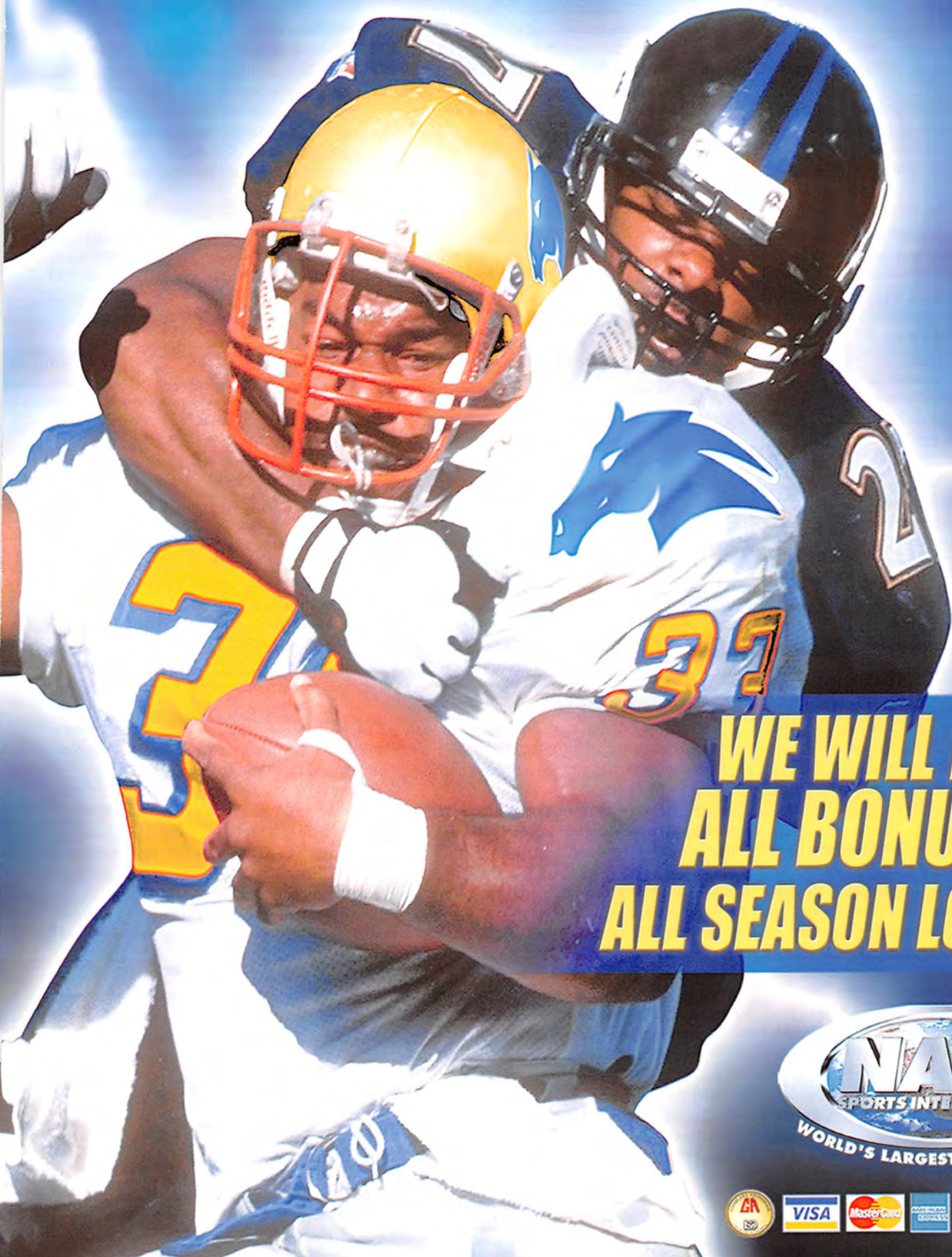
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CARSON DALY

The Dick Clark of MTV's *Total Request Live* on drug smugglers, epileptic seizures and balloon animals

How much power do you have at MTV?

I have more power than anyone you've ever seen on MTV. Everybody who's ever come here has spent 90 percent of their time in makeup and wardrobe, and 10 percent on the air, then they went home. But I came to MTV when it was at its worst; even I thought it sucked. But because I came from KROQ, I had an active interest in what was on. We shape the minds of young people. It's our responsibility to tell them what's cool.

You were a badass at KROQ. What happened?

When I was on the radio, I had my nose pierced and I drank on the air. I played rock music and broke all the laws because I didn't know any better. My philosophy was "always beg for forgiveness, never ask for permission." I mean, I stole a Marilyn Manson CD off my boss's desk and put it on the air, cuss words and all; I didn't know the difference. Then when I came to MTV, they told me they wanted to put my radio show on the air. I had no idea I'd wind up doing the stuff I do now. From the very beginning, I'd get memos from the guys upstairs, saying things like, "We watched your show yesterday, and four minutes and 22 seconds into the program, you referred to Times Square as a good place to find crack and hookers." They were on my ass.

Have any celebrity guests ever shown up and been too baked or drunk to go on?

We let anyone on the air. Liam Gallagher was messed up on the air—I mean bad. He was just long gone, not listening to a word I was saying. I saw him later that night and he actually apologized. He admitted he'd had a few right before he came on and he was just like, "If I acted like an asshole, I'm sorry." I was like, "Dude, I don't care. I'm just the host."

What's it like working right in the middle of Times Square?

We get a lot of flashing of the breasts. I've seen naked girls. We've had a couple ostrich eggs, like the really big eggs, hurled at the glass. You get bums dressed as Superman, guys with ironing boards, girls in towels and body paint. I've seen snakes, bobcats on leashes, midgets. It's nuts.

What's the most money you've blown trying to impress your movie-star girlfriend Tara Reid?

It was actually this past Friday. I chartered a helicopter to take us to the Hamptons. It was \$2,500 one way. That's the most money I've spent on anything, but for the first time in my life, I have the cash. I've always been broke.

How broke is broke?

Thirty, maybe \$40,000 in debt. I had lived in a Motel 6 just one exit from Tijuana for a few years.

All I had was a pickup truck. The motel and the neighborhood were so crappy that I'd have to back up my truck right against the door to the room so people couldn't get in. When I finally got a job that paid \$40,000, I thought I'd won the lottery. The first thing I bought was a bed because I'd been sleeping on the floor for so long. I actually bought the bed from the motel I was living in when I got the job.

Did you move into a big house then?

Four friends and I rented Ricky Martin's old house in the Hollywood Hills. He hadn't become big yet, but we still used to get his mail from all over the world—like 175 letters a day. I thought it was funny, so I used to read them on the air at KROQ. I'd read them in Spanish with an interpreter who'd make up fake English translations. When I finally met him at MTV, I told him I used to live in his house. He didn't believe me, but I showed him my license with his old address on it.

Besides pre-teens' panties, what's the best thing someone's given you?

I don't get anything good, just videos of teenage girls dancing. One time I was coming back from Mexico and I was going through customs, which I hate. I'm convinced people are putting things in my bag that I don't know about. So I'm freaking out and this customs guy comes up to me and he's being all serious. He says he wants to give me a CD. So he gives me this CD of some hardcore rapper. This

was a white federal employee. I played it when I got home and I realized it was him. His name was Johnny Quest, and it was hardcore rap with verses about drug smuggling. The guy's job was checking for drugs, and the content of his music was about how he smuggles coke.

Do you ever worry that you are going to lose your job to some kid who wins one of those "I Wanna Be a VJ" contests?

I think the scariest thing about that contest is the people who come down. You can pretty much rule out 90 percent of the people just by looking at them. It's sad to see these delusional people who wait in line for eight hours and think they have a legitimate chance.

We have a story on do-it-yourself emergency first aid. Ever had to do any self-medicating?

The closest I've ever come to first aid was in first grade. This girl Michele had an epileptic seizure next to me in class, and she just fell over her desk and started convulsing. My teacher came running across the room, took a ruler and shoved it down this girl's throat. I remember thinking she was trying to kill the girl for disrupting her class—I was sure I was witnessing a murder. I didn't realize until later that she was trying to

stop her from swallowing her own tongue. So for years after that, if I saw somebody having an epileptic seizure, I'd get excited because I knew what to do.

Have there been any brawls on the MTV set?

Busta Rhymes almost got in a fight once with someone he saw out the window in Times Square. Apparently, it was someone from his old neighborhood. He went down and they exchanged words. Somehow it ended up back in the studio. They were shouting at each other; it got pretty scary.

You're not a fighter are you?

I can't afford to fight. I mean if someone comes up and calls me a fag just because I play 'N Sync, it would be irresponsible of me. But I get stuff like that all the time.

Give me the worst example of someone getting in your face.

While I was on stage at Woodstock, people threw shit at me from the Porta-Potties. They all somehow think I'm solely responsible for what's on the channel. I get a lot of guys going, "Hey, pussy! What's with you and that boy-band shit?" But I'm just the bartender. If you want a cosmopolitan, even if I think it's a pussy drink, I'm not gonna say, "No, have a shot of Jack and a Budweiser." I'm gonna serve a cosmopolitan, take my money and go on to the next guy.

But you do hang out with the boy bands, right?

Yeah, they're good guys. I went to a strip club in Atlanta after the Super Bowl, and the guys from 98° were there, a couple of guys from 'N Sync, Enrique Iglesias, Christina Aguilera, every big celebrity. We had this back room; just people hanging out, looking at the sights. I don't see what the big deal is.

Speaking of boy bands, we're also doing a story called *America's Least Wanted*. Is there anyone in the world that you absolutely hate?

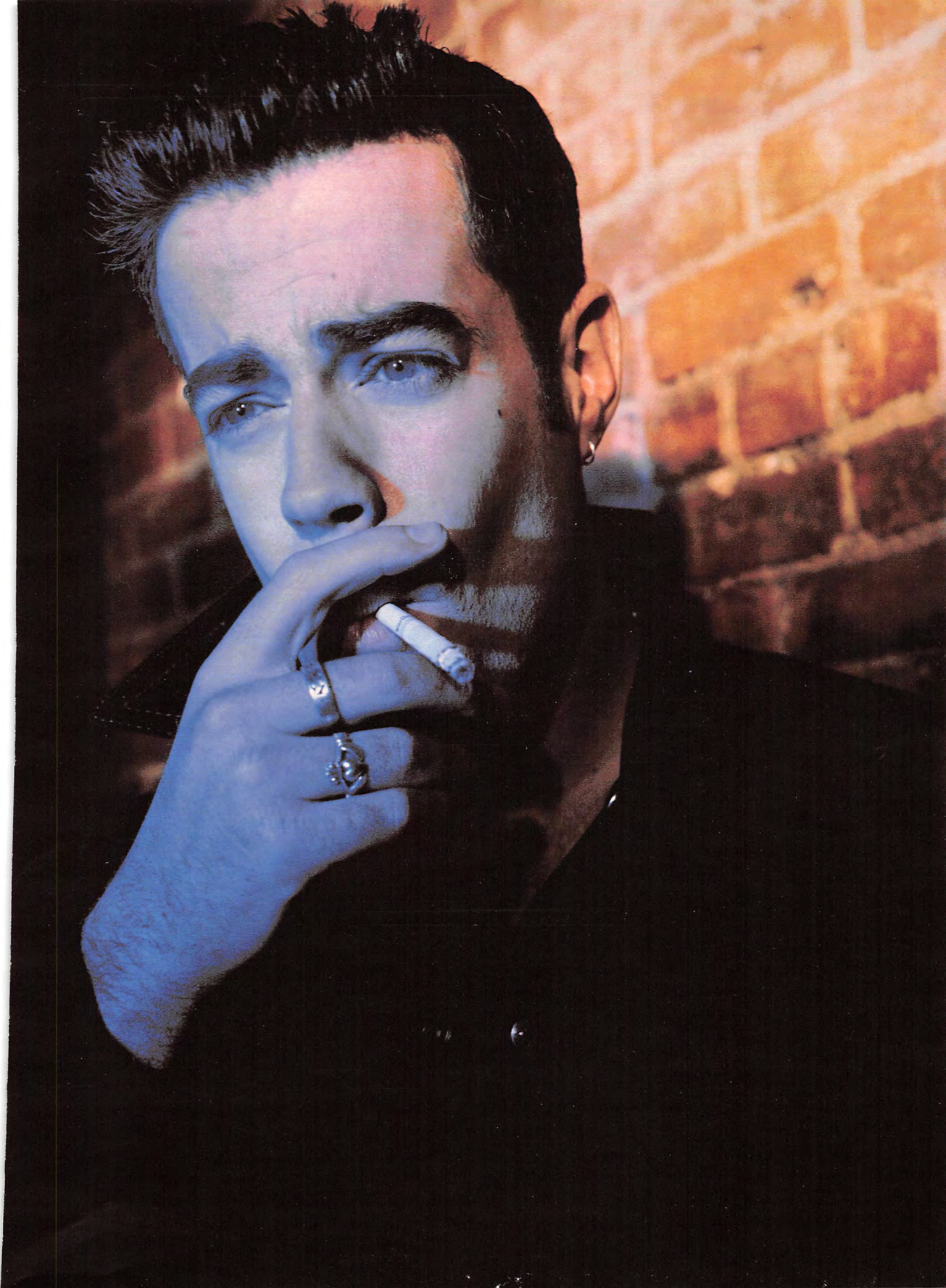
I hate the people at the DMV. I can't shake the feeling that being rude is just their way of getting back at me because they don't have a good job and a good future. And I hate people who talk in movie theaters. If they're behind me, I'll just look a bunch of times, then I'll start coughing and try to look really annoyed. If it's really bad, I'll turn around and say, "Shut up!" And I hate the balloon guys.

Who are the balloon guys?

Those guys who twist balloons. Just the other day I was at a family-style restaurant in New York and the balloon guy came over. He was at our table for 45 minutes. I mean, if you must, make a snake or something little, but this guy made me a giant Mickey Mouse. It was balloons inside balloons inside balloons—and that was just one eyeball. When he was done, it was a hat. I felt so bad for the guy, I put it on.

Interview by Jake Bronstein

Q What's it like working right in the middle of Times Square?
A We get a lot of flashing of the breasts....girls in towels and body paint.





"One last time,
scumbag: Where
did you put the
lampshade?"

STEP INTO



THE

RED TRIANGLE



BUSTED!

61. What summer jobs have I had?
62. Am I in charge of anyone at work—and if so, whom?
63. Have I ever lied on my resume?

SECTION 4: PSYCHOLOGY

64. What's my favorite food?
65. What's my favorite drink?
66. What's my favorite candy bar?
67. What food do I really hate?
68. Do we have a tune we call "our song"?
69. What magazines and newspapers do I read on a regular basis?

70. Do I prefer men in boxers or briefs?

71. Where would I most like to visit?
72. What is my favorite color?
73. What is my favorite movie?
74. What is my favorite sitcom?
75. What is my favorite soap opera?

Young Bill Clinton loved his desserts

76. Which celebrity do I lust after?
77. What is my favorite clothing store?
78. What is my favorite item of clothing?
79. What sport do I like playing best?
80. What sport do I like watching best?
81. What is the best present I've ever received? Who gave it to me, and when?
82. What is my favorite restaurant? And when was the first time I went there?

SECTION 5: STATISTICS

83. What is my mom's name?
84. What does she do?

The XXX-rated *Jungle Book* was an Internet hit



85. What is my middle name?
86. Where was I born?
87. What is my favorite book?
88. When did I move into my current place?

89. What are the names and occupations of my roommates?
90. Who is my best male friend?
91. Would I like to get married one day?
92. When is my birthday?
93. What would I name my first child?
94. What is my zodiac sign?
95. What are the names of all my siblings?
96. Who is my closest female friend?
97. What does my dad do?
98. What's my family's address?

99. Where did I go for my last family vacation?

SECTION 6: FRENCH

100. Did I ever "entertain" a man in a bar or pub bathroom? And if so, whom?

SCORE

76-100 Not even Michelangelo displayed a greater eye for detail. Collect double jollies right away!

51-75 Decent work, but enough gaps to make her wonder why you haven't paid greater attention.

26-50 Did you confuse her with somebody else, or were the questions too difficult? Either way you're in a whole heap of trouble. Start groveling now.

0-25 Now's a good time to take up *Magic: The Gathering*. Your Dwarven Pony will never ask of you.

STEP INTO Chicago Nightlife



Bartending at **THE LEG ROOM** on Chicago's famous Division Street, Anthony Waver and Bill Baker have seen it all. Here are their tips on how to be the perfect customer and to always make sure you have a **BASS ALE** in hand.

Q

First of all, what makes the Chicago bar crowd unique?

A

Bill People here are out of control. They'll order three rounds at a time so they don't have to come back to the bar as often.

Anthony People in Chicago love to drink. Sometimes I think everyone here was born with a hollow leg.

Q

What's the best way for these drinkers to get a cold **BASS ALE** in their hand?

A

Bill It isn't from waving a credit card in my face. They try tons of tricks, but oddly enough, a simple "when you get a chance" usually works best.

Anthony If you tip well on the first round, I'll always remember you.

Q

What's the most annoying thing a customer can do?

A

Bill Well, my name is Bill, so calling me "Chief" or "Boss" really doesn't fly.

Anthony If you get out of line with the female patrons, you're leaving the bar, period. If there's a problem between two people, we're always going to side with the ladies because who wants to hang at a bar full of dudes?

Bill Exactly. Unless invited, leave the girls alone. Women are way more important than men. If the girls aren't there, the guys won't come. The fewer ladies, the less business we do.

Q

Can you tell what kind of person someone is by what they order?

A

Bill Absolutely. **BASS ALE** drinkers possess two things I like: class and money!

Anthony Definitely. **BASS ALE** drinkers play by the rules. They know what they want, they're here for a good time and always leave a good tip. We like that.



STEP INTO THE RED TRIANGLE

www.bassale.com



BUSTED!

"He should know by now that

**Think you're catching on to the inner workings of women?
According to what these ladies said, you've got a long way to go**

What's the dumbest thing your boyfriend's ever forgotten about you?

MARISA: How many times do I have to tell him I'm a twin? I have a twin brother, and he always says, "You're a twin? Are you, like, identical?" I always feel like replying, "No, asshole, we're not identical. My brother's got a penis and I have a vagina."

TOMOKO: I can't stand blood. He's a doctor and he once walked into the room wearing his white hospital jacket with blood smeared all over it from a surgery. I nearly fainted! Also, he gets confused with whether I'm Chinese or Korean. I'm Japanese!

MONICA: My dog. I left him to dog-sit for a week while I was away. He took her to the park and forgot all about her. I had to come back to no dog and him a wreck. He was lucky she was returned a week later. Dumb things can turn into very big things.

How often does he forget things about you?

MONICA: Remembering the important stuff is what counts—my clothing size, the right sex toys.

TERRI: Often. It's actually about remembering things like which are my favorite pair of panties. And that I hate when he does the roll-on-top sex in the morning—without any foreplay. You know, guys, sex is great in the morning, but you can't just wake us up by jamming it in. You have to remember to "wake up" the important parts too!

Does your man know your favorite position? And if so, does he know how to perform it successfully?

TERRI: Of course! You can't have a successful relationship without good sex. Therefore, to have good sex, he must know my favorite position or he wouldn't be my man. But being experimental is good too. You can't let things get boring.

MONICA: He knows I don't have one favorite position. Possibly he should remember how long I like to be in each one of them.

MINTY: He knows they're all my favorites!

MARISA: Sex to me is an integral part of a successful relationship. Good sex is hard to come by—it's a lot of hit or miss. Finding a new position that you couldn't have imagined yourself doing is my favorite. I think sex should be silly, not serious.

What mistake has your man made that he didn't even realize he was making?

TERRI: This one guy used to grab my boobs—in private, in public, everywhere. I hated it. And it's not like he was grabbing them softly. We'd be in the car driving, and he'd reach over and grab my boob. Not romantic; not a turn on. I used to yell at him that it hurt, especially when I was PMSing and my boobs were sensitive. He'd just do it more.

MARISA: The biggest mistake was trying to win me back after breaking up with me. No second

chances! He lived in Santa Cruz, and I lived in San Francisco. He drove up in the middle of the night, climbed my balcony with a bouquet of roses and a note that he stuck to my window with chewed gum—all while I was sleeping. When I found them, I broke every rose off its stem and put them in the garbage can on the street with a note that said, "Nice try. Flowers can't mend a broken heart."

MONICA: Telling me he'd never been able to give an orgasm to his ex. Bad PR on his part.

How often does he screw up and hurt you?

TERRI: A lot. All men do. A boyfriend forgot my birthday one year. I had a party and he couldn't come, and he didn't call until the next night.

He was on my shit list, but he did some heavy ass-kissing. And it never happened again. We broke up, but he still calls me on my birthday.

MARISA: Well, I can tell you this: A guy won't get far with me when all he talks about is how hot Jennifer Lopez is and how great it is to not be dating a Brazilian model anymore, yet he can't stop talking about her success. "I love that you're not skinny like all those model chicks I've dated!"

Thanks! Ego-boost central!

MONICA: Being shown little respect is always hurtful. I was really upset when I had been dating a guy for four months and I still had to look at pictures of his exes that he said were "just friends." Try "trophies."

When he buys gifts out of guilt, does he always get the same sort of thing?

TOMOKO: No, he tries to avoid that by asking what he gave me last time. Smart, but it takes away the anticipation.

MONICA: I've never received the same present, but I'm suspicious when he gives me something that seems more like what he'd want. And of course, he claims it as his a month later.

MINTY: Not all good gifts are bought. A long-distance guy and I used to exchange our used underwear through the mail—sealed in Ziplocks.



MARISA
22, advertising

MONICA
27, Web design

squeezing my boobs hurts!"

Has he ever tried to pull off a sex act that turned you off, then claimed he thought you'd really like it?

MINTY: One ex had a male friend who needed to crash at his place, where I was also spending the night. I thought it was a little odd when the friend slept in the same bed. Later, my ex said they'd intended on making the evening a threesome, but he didn't know how to ask me. I thought his awkwardness was adorable, and I probably would have been game since his friend was attractive.

TERRI: I had this one boyfriend who was obsessed with anal sex. I refused to do it! But he constantly tried over and over and over again. He would always try to be so sly about it, but how sly can you be? He never got the picture. I never gave in, not even after three-and-a-half years.

MARISA: Two guys, each of whom I'd had a fling with, invited themselves over to hang out. As soon as they arrived, they asked if they could speak to me in my bedroom. They asked me to sit down on my bed and relax, and they sat on both sides of me.

I started laughing, but they were serious. One started kissing me while the other worked his way up my legs with slow kisses. Needless

to say, I surrendered. How amazing it was to have two men adoring every inch of my body at the same time! But before it got X-rated, I had to stop them because they started kissing and fondling each other, and I was turned off.

How well do you know your boyfriend? Is there anything about sex that grosses him out?

MARISA: No way. He's orally pleased me on the heaviest day of my period! I thought it was gross, but his persistence won and

it was hilarious! It felt great, and he looked as if he'd killed a pack of wild animals!

TERRI: "Crime scene sex," as we called it. We'd have sex when I was flowing like a faucet. It would be a huge mess, all over us, all over the sheets, the pillows, the walls. It always ended nicely though. We'd take a shower together and clean ourselves up. What grossed him out was when I made him change the sheets. Oh, no! Dirty laundry!

MONICA: The smell of condoms.

Does he have any annoying sexual habits?

TOMOKO: He's a neat freak. He wraps the condom neatly in a tissue to dispose it.

TERRI: Farting in bed and laughing as he holds my head under the covers. True love, right? Also, what's with squirting love juice all over me? This one guy used to love to get it all over the place. I always said if he got it on my face, I'd rip his willie off. It's degrading to squirt a girl in the face.

MARISA: One guy always had to wash off his unit every time we finished having sex—and I mean thoroughly! He'd leave me lying there with love juice all over me. "Rub it in," he'd say. "It's good for your skin." And scratching their sacs has to be the king of annoying habits!

MONICA: He cleans up after himself using whatever I'm wearing. I make him pay for my dry cleaning.

If you could get him to do one thing differently, what would it be?

TERRI: Deeper, baby, deeper!!!

MARISA: Give me a triple-platinum orgasm, please!

TOMOKO: I want him to give me a table dance, just for me.

MONICA: A good striptease would really be a turn-on.

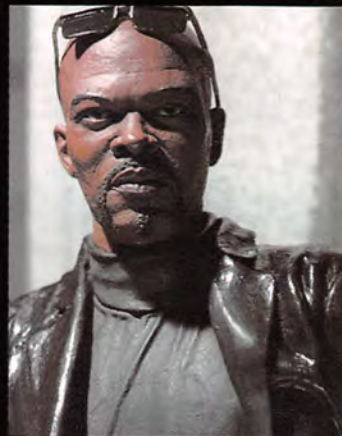
Does he know if you've ever serviced a guy in a bathroom?

TERRI: Yeah, one time at Disneyland on the Pirates of Caribbean and, oh, how can I forget the ski lift in Tahoe! Why lie? Don't you think they wonder how we get so good at it?

MONICA: In an airplane bathroom. I think the fact that it was a 12-hour flight made it that much better! And I agree with Terri. I'm usually open about this sort of thing, but I try to be careful about telling him how great it was. **FHM**

Interviews by Marti Zimlin

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BY SPIKE WALKER

SURVIVOR!

Robert Kidd endured storm-tossed Alaskan waters and a harrowing climb up granite cliffs... and lived to tell the tale

BART EATON

Fishermen have battled the fury of the sea for centuries. Some years before the real "perfect storm" achieved perfection, the Saint Patrick, a 155-foot fishing vessel, was working its way along the Kodiak waterfront and out into the waters of the Gulf of Alaska. On the night of November 29, a brutal storm packing 90 mph winds and 40-foot seas came up out of nowhere, surprising the young and mostly inexperienced

crew of 12 onboard. Unprepared and overwhelmed, they battled to save the Saint Patrick. Though most lost their lives in the fight, 31-year-old deck boss Robert Kidd made it, but not before struggling through an ordeal that most men wouldn't have survived.

It was near midnight when Bob Kidd was roused from his bunk by several terrified young deck

hands. As he climbed into the ship's wheelhouse, he couldn't believe what he saw. The *Saint Patrick* was drifting sideways through huge seas, and rain and ocean spray were drenching the windows, blinding all vision. As one inexperienced crewman stood at the helm, fighting to gain control of the ship, another was hanging out the window, shouting directions. "Go left! Go more left!" he yelled, a neophyte's plea for a portside maneuver.

Kidd was experienced enough to know that the ship needed to be turned into the waves to lengthen the time between each impact and minimize the force as much as possible. After showing the young helmsman how to swing the ship around, Kidd went back down below, but it wasn't long before he again felt waves exploding on the portside of the *Saint Patrick*. They were driving directly into the hull, and it was clear to Kidd that the ship was once again drifting sideways in the churning sea.

Suddenly, a jolting shudder reverberated through the entire length of the steel ship and the *Saint Patrick* stopped dead in the water as if it had run aground on solid rock. Racing out of his room, Kidd ran into Doc Steigel—a tall, muscular man who, aside from Kidd, was the most experienced member of the crew—hurrying toward the wheelhouse stairway. "What happened?" asked Steigel. Kidd had no answer, but suggested they make their way outside to survey the situation.

The two men struggled into their survival suits, then worked their way outside and down onto the wave-washed deck. As they investigated the damage, the engineer stuck his head out the wheelhouse window. "It's no problem!" he screamed down. "We just took a bad wave on the port bow!"

At that moment, a roar as loud as the sound of a hundred trains began building behind them. Kidd reeled around to see a wall of ocean water bearing down on them, its curler gleaming white in the reflective glow of the ship's mast lights. "I looked up," he remembers, "and I just kept looking up and up and up."

It was the largest curler mounted atop the highest wave Kidd had ever seen. "If it wasn't 60 feet, it was nothing!" Kidd recalls. Towering over the ship's 25-foot smokestack, the wave's awesome dimensions dwarfed the crewmen on the wooden deck below.

Suddenly, everything grew strangely quiet. The roar of the mountainous wave overhead seemed to hush and take pause. Mesmerized by the gigantic dimensions of the rogue wave, Kidd froze and stood looking up at it, certain he was a dead man.

Steigel pulled Kidd down to the deck and, with his powerful grip, managed to hold them both to the deck as the black, suffocating wave pounded over them. The wave caught the *Saint Patrick*

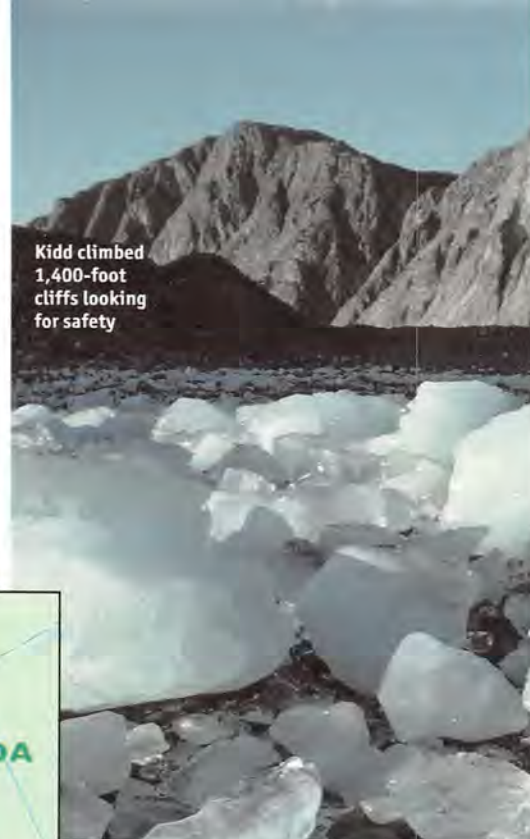
broadside, lifting and effortlessly rolling her 200-ton bulk as it exploded along her entire length, nearly flipping the ship over completely.

The deck tipped almost vertically, and seawater poured down the smokestacks, flooding the engine room. When the water reached the auxiliary engines, all of the ship's lighting flickered then failed, leaving the ship in a coffin-like darkness.

At that point, Steigel began to panic. "We've got to get off this boat!" he screamed to Kidd. "She's going to go down. And she'll suck everyone down with her!"



Kidd climbed 1,400-foot cliffs looking for safety



the *Saint Patrick*, they could see a light that looked as if someone were waving a spotlight. Moments later, the light seemed to go out and the dark form of the *Saint Patrick* disappeared into the night.

There was no turning back now, no time for reflection. All too soon, that familiar locomotive sound came barreling down on them from out of the darkness. The collapsing wave sucked the men up in its turbulent vortex and buried them under tons of seawater. Despite their efforts to hold on to the line connecting them, the force of the wave tore them apart.

They fought their way to the surface, and unable to see each other in the stormy darkness, they yelled and then swam toward the other voice until they met up. Realizing

Mesmerized by the gigantic dimensions of the rogue wave, Kidd froze in place and stood looking up at it, certain he was a dead man

"No! The boat's going to stay up!" Kidd yelled above the deafening howl of the wind. "Stay with the boat!"

To Kidd, the world awaiting them overboard was a miserable black hellhole, a void of wind and darkness, huge seas and unending fear. At least onboard the ship there was some protection from the wind and elements. Yet, in the panic of the situation, staying onboard seemed equally terrifying.

Kidd knew, however, that Steigel wasn't going to be deterred from jumping ship. "We'll go together!" Kidd called out. "Let me find a piece of rope so we can tie ourselves together." But Steigel refused to wait any longer and leapt overboard before Kidd could stop him. Grabbing a nearby piece of rope, Kidd followed over the side.

Kidd struck the water feet first and went under, then felt the buoyancy of his survival suit carry him back to the surface. He squinted into the darkness, spied Steigel and swam to him, tossing him one end of the rope. They wrapped the rope around themselves and, afraid of being crushed against the hull of the *Saint Patrick*, swam for their lives.

Once clear of the ship, they drifted. On top of

they could easily become entangled in the rope, they discarded it and locked arms as they resumed their meandering over the sea.

As the night wore on, they were pounded by massive waves. Many hours later, after one particularly brutal assault, Kidd noticed Steigel's voice had become noticeably fainter. More ominously, it also had a tone of hopelessness. As Kidd swam closer, he could barely hear his friend. "My suit's got a leak, Bob. I'm not going to make it."

Kidd tried to encourage him, but it did little good. Steigel was certain that a flood of deadly cold seawater was pouring into his suit—and he was giving up hope.

As each new wave battered them, the men began losing contact with one another. Kidd kept screaming encouragement, but Steigel's replies grew weaker and weaker. Finally, Kidd called out and the only sound that came back was the waves. Doc Steigel was never seen or heard from again. His body was never found.

Dawn broke to a world of big, high rollers, and a thick fog covered the sea. There was no sign of the *Saint Patrick*. Still adrift in the icy Alaskan water,



Kidd was pretty well out of it when he rose to the top of a large wave and, through a break in the fog, glimpsed what looked like the tip of an island in the far distance. The land was too far away to make out trees or any detail at all with certainty, but Kidd started swimming anyway. For the next nine hours, he backstroked, pausing only long enough to relocate the land and correct his course.

By late afternoon, Kidd approached what he believed was Afognak Island. Studying the shoreline, he saw no safe place to go ashore, and the current was dragging him directly toward terrifying 1,400-foot cliffs. The black, wave-slickened wall of granite looked totally impassible. As he drifted closer, he watched the towering explosions created by the surf pounding

hard against the cliffs, heard the deafening roar of impact, and saw the furious white tonnage of draining water fall into the sea to be sucked out again.

Petrified by this deadly vision, Kidd attempted to swim away, but the current was too strong and he was sucked under the water. "I don't know how far out I was," he says, "but it took me all the way to shore. It was tearing at me and I was under water. The next thing I knew, I was hitting against the rocks, then getting pulled back out. I'd try to grab a handhold on the bottom and hold on with one hand at a time."

Fishermen wear survival suits to brave the cold seas

Sucked beneath the surface of the sea, Kidd's suit was quickly filling with water. He was like a man trapped inside a water balloon, and as he slammed once again into the cliffs, he realized he had to get rid of the suit.

Submerged in the water, he unzipped his survival suit far enough to free his arms, then the powerful shoreline currents literally stripped it from his body. "It was gone in a second, just gone," he says. "I could feel the weight of it leave me because it had completely filled with water."

Kidd surfaced, and when the next wave catapulted him against the cliffs, he groped for handholds in the rock and held on. Each time a wave came ashore, it exploded up the rocky face of the cliff and engulfed him. Feeling as if he might be dragged back into the surf at any moment, he clutched the rock with a death grip and fought to remain in place against the drenching force of each new breaker.

During the pause between barrages, he climbed. Terrified and exhausted, he made his way toward higher ground as quickly as his numb body could move. It was slow going, and twice he was nearly knocked from the cliff face, but he managed to hang on. At 50 feet above the surf, he was finally free of the pounding waves.

Continuing his climb, he clambered atop a pinnacle that offered a panoramic view of the area. Looking down along the shoreline, he spotted a small stretch of beach, which he'd missed by about 50 yards. He contemplated climbing back down, but a single slip would mean almost certain death. To survive, he knew he had to keep climbing up.

Standing fully exposed to 20-degree wind chills, Kidd looked skyward and found himself faced with hundreds of feet of sheer cliffs. Without shoes, and clad in only long johns, cotton socks and a flannel shirt, Kidd sat down to rest his shivering body.

When he began climbing again, the first and second routes he chose were unsuccessful because the handholds gave out. Each time, he climbed back down to his perch. By the end of the second unsuccessful climb, his socks were reduced to pieces of cotton stuck to the sides of his feet—feet that were aching and badly swollen.

In a final attempt, Kidd slowly picked his way up the face of the cliff. Several hundred feet later, he crawled out onto a dizzying ledge. There he came face-to-face with a gaping 10-foot crevasse directly in his path. There was no way around it.

It was ridiculous, unfair.

Freezing cold, totally exhausted and realizing he could go no higher, Kidd sat down on the narrow ledge. His feet were frozen and severely frostbitten, their sides split and bleeding. As he sat there, he tried to keep them warm by covering them with moss torn from the face of the rock ledge.

At that moment, a brightly painted US Coast Guard helicopter flew past. "The helicopter flew exactly level with me," Kidd says. "I could even see the guys in it. I started waving at them. Of course, I no longer had the bright survival suit on, so they didn't see me. The helicopter was so close! I was looking the pilot right in the face!" But the helicopter passed on.

Shaking from the relentless chill of the wind and overcome by a hopelessness that went beyond words, Kidd slumped down and cried like a baby.

When he looked up again, he saw a long, fat slab of rock, 15 or 20 feet in length. The slab was on the far side of the chasm, slightly below him, about 10 feet away. It was imbedded in the cliff



Much of Afognak Island is untouched wilderness

face at a 50-degree angle. He didn't see any hand-grips on the rock's surface and he knew if he were to slide off, the unwelcome ride would carry him in a free fall straight down onto the craggy rocks hundreds of feet below.

For a while, he sat and studied the rock slab and the terrain above it. If he could survive a leap across the crevasse, the rest of the journey would be relatively simple.

Without further contemplation, Kidd stood, turned and dived headfirst across the gaping crevasse. He stretched his cold, ravaged body toward the sloping face of the rock slab with everything he had, then hit hard and nearly fell. The impact knocked the wind out of him, but somehow he stuck to the surface, and his feet and hands grappled for notches to cling to. After lying still for several minutes, he summoned the strength to get up and begin climbing again.



Crabs killed my husband!

- The amount of crabs harvested last year in millions of pounds: **196**
- Average weight of one Dungeness crab: **11lb.**
- Amount of crab in the average crab salad: **4oz.**
- Number of crab salads served annually: **4.9million**
- Number of crab fishermen who died last year: **44**
- Number of crab fishermen who died per crab salads served: **1:111,363**

An hour later, Kidd made it over the top. There, he found some fresh water and after sipping a bit, he took stock of his surroundings. The country on top of the cliff was untouched wilderness, which was covered in large portions by spruce trees. He remembered hearing there were hunters' cabins scattered around the island, so he began walking and stumbling in search of help.

As he traveled, he noticed a large opening in the flesh of his foot. It didn't hurt, but stranger still, no blood was coming out. Then he was struck with the realization that his feet were frozen solid. "There was an opening and no blood was coming out," he says. "I could look right in there."

His body shook incessantly and he was colder than he ever could have imagined, but he knew he had to save what little body heat he had left. With darkness closing in, Kidd decided to bury himself in whatever he could find.

He came upon a fallen spruce tree with roots pulled partially free of the ground, forming a small cave underneath. Kidd wasted little time gathering



The Coast Guard led the search for the *Saint Patrick's* crew

moss and laying it over the screen of broken roots, making a little hut, a shelter out of the wind.

Soon he felt a heavy sleep coming on. Strangely, the incessant cold that for so long had racked his body seemed unimportant. Instinctively, he knew he had created a little grave for himself, a grave he would crawl into, then drift off and just let life go.

Before long it was daylight and a helicopter was whirling past overhead. Kidd knew the Coast Guard was looking for him, but he also knew if they didn't find him that day, he wouldn't survive another night. He rose stiffly from the crude shelter and saw a stretch of beach through a stand of spruce trees. If there were other Coast Guard helicopters, that's where they'd have the best chance of spotting him. He set out, feeling the desperation only a dying man can know. But with his reserves of strength nearly gone and his frozen feet refusing to respond underneath him, he was continually collapsing and rising as he stumbled toward the beach.

Once on the beach, Kidd took in what looked to

"I'd really like to go home now"

When screaming won't work, it's time to do the survival dance

If your only hope of being rescued is the helicopter hovering above, make sure you follow these signals, or you'll be eating your left arm for dinner.



Need medical assistance urgently



Use drop message



All OK, do not wait



Yes (affirmative)



No (negative)



Land here (point in direction of landing)



Can proceed shortly; wait if practicable



Our receiver is operating



Do not attempt to land here



Pick us up, aircraft abandoned



Need mechanical help or parts

be an entire armada of rescue craft. There were fishing boats and US Coast Guard SAR ships scattered across the horizon. The skies were filled with planes and helicopters.

"I would get up and wave, but I would fall back down because I couldn't stand up by myself," Kidd recalls. "I did that over and over, and I was crying because I had tried everything and the planes went right over me and didn't see me."

"Then a helicopter came in and I knew they'd seen me. They came about 40 yards down the beach." Terrified something else would go wrong, Kidd staggered toward the hovering chopper.

"I saw them lowering the basket, and I

smashed into trees. I fell over rocks, then fell into the basket, yelling, 'Take her up! Take her up!'"

Kidd was in critical condition when the helicopter crew lifted him aboard. His body temperature was only 81 degrees as Coast Guard attendants began their battle to save his life.

Having lost the majority of his toes and the flesh on both feet to frostbite, it would take nearly a decade for Bob Kidd to recover fully from his ordeal. As he lay in a Kodiak village hospital, he received word that shortly after he and Doc Steigel had abandoned the *Saint Patrick*, the 10 remaining crewmen on the ship had also jumped overboard. They, too, had spied the land at first light and set out to reach it. Some died that first night. Others died en route. Most who managed to reach Afognak Island had perished on the rocks going in through the surf. Only one other crewman, a young man named Wallace Thomas, had survived.

Then Bob Kidd learned the most incredible news of all: The *Saint Patrick* never sank. Drifting unmanned through the howling storm, she had remained afloat. A group of fishermen discovered the vessel the next day, and eventually she was towed back to port. **FHM**



Will that be cash or charge?

- The cost per hour of a helicopter rescue: **\$6,000**
- The amount 14 lost Alaskan backpackers were billed last year for

- a mountain rescue: **\$25,000**
- Amount billed to 18 ice fishermen set adrift in Michigan on an ice flow: **\$85,000**

- The amount charged for an at-sea rescue after Richard Branson crashed his hot-air balloon near Hawaii: **\$130,275**

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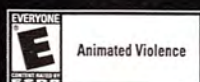
2049 RUSH ST

Stunt, battle and race freaks, unite.

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ADRENALINE³



Sega Dreamcast

Available September 2000



Jimmy from shipping lost it during the team-building weekend

I'M HURT!

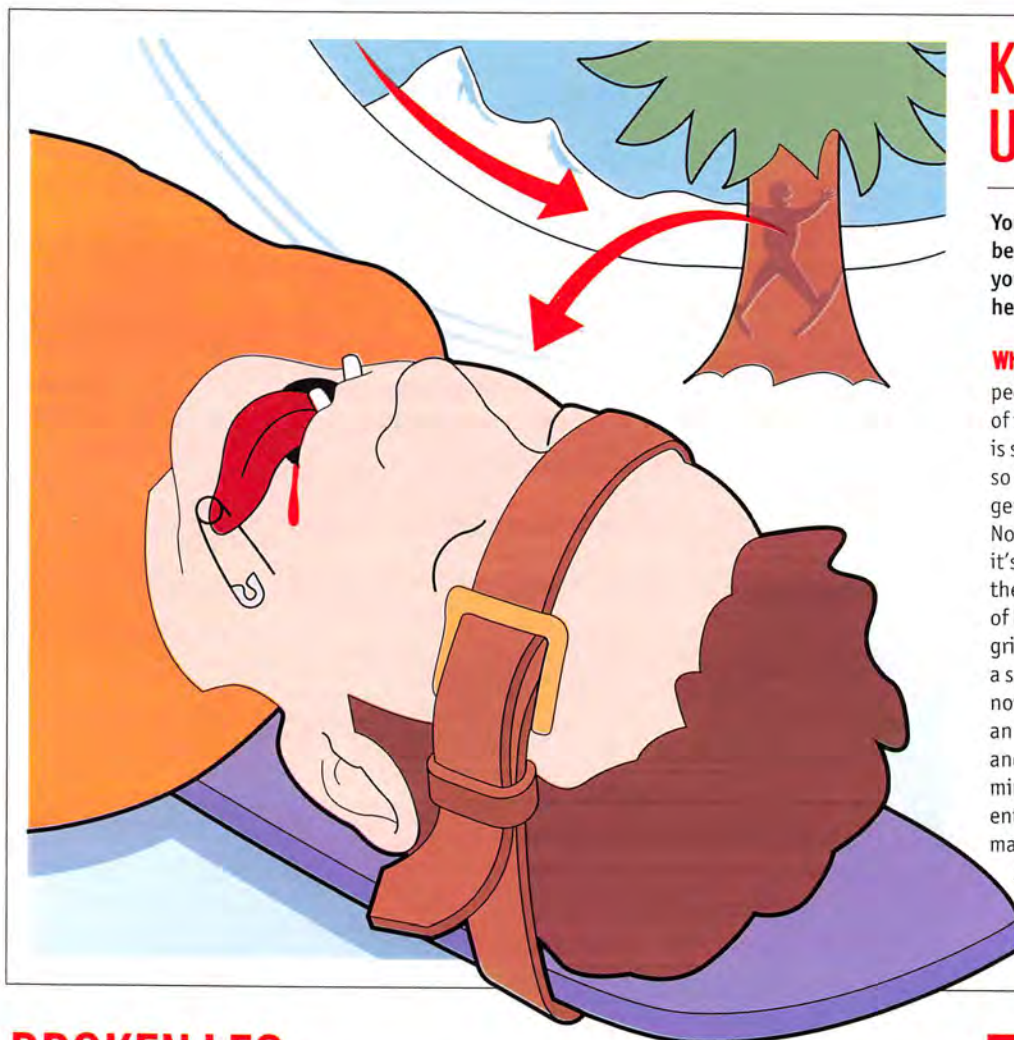
Like love and earthquakes, injury comes when least expected. And never when there's a doctor handy

You may not realize it, but the gentle, relaxing countryside is as dangerous as a tiger pit. Full of poisonous leaves, roots that trip you without the slightest provocation and razor-toothed animals with a grudge against two-legged creatures, it can hurt you, and hurt you bad.

Things aren't much better at home either,

what with all those sharp corners and electricity. So unless you stand still for the rest of your life, you are going to get injured. And to help you prepare for the broken bones, dislocations and, indeed, arrow injuries that *will* occur at a considerable distance from a friendly hospital, *FHM* has provided a handy guide to emergency doctoring.

BY JIMMY JELLINEK • ILLUSTRATIONS BY MYLES TALBOT



KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS

You are skiing where you shouldn't be, surrounded by thick trees, when your buddy manages to slam into one, headfirst, knocking him unconscious.

What to do: The leading cause of death for people with head injuries is the obstruction of the airway. So the first thing you have to do is scrape all the crap and debris out of his mouth so he can breathe. Sweep the mouth with two fingers to pull out blood, vomit or smashed teeth. Now make sure he hasn't swallowed his tongue. If it's dangling down the back of his throat, wrap the end of it in a cloth or bandage and pull it out of his mouth. Sometimes it's hard to get a good grip on it, so you'll have to pierce the tongue with a safety pin or a sharp wire to pull it out. You must now ascertain if he's scrambled his brain. After an hour, if he appears to be behaving normally and acting alert, he's probably only suffered a minor injury. But if he becomes drowsy or disoriented and lapses back into unconsciousness, this may indicate bleeding from an artery in the skull. And if he wakes up but has a severe headache, is vomiting and is bleeding from the ears or nose while dripping a clear liquid from both areas (brain fluid), he has a skull fracture.

BROKEN LEG

You and your chums are merrily hiking up a wooded trail when your clumsy friend trips over a root and falls down a steep embankment, breaking his leg.

What to do: It all depends on whether or not the bone is sticking out Joe Theisman style. If not, it's time to make a crude splint to immobilize his leg. The rule of thumb is, "Splint it where it lies," and don't start trying to reposition it, or you'll only make matters worse. However, if the bone has broken the skin, the leg is turning a deep shade of purple and it's grotesquely twisted up like a tortured action figure, all backward and upside down, you're going to have to straighten it out. Find where the

break is and pull the leg slowly from below the fracture while pushing down just above the bone that's sticking out. Once it slips into place, apply the splint.



Common mistakes: Don't move the leg around if it appears to be a normal, clean break, or you'll cause the bones to grate together, emitting an awful

sound and causing undue pain to your friend. You risk causing further damage to the bone, nerves and blood vessels. Also, never try to snap the leg back in place quickly. This will cause more bone to cut through the skin, severed tendons and potentially punctured arteries. While straightening out the leg, you'll have to rock it back and forth slowly, so the bone can clear various obstacles.

If you don't do anything: If blood flow has been cut off below the break, you only have two hours before tissue begins dying and gangrene sets in. But if it was a clean break, there is no real urgency other than the fact that he might walk with a limp for the rest of his life while dragging his deformed leg.

SNAKEBITES

While changing a tire along an abandoned stretch of desert highway, your best friend is bitten by a rattlesnake hiding under the car.

seconds, then cleanse and disinfect the area with iodine or some other solution. Next, you must wrap a bandage well past the infected



What to do: First thing you do is allow the bite to bleed freely for 15 to 30

area, leaving the fang marks open. Using another bandage, wrap it tightly



Kathy Lee had trouble finding work

Common mistakes: Don't ever, under any circumstances, shake him or move him. If he hit the tree with any velocity, chances are he's suffered a neck or spinal injury and the slightest movement could leave him a vegetable for life. So you have to immobilize the head and neck to prevent chin-to-chest-movement, which is the common cause for cervical spine damage. You can immobilize the head by taping it to a backboard, a stiff sleeping pad or some other rigid material.

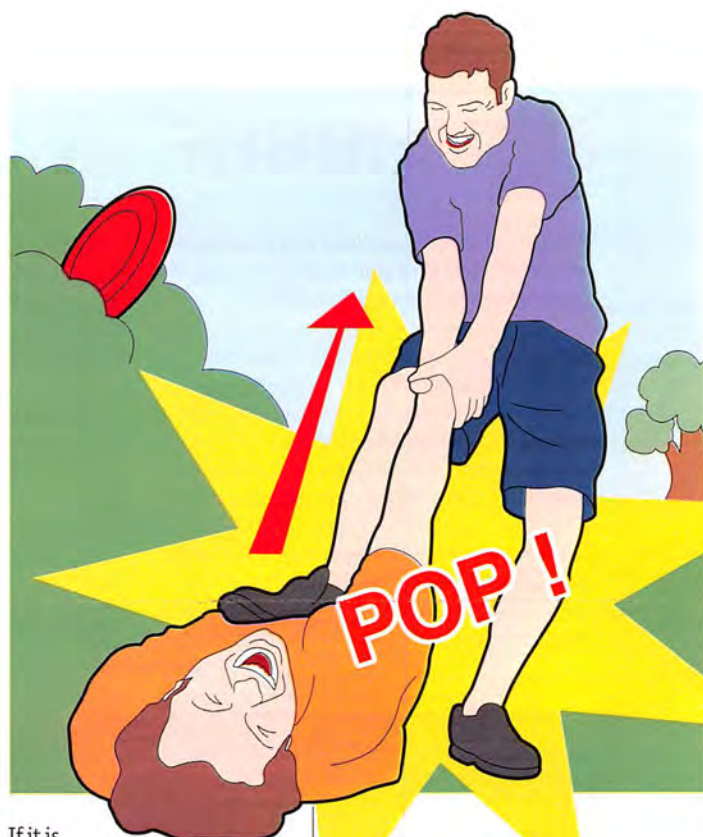
If you don't do anything: Head injuries are sneaky, and someone who appears fine one moment can quickly fall apart the next. If there is significant damage to the skull, swelling and bleeding can cause brain death in a matter of hours. If you do not take immediate action, your friend will end up dead or wheelchair-bound for the rest of his life. And unfortunately with head wounds, until you get him to a hospital, there is really no way to tell.

DISLOCATED SHOULDER

A drunken game of ultimate Frisbee turns ugly when your hippie friend trips over his Guatemalan fanny pack, dislocating his shoulder. Despite the hilarity of the incident, he is in agony and needs help.

What to do: Tell him to stop blubbering like a wussy and stand up so you can pull his arm with forceful, steady traction at a 45- or 90-degree angle away from the body. At the same time, someone should provide counter traction by holding a sheet or blanket that is wrapped across his chest and under the affected armpit. If no one else is around, make him lie on his back and apply counter-pressure by putting a foot on his chest and pulling until you hear it pop.

Common mistakes: Check carefully to make sure he doesn't actually have a broken collarbone or separated shoulder.



If it is broken and you're pulling on it, it's only a matter of time before something comes poking out of the skin, and then he will really be in trouble.

If you don't do anything: The longer you leave a dislocated

shoulder, the more difficult it is to pop it back into place. After only a few minutes, the muscles will begin to spasm, making the shoulder impossible to reset, except with anesthetic.

on the other side of the bite. Wrap no tighter than you would for a sprain. This prevents the venom from spreading further through his body. If you happen to have one, take the venom extractor from your snakebite kit and apply until there is no more fluid coming from the wound. Unfortunately, while he's laid up in the back seat, you have the unenviable task of going and getting the snake. They'll need it at the hospital to determine what kind of anti-venom is needed.

Common mistakes: That story you heard from your grandfather about how he cut his arm open, sucked out the venom and then poured whiskey over the wound

is the reason why he has nasty septic ulcers all over his forearms. Don't do any of those things. They don't work. You will risk further infection and not get rid of any venom.

If you don't do anything: Young snakes are the most poisonous, and if your friend was bitten in the vein, it could take less than a minute for him to drop dead. But if it was just tissue, he has hours of agony to look forward to, especially if you make no effort to wrap the wound. His leg will swell up and turn a pussy, violet color that indicates severe infection. Then his mouth will turn numb, his vision will get blurry and he'll start severely vomiting all over the back seat of your car.



STUFF IN YOUR EYE

While roasting marshmallows on a camping trip, you accidentally poke your buddy in the eye with a sharpened stick, red hot from the fire.

What to do: If the eyeball has been punctured, there will be a combination of blood and oozy material quickly filling up the eye socket. Close the eyelid gently and cover it with a protective shield like a gauze patch or a bandage. Or just take the round part on the bottom of a paper cup, cut that out and you've got an eye patch.

Common mistakes: Exerting pressure on the eye to stop the bleeding is very bad. What you're really doing is squeezing the eyeball and forcing more liquid and blood into the area. Tell your

friend to keep his eye shut. Also, keep your own fingers out of there; vigorous rubbing and cleansing will only irritate the wound. Just look for obvious dirt and debris, get it out, then keep it covered. And go to an eye doctor.

If you don't do anything: If the eyeball has been punctured even an eighth of an inch, there is absolutely nothing you can do, he is going to go blind. But depending on what's behind the eye, in terms of veins and capillaries, an untreated puncture wound from a hot poker could get into the bloodstream and infect the brain in a matter of hours.



CHOKING

Your friend enters the hot-dog eating contest, and during the lightning round, he stops eating and turns purple.

What to do: First sweep the mouth with two fingers if the offending material is at the surface. Take care not to force anything further down his throat. If he has dentures, take them out so he doesn't swallow those as well. But if food is lodged further down the throat, you're going to have to perform the abdominal thrust (formerly known as the Heimlich maneuver).

1. Position yourself behind the choker and encircle him with your arms, clasping your hands in a fist in the upper abdomen just below the ribs.

2. Squeeze your friend hard in a bear-hug manner until the food is dislodged.

Common mistakes: If your friend is fat, the abdominal thrust will be useless. There's just too much padding. Throw him on his back and push on his chest rather than his abdomen.

If you don't do anything: In a few minutes, major damage has been done to his brain and your friend is a vegetable for life—if he lives. After all, an airway full of beef will kill faster than a bullet to the chest.



Tree strangled another hiker



DROWNING

While surfing, one of your friends is dragged under by a wave and starts to drown.

What to do: Rescue him, but if he's conscious, try to avoid coming in direct contact. His will to survive is so great, he'll likely push you under to save himself. Offer him a flotation device and pull him ashore. If he's unconscious, approach him from behind and float him to shore on his back. Once on land, pump his chest to remove water from his lungs. Then sweep his mouth; salt water causes bile and gray vomit to build up in the throat. Then begin mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

1. Tilt his head back by supporting it with one hand behind the neck.
2. Pinch his nose closed with your other hand.

3. Start blowing air into his mouth until you see his chest start to rise and fall.

4. Listen for a pulse after 10 seconds; continue blowing if needed.

Common mistakes: Don't let a drunk friend anywhere near the water. You can drown in a half-full bathtub not to mention a huge ocean. So just stay on shore or get in a boat.

If you don't do anything: Once his head goes under, he has about 45 seconds before losing total consciousness. After that, you have four to six minutes to revive him without fear of his ending up as a total vegetable.



Meet gangrene

Dylan's show had the crowd rocking hard



Not just for wounded Civil War soldiers anymore, gangrene is dead tissue that spreads its infection through a nasty bacteria known as clostridium. The first sign is a gaseous buildup in the wound known as crepitation. The injury then turns black while emitting a foul, grayish-reddish discharge. After that comes swelling and a

fever of 101 degrees. Untreated, gangrene will spread, with the bacteria voraciously devouring any live tissue surrounding it. The area must be dug out immediately or, if it's a limb or an appendage, it must be amputated swiftly. Unchecked, gangrene is always a killer, as the septic bacteria goes into the bloodstream and infects the heart.



HYPOTHERMIA

While ice fishing with your Uncle Darryl, he gets loaded and falls through the ice hole.

What to do: He must not get any colder. Drag him back to shelter, remove his wet clothes and replace them with dry ones. If you don't have any, wrap him in anything that looks warm—a sleeping bag, insulated pads, bubble wrap or even newspaper. Then, strip down naked and get into the sleeping bag or blankets with him to help warm him up. Keep his head and neck covered, and place hot-water bottles at places of heat transfer, such as the groin, chest and neck. If he is conscious, have him sip hot, sweet, non-caffeinated drinks.

Common mistakes: Forget about Saint Bernards carrying casks of brandy around their necks. Giving alcohol to someone with hypothermia is the worst thing you can do. Also, no vigorous rubbing of extremities to create

warmth and circulation, or dumping him into a hot bath. This kind of handling can cause the heart to suddenly stop.

If you don't do anything: He has about 15 to 30 minutes left before he dies. But

even if he lives, if he's a real fighter, lactic acid will build up in his freezing muscles, and if he does get revived by someone else, the acid will shoot through his bloodstream and cause him to die of toxic shock a few hours later.



“Just spray some WD-40 on it!”

Could you perform a tracheotomy with a shoehorn? Probably not. But as these examples illustrate, a little bit of imagination can help when the proper tools simply aren't available

• *You have a rotten earache that feels like somebody is drilling into you with a screw.*

Solution: Using an eyedropper, flush small amounts of warm urine into the ear canal until the pain is soothed.

• *You're baby-sitting your 3-year-old nephew when he rams a pea up his nose during dinner. Despite repeated blowing, it won't dislodge.*

Solution: Make a miniature tweezers by taping two toothpicks together, then probe

the cavity until the offending material is removed.

• *You trip over the family dog and fall down a flight of stairs, spraining your ankle. Unfortunately, here are no bandages in the house.*

Solution: Put a sock on, then wrap your ankle in several layers of duct tape.

• *You crash your motorcycle headfirst into a highway embankment. While waiting for the paramedics to arrive, your innards start leaking*

from your skull.

Solution: Make a skull barrier by stuffing your leather riding gloves into your head.

• *You cut yourself with a pocket-knife and there is no anti-septic to wash*

out the wound.

Solution: Smear the cut with unprocessed honey to kill germs and bacteria.

• *You fall asleep in the sun and have a nasty case of “lobster body,” but there isn't any aloe or similar products available.*

Solution: Smear a cup of old yogurt over the affected area.

• *After falling down and breaking the glass mug you were carrying, your hand requires stitches, but you are unable to get to a hospital.*

Solution: Rinse off the wound with antiseptic, check for glass shards, then pour in some Crazy Glue and pinch the area until it holds.

• *In a hurry to get dressed, you zip your fly and catch part of*

your sac in the zipper.

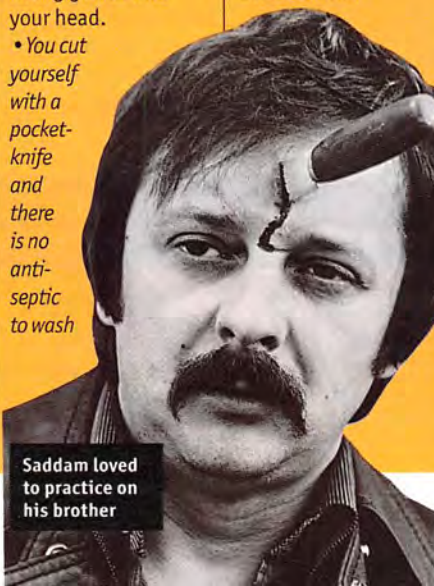
Solution: Rather than rip off a huge swath of skin, coat your delicacies with WD-40 and slowly pry them loose.

• *While drunk after dinner, you fall face-first into the dishwasher, slicing the side of your head wide open.*

Solution: Make thick, fake skin by repeatedly wrapping your head in plastic wrap.

• *Caught in a freezing snowstorm, you run out of gas and have no warm clothes.*

Solution: Make insulation from handfuls of pine needles that you stuff inside your shirt to help ward off hypothermia.



Saddam loved to practice on his brother



REMEDIES

BURNS

While trying to light your gasoline-soaked campfire, your friend's clothes catch fire.

What to do: If his clothing is engulfed in flames, roll him on the ground or throw a blanket over him. Next, evaluate his airway and look for evidence of inhalation injury. If his face and mouth are severely burned and he is drooling with a severely swollen tongue and can't swallow saliva, he's burned the inside of his mouth and needs immediate medical attention. Wrap the burned area in snug, soft, bulky bandages. If antiseptic cream is available, apply it liberally. If not, smearing butter over the affected area can offer effective relief.

Common mistakes: Attempting to tear off charred clothing only succeeds in pulling off charred skin as well. In a severe burn,



the two will have meshed together and the skin/clothes should be left on as a makeshift scab. Also, despite what you've heard, do not apply ice to a burn, the cold shock on burned, raw skin will cause severe tissue damage.

If you don't do anything: He'll probably die of exposure if more than 20 percent of his body is burned. Once skin and tissue are severely burned, they offer no insulation. Even if the temperature is mild, your buddy could freeze to death in the afternoon sun in as little as two hours.

POWER-SAW ACCIDENTS

While cutting wood with a table saw, your brother slices his fingers clean off his hand.

What to do: If the fingers have been cut off completely, apply firm pressure to the wound to control bleeding. Then wrap snugly. Pick up the missing fingers and clean them with warm soapy water, then place them in a plastic bag. Keep the fingers continuously moist by squirting with saline solution. If you get professional help within six hours of

the mutilation, it's possible to reattach the fingers.

Common mistakes: If the fingers are dangling from a flap of skin, don't pull on them or apply too much force. Pulling them off will make matters worse. Also, even if he's bleeding all over your new truck, don't apply a tourniquet. That cuts off the blood supply, guaranteeing amputation. **If you don't do anything:** After three hours of near constant blood loss, your brother will lose consciousness. Two hours later he will be dead.



WILD ANIMAL ATTACKS

Those cute little raccoons you are feeding take a bite out of your cousin, and now he has a gaping wound on his arm.

What to do: Flush the wound with two quarts of disinfected water, scrub it with soap, then flush again. Unfortunately, this won't be the end of his troubles. If the animal in question was infected with rabies, the pain has just begun. A series of

five injections, some directly in the wound, the rest in the stom-



ach, will be required. **Common mistakes:** Even if it's spewing blood, do not try to sew or tape together

the bite. The tight closure of such a wound will cause a nasty, deep infection that's beyond repair. **If you don't do anything:** The incubation period for rabies is two weeks. Get out your video camera and film your dying friend acting like a madman. He'll exhibit terrifying hallucinations, severe vomiting, complete numbness of extremities, an inability to drink fluids and uncontrollable rage and anger.

Accidents will happen Here's a roundup of the pain and misery experienced by just one small group of unfortunates—the FHM staff

Ed Needham: Smashed his two front teeth out on the steering wheel of a bumper car.
Stuart Selner: Run over by a car.
Tony Romando: Bit half-

way through his tongue—while break-dancing!
Elizabeth Dick: Drove a four-inch splinter into her foot.
Amy Ciauro: Took a header on a screw, creating a fin-

ger-sized hole in her head.
Jimmy Jellinek: Sliced two of his fingers off after falling down with a beer mug in his hand.
Jon Chase: Had his head split open when he was

thrown into a dresser—by his sister!
Jon Tesser: Sliced part of his finger off by sticking it into a moving lawnmower blade.
Tara Guertin: Received

second-degree burns all over the insides of her thighs after spilling a large pot of boiling water on herself.
Antony Wright: Fractured both arms after falling

30 feet off a haystack.
Chris Rudzik: Ruptured his spleen and lacerated his liver while skiing.
Zoe Miller: Maced by her sister during a fight over who would use the phone.



GUNSHOT WOUNDS

On your annual men's hunting trip, you accidentally shoot your brother-in-law in the chest with a rifle.

What to do: Unfortunately, if he's been hit in the head, chest or abdomen, he probably only has a few minutes to live. So first check to see if he's breathing. Chances are he won't be, so give him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Next, locate the entry and exit wounds and try to stop the bleeding. It will either be slowly oozing red and thick (venous) or spurting all over the place, (arterial). First, piss all over your hands to disinfect them, and if it's venous bleeding, rip off some clothing and press hard on the wound to stop the bleeding. Clean the fiber, mud and blood away from the entry wound. If it's arterial you're going to need to find where the artery crosses the bone and press on it. So stick your fingers in there and get to work.

Common mistakes: Under no circumstances should you attempt to

remove the bullet. It may be the last thing holding his fragile gut together. Sticking a knife in a gaping wound Rambo-style will only kill your brother-in-law faster. Also, just because there's no blood, doesn't mean his insides haven't exploded. He's probably bleeding



internally. So lie him flat and keep him inclined on his injured side with his legs raised so blood flows to the brain.

If you don't do anything: An untreated chest wound will cause him to bleed to death in about six hours.

"Frozen people don't stink"

During his 18 years as a mountain rescue worker in the great Southwest, 41-year-old Timothy Kovacs has seen it all.

What's the worst injury you've ever seen?

Airplane crashes are the worst. The sheer impact into the mountain creates a tremendous amount of gore. We're often first on the scene, and all around us on the mountain are various body parts. Also, I once had to recover the body of a 19-year-old kid who was crushed by a 12-ton boulder.

How about lightning victims?

Believe it or not, it doesn't really char the body like you'd think. But it does do a lot of damage on the inside of the body. There's one guy who's been struck

70 times. He has some sort of electrical plane running through him.

What's the most painful procedure you've performed on someone in the field?

A woman fell down and gashed her head open just above her left eyebrow. It was a deep gash—you could see her skull—and it was filthy, covered with rocks, dirt and pieces of grass. In cases like this, irrigating the wound quickly and aggressively is key.

So I took a big 60cc syringe, filled it up with saline solution and said, "Get ready, this is gonna hurt." Then I stuck it right in the wound.

Do you ever have to deal with people who are so crazed they do more than curse you?

One guy was trapped on a ledge several hundred feet off the ground and we had to climb up to him. When we were only 10 yards away, our lead physician called to him and the guy just went berserk. He started hurling rocks down on us, and several hit our physician, breaking his arm in several places.

So what do you do when dealing with such a crazed person?

You have to find some way to relate to them on a strictly animal level. When a person has been out for a couple of days, they'll revert to

their animal instincts. We once rescued a guy who watched his sister die the previous night. When we spotted him, he was literally dragging himself down the trail. He'd obviously been through a lot. He was dehydrated, he was hypothermic. When I jumped out of the helicopter and moved toward him, he had a crazed look like a cornered animal and ran away. So I called out his first name and told him who I was and that we were there to help him. And slowly, I talked him back down to reality.

Does hypothermia make you absolutely insane?

It can after a while. What it does is give you a false sense of warmth, almost like you're burning up, but you're actually living the last

"Enough room for presents under this one, honey?"



moments of your life. We once rescued a woman who had spent three days in a snowstorm. When we found her, she was walking down the trail completely naked. She was slurring her speech and she was hallucinating, convinced that she was very, very hot.

If she had frozen to death would she have been all stiff looking?

She would have stiffened in whatever position she died in. Sometimes people die sitting up. Other times, if they die slowly, they'll be all curled up in the fetal position. But the worst is when they die violently. They'll get drawn up in a palsy position and they look almost like action figures. They're faces get white and waxy looking. The only benefit is that they're frozen, so they don't smell. **FHM**

TIM DALY MYKELTI WILLIAMSON



The chase begins this fall.
THE FUGITIVE

NEW SERIES 8/7c

WILLIAM PETERSEN MARG HELGENBERGER

THERE IS
ALWAYS
A CLUE...

C.S.I.

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION

NEW SERIES 9/8c

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WILL LEAVE YOU BREATHLESS



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EXPENSIVE TELEVISION!

PLEASE BE SEATED

FHM DECLARES THE NEW
TV SEASON – OPEN!

INCLUDING

9

OF THE
SMALL
SCREEN'S
SEXIEST
BABES!

PLUS! HOW TO PAINT LIKE BOB ROSS, PIGS THAT ACT, CELEBRITIES MEASURED, STUPID
FOREIGNERS AND THE WEATHERMAN FROM THE TOWN THAT HAS NO WEATHER!

SHOWST



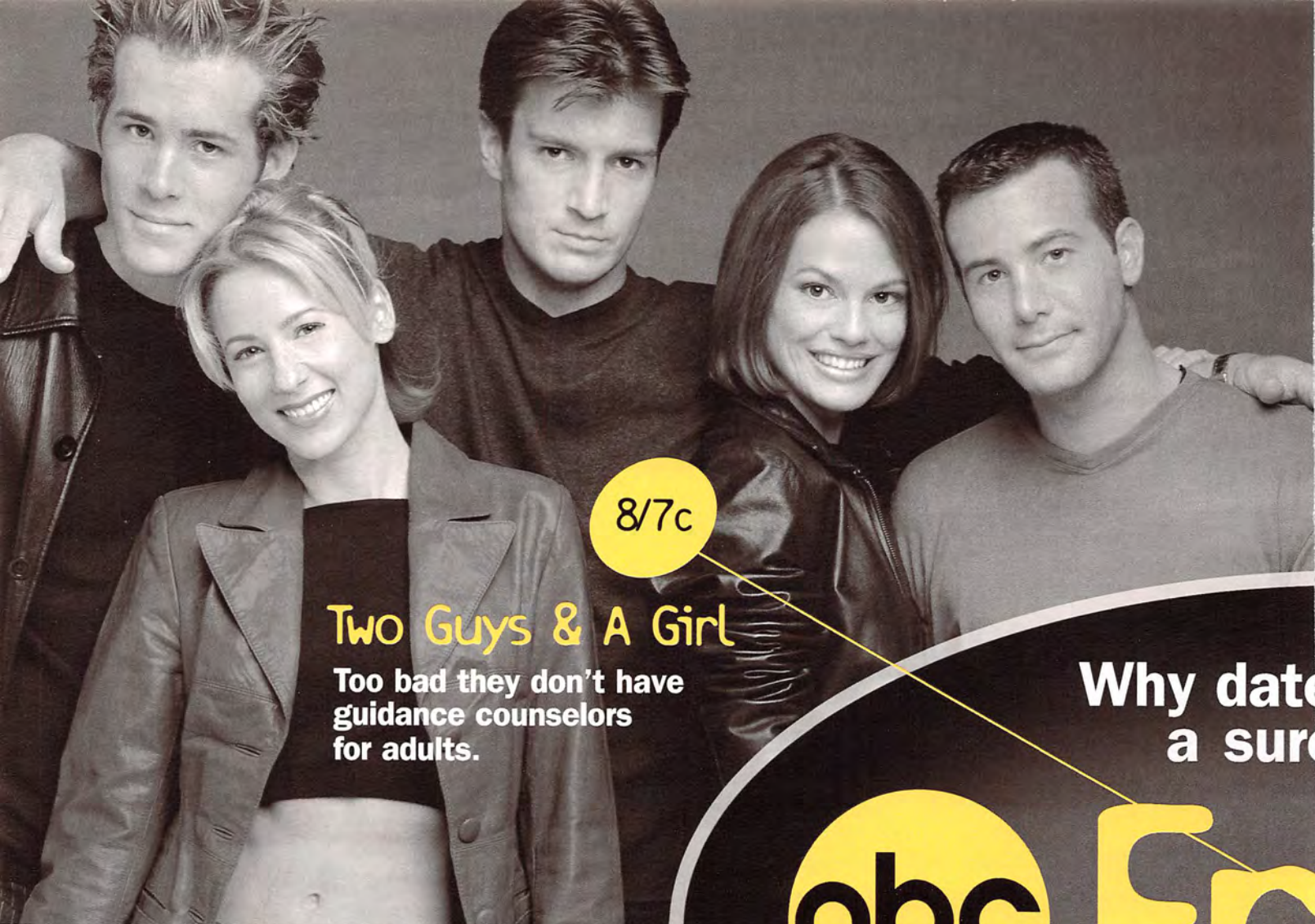
Catherine Bell
Photographed by Richard Dillon

OPPERS!



**DO YOU LIKE TO WATCH? WELL, HERE ARE NINE
STANDOUT REASONS FOR JUMP-STARTING THE BARCALOUNGER
AND PARKING YOURSELF IN FRONT OF THE TUBE**

BY KEVIN RAUB



8/7c

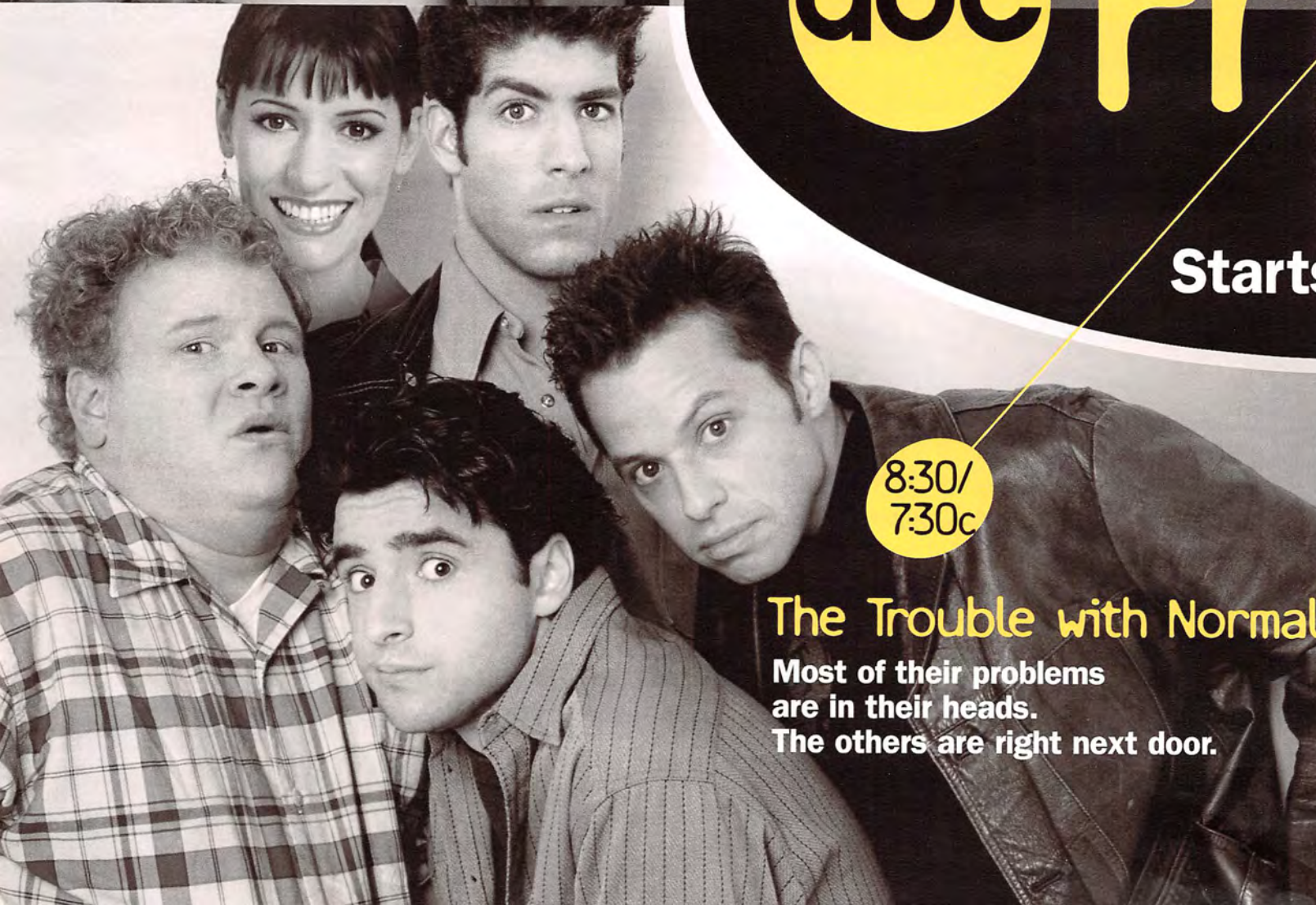
Two Guys & A Girl

Too bad they don't have
guidance counselors
for adults.

Why date
a sur



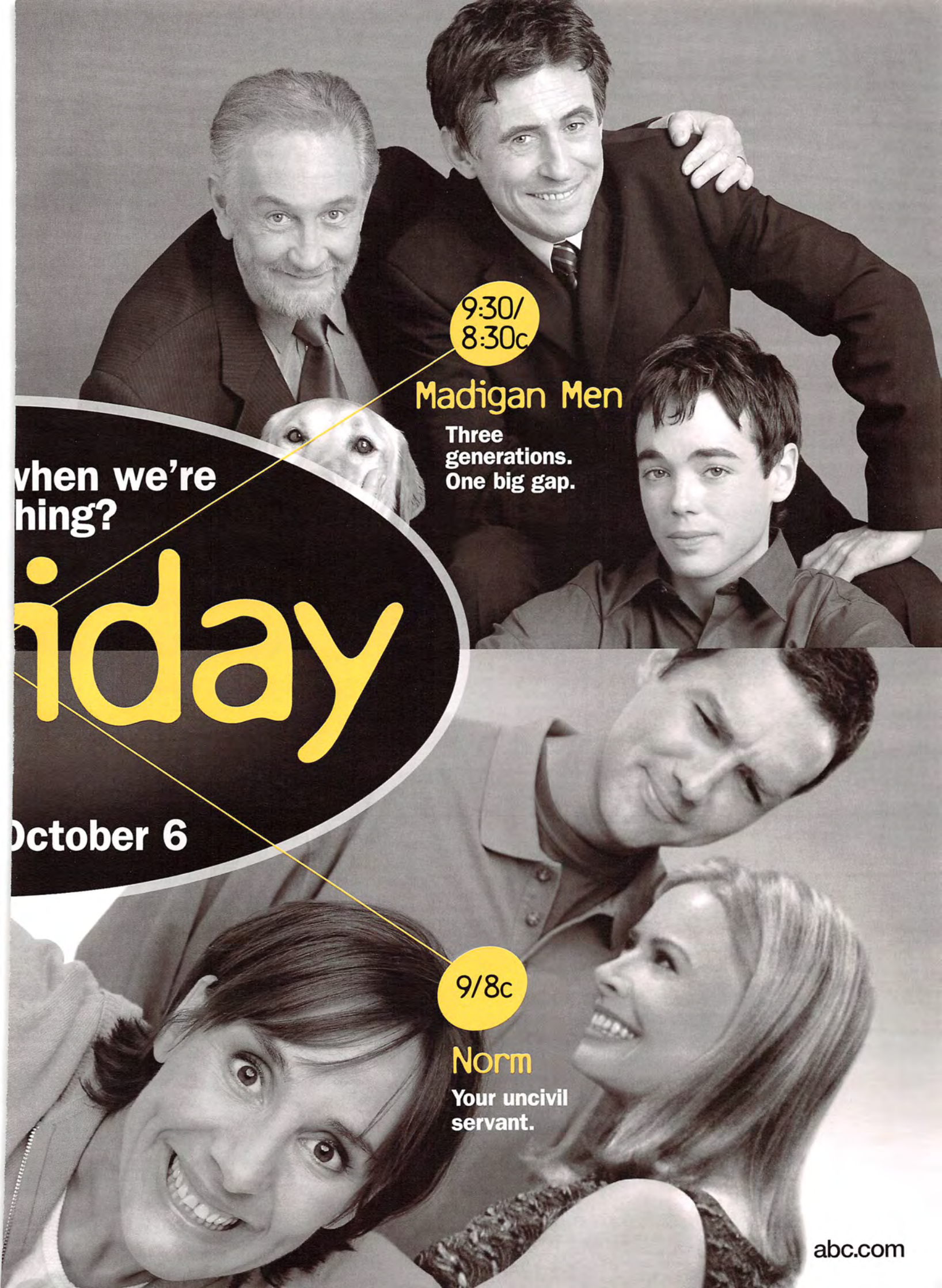
Starts



8:30/
7:30c

The Trouble with Normal

Most of their problems
are in their heads.
The others are right next door.



9:30/
8:30c

Madigan Men

Three
generations.
One big gap.

When we're
h...

Friday

October 6

9/8c

Norm

Your uncivil
servant.

CATHERINE BELL

AGE: 32

WHO: LT. COL. SARAH MACKENZIE ON JAG

FIRST ONSCREEN APPEARANCE:
AMERICAN EXPRESS COMMERCIAL

Did it for the money: I did an infomercial once through my modeling agent. It wasn't a 900 number because I wouldn't have done that, but it was something connected to the porn star Ginger Lynn. We got there, and they wanted all of us to do this sexy dance thing. I remember thinking, "Oh, my God, my career is going down the toilet. I can't do this." I had to finally leave. It was a phone-sex infomercial and not where I wanted my career to go!

Most LA experience: When I was doing massage therapy, I once ran an ad in this very holistic magazine. I got a message from this very soft-spoken Englishman saying he'd like a massage. I wasn't sure about this guy's voice. I asked him for his name, and he said Peter Gabriel. I showed up and it was him! Afterward, he asked if I wanted a cup of tea, and we talked about how he got into the music business.

Worst job while trying to make it: I did magic tricks and balloon animals for kids at parties. I once dressed up as Ariel from *The Little Mermaid* and showed up at this kid's party. There I was with olive skin, wearing this auburn-red wig, and this little boy came up to me and said I didn't look like Ariel! He pulled my wig off—little brat!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD DILLON

STYLING BY AMANDA SMITH; HAIR & MAKEUP BY DEANNE DORITY



ENGINEERED TO RAISE HELL.

FROM JAMES CAMERON

DIRECTOR OF

TERMINATOR,

ALIENS

AND TITANIC.

DARK ANGEL

FOX
FOX.COM

PREMIERES TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3

Check local listings for your FOX station.



naked twister, anyone?

E! gives it up every weeknight with the hottest late night on TV.
(We're betting all the dull people are already asleep.)



11pm e/p

The most unpredictable hour on TV. See the best of Howard's show in all its twisted glory!

wild
on



midnight e/p

Jet-set to the world's wildest, sexiest, most exciting destinations. Your time, our dime.

talk
soup



1am e/p

Straight to the good parts. Catch the most outrageous moments from today's talk shows.

search
party



1:30am e/p

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the**hot**spot
weeknights at **11pm** e/p
you snooze... you lose



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EVERYTHING ENTERTAINMENT



MAJANDRA DELFINO

AGE: 19

WHO: MARIA DELUCA ON *ROSWELL*

FIRST ONSCREEN APPEARANCE:
ZEUS AND ROXANNE

Most LA experience: I went to audition for *Mars Attacks!* and I was sitting in the waiting room with this long blond hair to my waist. This old man comes up to me and starts hitting on me, saying he wants to take me out. So I ask him where he'd take me and he said, "How about the Eiffel Tower?" I asked him his name and it was Warren Beatty!

Busted: I lied about my age to get on the show *Roswell*. I had just done a movie where I had been treated as an adult—there is this legal thing if you're six months away from your 18th birthday and it's in the summer, you can work as an adult or something. I assumed that it also applied to a TV show, so I said I was 18 when the director asked. I got called back and the day I was supposed to go in and test, they found out I was 17 because I asked for a studio tutor in my contract.

The part that got away: I was in serious consideration for the Mena Suvari role in *American Beauty*. I was brought in to meet everyone and I had just cut my long hair. The casting director had totally talked me up and didn't know I'd cut my hair. So I walked in with short hair and made a face about having an affair with an older man and, well, I didn't get the part.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
CARLO DALLA CHIESA

STYLING BY GEORGE BLOODWELL FOR CLOUTIER; HAIR BY GIOVANNI GIULIANO FOR CELESTINE; MAKEUP BY MELVONE FARRELL FOR CLOUTIER; BOTTOMS AND ARM BANDS BY ELISABETTA ROGIANI



STYLING BY TANYA GILL; HAIR BY LOUISE MOON FOR ARTEC PUREHAIR/LUXE; MAKEUP BY KERRY MALOUF FOR SHU UEMURA/WORKGROUP;
THIS PAGE: LEFT: BIKINI BY MALIA MILLS. NECKLACE BY ELSA PERRETTI AT TIFFANY & CO.; RIGHT: BIKINI BY ROSA CHA AT XIN, LA;
OPPOSITE PAGE: TOP: BIKINI BY LIZA BRUCE; BOTTOM: BIKINI BY SHELLEY CAUDILL AT XIN, LA, HAT BY CROSSROADS, LA



JULIE COSTELLO

AGE: 24

SHOW: FEATURED JUGGY, *THE MAN SHOW*

FIRST ONSCREEN APPEARANCE:

LEVI'S COMMERCIAL

Occupational hazards: We had to play a basketball game against Jimmy Kimmel and Adam Corolla. Whenever a team scored a point, the opposite team had to take off an article of clothing. We lost 14 to 10, but I didn't want to box them out because they only had their underwear on and I didn't want a weenie in my rear!

Worst job while trying to make it: I worked as a waitress at the Buns Cafe in Myrtle Beach, SC. One time, this old lady tipped me three cents. I threw the pennies at her feet. There was a cop standing there, and she tried to get me in trouble with him!

Most LA experience: My sister and I did a Hawaiian Tropic contest and we met a guy who said he would finance a movie for us to be in. We all went to dinner, and afterward, he said the movie would cost \$100,000—but I'd have to "please" him first. He began naming all these famous people, claiming 50 percent slept around to get where they are now.

CHANIE COSTELLO

AGE: 24

SHOW: FEATURED JUGGY, *THE MAN SHOW*

FIRST ONSCREEN APPEARANCE:

LOVE BOAT: *THE NEXT WAVE*

Audition gone wrong: My sister and I went to audition for [Comedy Central's] *Strip Mall* and we were supposed to make out. Julie said she was going to put her leg up on me and we were just going to pretend we were kissing or whatever, but we both went to put our legs up and fell down!

Most LA experience: Walter Matthau's son Charlie is a director. I had lunch with him, and the whole time he was just hitting on me. He was very touchy—it's kind of like if you would be his girlfriend, he'd put you in a movie.

Did it for the cash: We wanted to work on *Beverly Hills, 90210* as extras because we wanted to meet all of the cute actors. The character Noah [Vincent Young], who we didn't really think was cute on TV, was hot! Matt [Daniel Cosgrove] is real cute. David [Brian Austin Green] is kind of cute, too, but he kind of looks like our younger brother. Jason Priestley is cute, but I think we're taller than he is.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NAOMI KALTMAN





CAMERON RICHARDSON

AGE: 20

SHOW: CELESTE ARNO ON *COVER ME*

FIRST ONSCREEN APPEARANCE:

TARGET COMMERCIAL

Worst onscreen moment: We were shooting in a cave and it was a kissing scene—the guy couldn't kiss at all! I'm in a bikini and lying on wet sand with bugs and gnats all around. We start the scene, and the next thing you know, this guy is down my throat! I'm like, "Hello! Is this supposed to happen?" Then I left the cave and had a rash on my ass from the sand!

Occupational hazards: My first modeling job was in Japan. My friends and I went out one night and at 6 a.m. ended up in a karaoke bar. I grabbed the mic and started singing. When we were leaving, these Japanese guys grabbed my friend and started screaming at us. Then we started running back to our hotel, and as we're running, they were grabbing our shirts and pulling us to the ground. We made it to the hotel, and we were slamming their hands in the door. I guess we had to pay for karaoke!

Worst job while trying to make it: I once worked at this restaurant, the Olive Garden in New Jersey, as a hostess. I hate corporate restaurants! They always have these Nazi managers who think that just because they are managers at this restaurant they can rule your whole life. I had to clean the bathrooms . . . I was a hostess, I didn't think I would have to clean the bathrooms!

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY
STEPHEN DANELIAN**



STYLING BY CRISTINA EHRLICH; HAIR BY LOUISE MOON FOR ARTEC PUREHAIR/LUXE; MAKEUP BY GARRET GERVAS FOR NARS AT PROFILE; BIKINI BY JOHN RICHMOND AT TRAFFIC, L.A. EARRINGS BY RUBY MAE







STYLING BY LISA SELLERS; MAKEUP BY NAYA DEANGELO/MAC; TOP BY JOHN CHER, PANTS BY ROBERTO CAVALLI, BELT BY STREETS AHEAD, EARRINGS AND BRACELET BY DAVID ORGELL

ANANDA LEWIS

AGE: 26

WHO: MTV VJ

FIRST ONSCREEN APPEARANCE: ALCOH
ALUMINUM RECYCLING CENTER COMMERCIAL

Worst job while trying to make it: I used to sell popcorn at the Shamu exhibit at Sea World—I had to dress up like a freakin' candy striper! I had to walk up and down the aisles saying, "Popcorn! Get your hot, buttered popcorn!" I fell twice and spilled popcorn all over everybody.

Most embarrassing moment on set: I was in

Master P's video for "Thug Girl." When I got to the set, they gave me these leather pants that were so damn small! Master P and his friend Cash Money came in the room, and Master P was helping me pull my pants up. He had to put his hands down my pants to my knees and pull. It was embarrassing because I was trying not to show him my ass!

Favorite TV character: I loved Cheetara on the TV show *Thundercats* when I was growing up. She was a badass! She had this amazing body and she was this sexy feline. She was so smart, and all the dudes would always be messing up and she would always save the day.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NAOMI KALTMAN



JENNIFER O'DELL

AGE: 25

SHOW: VERONICA ON SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S
THE LOST WORLD

FIRST ONSCREEN APPEARANCE: BRACH'S CANDY
COMMERCIAL

Audition superstitions: I went in to audition for *The Lost World* a few times and wore the same pair of leopard-print underwear every time for good luck. I still wear the underwear, but I went out and bought a couple of extra pairs just to be safe.

Worst onscreen moment: I did a shampoo commercial for Garden Botanicals where two guys were standing behind me going, "Urge! Urge! I've got the urge!" and I had to go, "Oh Yes! Yes! It feels so good!" like I was having an orgasm.

Most LA experience: I was at Sky Bar in LA, and Scott Baio was sitting at a table with a couple of his friends. People were getting wasted, and Scott Baio turns to my girlfriend and asks if we want to go back to his place and get naked. We were like, "What? You're a loser!" So we just got up and left.



A full-page photograph of Rachel Blakely. She is a woman with long, dark, wavy hair, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing a red, textured, one-piece swimsuit with thin black straps. She is sitting on a white, fluffy rug. The background is plain white.

RACHEL BLAKELY

AGE: 32

SHOW: MARGUERITE KRUX ON *SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S THE LOST WORLD*

FIRST ONSCREEN APPEARANCE:
NISSAN COMMERCIAL, AUSTRALIA

Audition gone wrong: I went to a casting session for *Tales of the South Seas* when I was 21, and I had just bought my first G-string. I really needed to go to the bathroom and because you can't really feel them, I forgot I had one on! I peed right through it, so I had to throw it away and go into the casting session with no underpants on feeling very self-conscious!

Worst job while trying to make it: I worked as a bouncer at a rough nightclub in Melbourne, Australia, called The Redhead. The owner didn't believe in having male bouncers, so basically any trouble that came along, women had to deal with it. I kicked a lot of men's asses there! The police had to come and break up lots of fights.

Caught on camera: I once flipped a director the bird. I was doing a scene and he had been really annoying me the entire day, just bugging the whole cast. So when I finished a portion of my scene and he yelled cut, I just kept walking away from the camera and gave him the finger.

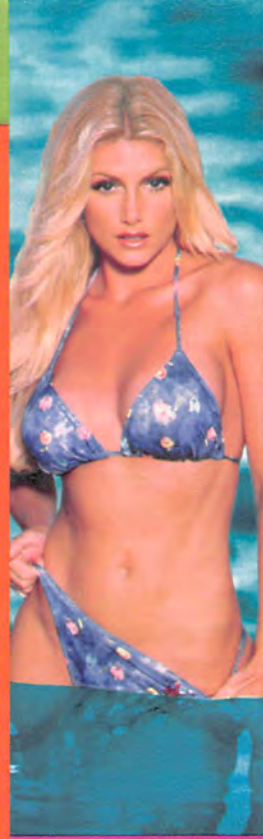
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE HOLZ





Krista Allen "Jenna Avid"

**anyone
care to be
rescued?**



Brande Roderick "Leigh Dyer"

Want to **hang out** with the
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● ● ● **check** local listings or go to **Baywatch.com** for time and channel

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ALISON DUNBAR

AGE: 27

SHOW: HEDDA HUMMER ON COMEDY CENTRAL'S *STRIP MALL*

FIRST ONSCREEN APPEARANCE: *LAW & ORDER*

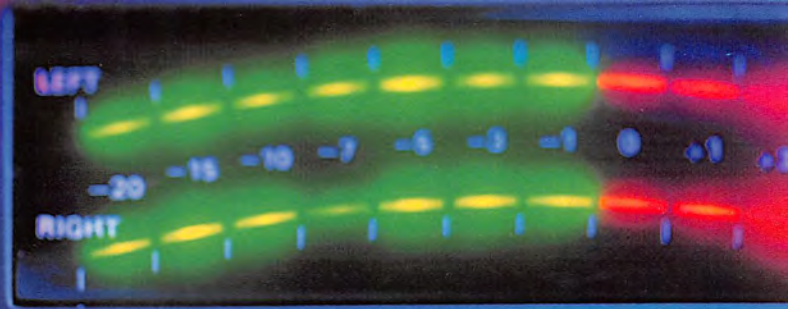
Worst job while trying to make it: I was working at this awful dive bar in New York. One time these businessmen came in and were screaming, "Shots, shots!" I asked them what kind, and all they said was, "Shots!" So I lined up the shot glasses and picked up the bar mat with all the leftover crap—the beer and the cigarette ash—and dribbled it into the glasses with a dash of cranberry for color. They all chugged them like it was the best thing they ever had.

Most LA experience: There is a dirtball owner of a certain pro sports team who used to always come into the bar I was working at and hit on me. I wouldn't go out with him, and he would always say, "Don't you know who I am?" So eventually he brought in his W-2 and tried to make me look at it at the bar. He was like, "It's my W-2. Check it out!" I called him a retard and that was the last I saw of him.

Most embarrassing moment on set: For *Strip Mall*, I was almost naked in a pile of plastic balls at Chuck E. Cheese's; I had a ball taped to each breast and had on ball-covered panties, and I was rolling around. I was getting into it and then one popped off my breast. Here I am giving this heart-felt performance and I have one breast hanging out! **FHM**

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARLO DALLA CHIESA

STYLING: BY GEORGE BLODWEIL FOR ELIOUTER; HAIR: BY GIOVANNI GILILIANO FOR
LELEUSTINE; MAKEUP: BY MELVONE FARRELL FOR CLOUTIER; CORSET: BY AGENT PROVOCATIER;
SHOES: BY JIMMY CHOO; EARRINGS: BY ERICA COURTNEY FOR 23RD ST. JEWELLERS



PREAMP MIXER/SOUND EFFECT

BEER

PHONO 1 LINE 1



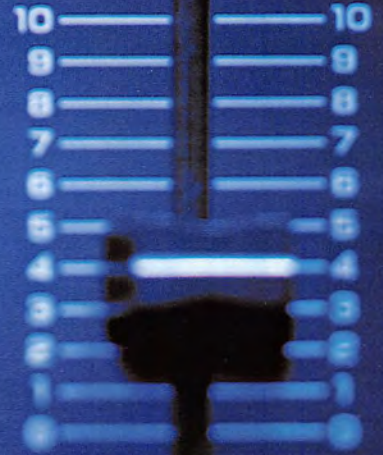
TEQUILA FLAVA

PHONO 2 LINE 2



LIME

LINE 3 LINE 4



BEER REMIXED.



WATCH

PRIME VIEWING

Instead of wasting valuable time watching all of the new shows, use this handy *FHM* program guide

BY JOHN SELLERS

SERIES	NETWORK	CONCEPT	SOUNDS LIKE	THE UPSIDE	THE DOWNSIDE	SEX FACTOR (FROM 1 TO 5)	VERDICT	LIFE EXPECTANCY
COMEDIES								
DAG	NBC (Tuesdays at 9:30 p.m.)	A hotshot Secret Service agent (David Alan Grier) is demoted from protecting the president to running around after the patience-testing first lady (Delta Burke).	<i>The Bodyguard</i> crossed with <i>Guarding Tess</i> meets two unattractive people.	Look for the amusing scene featuring Grier throwing himself out of the way of a bullet fired at the president. Don't worry if you miss it; it's replayed several times.	The rest is as funny as watching Congress do their thing.	1. Big gal Burke takes up way too much screen time—and too much screen.	Lame duck DAG will check out of the White House before Clinton.	Early death.
Cursed	NBC (Thursdays at 8:30 p.m.)	A cocksure ad exec (Steven Weber) is put under a hex from a vengeful blind date that threatens to ruin his life.	<i>The Love Connection</i> meets the biblical story of Job.	Jack's vile roommate (Chris Elliott) kicks butt as the Jell-O slurping superslob who likes to parade around the apartment naked.	The pilot hinges on an angry clown.	1. Not a honey in sight.	The premise is paper-thin, but the Weber-Elliott combo is Must-See TV.	 Weber: "cocky" A long and happy life.
The Michael Richards Show	NBC (Tuesdays at 8 p.m.)	A zany rent-a-cop (Michael Richards) opens his own detective agency and takes on cases that other P.I.s can't be bothered with.	<i>Ace Ventura</i> meets the <i>Rockford Files</i> .	Created by <i>Seinfeld</i> writers, <i>TMRS</i> promises Kramer-esque pratfalls along with underrated <i>Saturday Night Live</i> refugee Tim Meadows.	Richards won all those Emmys for being a supporting actor.	1. Unless Richards takes on the case of the missing thong.	None—a ring of steel protected the previews.	Ought to survive.
The Trouble With Normal	ABC (Fridays at 8:30 p.m.)	A nervous New York City Joe (David Krumholtz) hits therapy with his paranoid neighbor (Jon Cryer), who gets off on spying on people.	<i>Dear John</i> meets a Black Sabbath song.	Cryer is perfect as a neurotic who owns 300 AOL screen names with the handle "governmenthater."	Will appeal most to people who fear staying in on Friday nights.	2. Thanks to therapist Paget Brewster and her collection of short skirts.	Quirky characters and snappy dialogue need to overcome the Friday time slot.	Ought to survive.
Madigan Men	ABC (Fridays at 9:30 p.m.)	A newly divorced architect (Gabriel Byrne) is tutored about women by his teenage son (John Hensley) and his gruff father (Ray Dotrice).	<i>Frasier</i> meets an Irish Spring commercial.	Byrne sports his cool <i>Usual Suspects</i> brogue, while his wisecracking old man pours whiskey down his throat.	Too much sickly male bonding—hold on to your dinner!	2. Depends if Byrne spends time with the ladies (good) or focuses on architecture (not good).	Gabriel will need an angel to save this sleep-inducer from the Friday night cellar.	Will struggle to survive.





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WATCH IT!

SERIES	NETWORK	CONCEPT	SOUNDS LIKE	THE UPSIDE	THE DOWNSIDE	SEX FACTOR (FROM 1 TO 5)	VERDICT	LIFE EXPECTANCY
D R A M A S								
Titans	NBC (Wednesdays at 8 p.m.)	A Navy pilot (Casper Van Dien) returns to his family's mansion, where a former flame (Yasmine Bleeth) is marrying his dad (Perry King).	Rich people doing what they do best: ruining each other's lives.	Aaron Spelling's new soap spreads it thick with drunken tantrums, catty girl-on-girl power plays, and slo-mo shots of Bleeth in a bikini.	Bet you never thought you'd miss Jason Priestley.	3. Welcome back, Yasmine.	Hilarious acting could turn <i>Titans</i> into a prime-time <i>Showgirls</i> .	Ought to survive.
The Queen of Swords	Syndicated (check local listings)	A noble Spanish babe (Tessie Santiago) travels to tumultuous 1817 California, dons a mask and restores order with her, uh, swords.	<i>Xena</i> meets <i>Zorro</i> .	Santiago's sexy accent and amazing body almost make up for the fact that she rides with an annoying fortune-teller sidekick.	The pilot pales next to those confusingly sexy Galavision shows.	3. This buena señorita is also proficient with a whip. Yikes!	You'll watch <i>Queen of Swords</i> , but find it hard to confess it to others.	A long and happy life.
C.S.I.	CBS (Fridays at 9 p.m.)	 Gil Grissom (William Petersen) leads a team of forensic investigators that solves crimes in Las Vegas thanks to their masterful interpretation of evidence.	<i>Law & Order</i> meets the board game Clue.	<i>C.S.I.</i> features hipster camera effects—one zooms into a wound made by a bullet—and Petersen shines as a guy who keeps dead animals in jars around his office.	Scientific jargon doesn't exactly get the juices flowing.	2. A missed opportunity, considering the show's set in Vegas.	This snail-paced drama could use some more wham-boom-bang.	Ought to survive.
Dark Angel	Fox (Tuesdays at 9 p.m.)	 A pouty, genetically engineered lab rat (Jessica Alba) escapes from her government captors and uses her combat prowess to fight post-apocalyptic injustice.	<i>The Bionic Woman</i> meets GI Barbie.	James Cameron provides <i>Terminator</i> -style doom and gloom, vividly depicting the world of a cynical bike messenger and thief in Seattle a few years after the bomb hit.	Prepare your head for extensive scratching thanks to the Byzantine plot.	4. The exotic Alba wears skin-tight threads and moves like a gymnast.	Alba looks amazing, but the show is heavy for a Tuesday slot.	Ought to survive.
Gene Roddenberry's Andromeda	Syndicated (check local listings)	A starship captain (Kevin Sorbo, aka Hercules on the late '90s TV series) and his ragtag crew wage war in a galaxy in turmoil.	<i>Star Trek: The Next Generation</i> meets <i>Battlestar Galactica</i> .	Trekkies will dig the visual wizardry and space-babble of <i>Andromeda</i> and will hit hyperspace after seeing characters as cool as Captain Kirk and Spock.	Sorbo's bulgy muscles and big '80s hair.	1. No immediate sign of seven-breasted aliens.	A must for sci-fi freaks; all others should just be happy that <i>Hercules</i> is a goner.	A long and happy life.
The Fugitive	CBS (Fridays at 8 p.m.)	Wrongly convicted of killing his wife, Dr. Richard Kimble (Tim Daly) . . . ahh, you know the rest.	 <i>The Fugitive</i> , on TV in the '60s and as a film in 1993.	The series fuels up on high-octane stunts, frantic chase scenes and the still popular "the one-armed man did it!" defense.	Saccharine Tim Daly isn't even a poor man's Harrison Ford.	1. Kimble's wife was hot until her brains got bashed.	Isn't this running dude tired yet? Everyone else is.	Early death.
Sheena, Queen of the Jungle	Syndicated (check local listings)	A shapely vine-swinging (Gena Lee Nolin), who can morph into wild beasts, battles injustice from the treetops.	<i>Xena</i> meets <i>Tarzan</i> .	Not only does former <i>Baywatch</i> beauty Nolin wear a skimpy, leopard-print costume, but she also turns into a python!	Absolutely none.	5. A nearly naked Nolin often chooses to cavort with wild animals.	Quality entertainment.	A long and happy life.
Freedom	UPN (Fridays at 8 p.m.)	 Four rebels take on a totalitarian American regime with high-tech weaponry and martial arts skills.	<i>The Matrix</i> meets a Xerox copier.	<i>Freedom</i> features the same dazzling slo-mo effects and action bits that made even Keanu Reeves look cool.	There is no spoon.	3. Beauty pageant winner Scarlett Chovat plays one of the rebels.	This will hold you over until <i>The Matrix 2</i> hits next year.	A long and happy life.
Level 9	UPN (Fridays at 9 p.m.)	A top-secret intelligence agency full of misfits rescues America from potential Y2K hell with space-age gadgetry.	<i>Enemy of the State</i> meets <i>The A-Team</i> .	Tech-heads will have a level-nine cream-dream after watching the show's cyber-savvy premiere.	Poorly cast human actors are involved.	1. Even on raunchy UPN, zero use of shower-cam technology.	No memorable characters make <i>Level 9</i> one floor to skip.	Early death.



Kathie Lee's farewell tested everyone's patience

Retarded boy stabs neighbor! Watches *Life Goes On* in peace!

Change your viewing habits immediately, before it's too late and you end up like these unlucky couch potatoes

■ Seventy-one-year-old twins Richard C. and Richard L. Oliver of Columbus, OH, were quibbling over what TV show to watch. Richard L., a weapons collector, brandished a sword, but it was no match for the gun that Richard C. pulled out and fired at his twin's head, killing him. Detective Julie Joseph of the Franklin County Police Department said, "He doesn't remember what the program was, or what the two of them were quarreling about."

■ In Ottawa, Ontario, a 12-year-old tried to mediate an argument between his friend and his friend's developmentally slow 19-year-old brother, Mohamed Bashir. Unable to agree on what to watch, an argument escalated between the brothers until the friend tried to intervene. When he grew tired of the situation and turned to leave, the elder Bashir stabbed him with a kitchen knife, missing his aorta by a millimeter.

■ In Crystal River, FL, a 56-year-old man apparently forgot that TVs work without the remote. When his girlfriend's son accidentally turned off the TV while getting up from the couch, the man snapped. Attempts to turn the TV back on were thwarted by the defiant clicker, and instead of getting up and turning on the TV manually, the man chased the boy into the bathroom, where he proceeded to beat him about the head with the remote.

■ The argument for having more than one TV in the house was clearly made in Tokyo on October 3, 1995, when a 17-year-old girl began fighting with her 14-year-old brother because he was hogging the TV. The girl wanted to watch the Japanese version of *Party of Five* and was angered because her brother demanded he be able to play video games. She then went into the kitchen, grabbed a knife and stabbed him to death.

MAKE LIKE MACGYVER

When bloodthirsty Paraguayan mercenaries are on your tail, you need John Koivula, the man who created the absurd inventions that got MacGyver out of any situation. With his list of favorites, you can escape death too:

1 You're trapped between advancing columns of fireproof killer ants.

Solution: Melt down a garden hose and spread it on a net to create an ant-repellant suit.

2 While hiding from Hungarian communists, you must read a roll of microfilm.

Solution: Create a tiny magnifying glass using a hairpin and a drop of wine.

3 You must revive a Russian spy who's suffered an untimely heart attack.

Solution: Make a defibrillator from candlesticks and an electrical cord.

4 You must flee Afghan warlords before they use your head as a soccer ball.

Solution: Make a hang glider out of a plastic tarp and miscellaneous satellite parts.

5 As a teenage boy's life hangs in the balance, the radio to call for help suddenly won't work.

Solution: Using the electrolytes from a cactus, make crude batteries for the emergency radio.

6 You must get sensitive documents that are locked in a car that's about to be crushed.

Solution: Make an electromagnet from a dry-cell battery, copper wire and an iron pipe.

7 You need to make a getaway from your hideout, which is surrounded by terrorists.

Solution: Make a tear gas canister from a hot water bottle, soda, vinegar and spices.

8 You're trapped in a room that's guarded by a lethal, laser-guided security system.

Solution: Use the prism in a pair of binoculars to catch the beam and redirect its path to zap the other lasers.



TOP 10 TV SHOWS IN PRISON

- 1 AMERICA'S MOST WANTED
- 2 WHEEL OF FORTUNE
- 3 BOY MEETS WORLD
- 4 RON HAZELTON'S HOUSE CALLS
- 5 ANTIQUES ROADSHOW
- 6 MASTERPIECE THEATRE
- 7 20/20
- 8 WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE?
- 9 MURDER, SHE WROTE
- 10 THE X FILES



WATCH IT!

TV around the globe

The bizarre world of foreign television exposed!

Canada

After giving us *Degrassi Junior High* and Bryan Adams, we dumped toxic waste into their water supply and stole their hockey teams. But they still have one national treasure to call their own—*Royal Canadian Air Farce*, a tepid *Saturday Night Live* knockoff.



Kids: "evil"

The Netherlands

You'd figure the enlightened Dutch, with their van Goghs and legalized prostitution, would be able to create quality shows. Instead, they've made the Bob Saget vehicle *Full House* a hit.

Norway

In a land whose top delicacy is lutefisk (dried cod soaked in lye, then buried until it rots), *Boys on Tour*, which sends top chefs out and about in the country, has remained a No. 1 hit.

Sweden

The ultra-civilized Swedes created *Expedition Robinson*, which we turned into *Survivor*. But on the civilized Swedish version, the first man voted off the island threw himself under a train.



Germany

The humorless Krauts have earned themselves a permanent get-shit-on card for a century of sins. But somehow they've imagined themselves as bumbling but lovable fools in their favorite 1960s comedy, *Hogan's Heroes*.

Mexico

Mexico, the poor man's Canada with cholera, has created a cheap *Seinfeld* knockoff called *Buenos Para Nada* (Good for Nothing). Watch for the special Bubble Family episode where Jorge must challenge all 18 of them to Trivial Pursuit.



Board games: "trivial"

Hungary

While most Hungarian programs involve little more than a nude hooker washing a Mercedes, they've started to develop more wholesome fare as well. Mainly, *Three Wishes*, a game show that promises to grant its winner anything he desires.

Lebanon

Family Feud in Lebanon used to mean putting a car bomb in the trunk of your uncle's Volkswagen. Nonetheless, the Lebanese have adapted the hit program, calling it *Kil Mayli Alyi*.



Lebanon: "feuding"

Jamaica

The crime-ridden Rasta paradise is trying to change its image with *Royal Palms Estate*. The show features a man and his exploits on a sugar plantation, plus lots of booty and bad dialogue. Sounds like it's ready for The WB.

Romania

In a country with the highest syphilis rate in Eastern Europe, it's no wonder they go crazy for the sex and intrigue of *Dallas*. Even today, J.R.'s (Larry Hagman) mug can be seen on a huge 100-foot banner hawking Russian motor oil in his trademark Stetson.

Hagman: "not from Atlantis"



TOP 10 TV SHOWS IN REHABILITATION CENTERS

- 1 MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL
- 2 ADDICTED*
- 3 FLASHBACK*
- 4 27TH & PROSPECT*
- 5 CARTOON ALL-STARS TO THE RESCUE*
(FOR YOUNG ADDICTS)
- 6 CLEAN AND SOBER*
- 7 NASH BRIDGES
- 8 LESS THAN ZERO*
- 9 BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY*
- 10 PROVIDENCE

* IN HOUSE, CLOSED-CIRCUIT ANTI-DRUG PRESENTATIONS

Russia

In a country where life is cruel and your only joy is knowing you'll die one day, Russian TV presents *Road Patrol*, a *Cops* meets *Faces of Death* program aired three times daily.

China

What does an ex-football star on a canceled *T.J. Hooker* knockoff do to make a few more bucks? If he's Fred Dryer, star of *Hunter*, he brings his act to China for one more encore.

Japan

The Japanese make some weird-ass television shows. But *Beautiful Life*, the story of a young, charismatic hairdresser who falls in love with a wheelchair-bound librarian, takes the cake.

India

On the surface, Suhaib Ilyasi's arrest this year on charges he murdered his wife would seem ideal for a show like *India's Most Wanted*. IMW could have given O.J.-sized coverage of this O.J.-like case had the accused Ilyasi not been the show's founder, producer and anchor.

Hong Kong

Can you believe that stud-of-all-studs Bruce Lee once had to play the sidekick, Kato, to some stupid honky gringo on the *Green Hornet*? Canceled after one year, it became a hit in Hong Kong, retitled *The Kato Show*.



As seen on TV!

FHM finds out how easy it is to paint happy little trees

Why waste thousands on someone else's crappy art when for the price of an easel, some paint and an hour out of your day, you can paint your own masterpiece for a fraction of the cost? Just turn on *The Joy of Painting* with Bob Ross and he'll turn your finger-painting into a bona fide *Dogs Playing Poker*. How easy is it? Well, with the help of an instructional video and a Bob Ross painting kit (courtesy of Bob Ross Inc.; 800-BOB-ROSS), we pitted three aspiring artists from our staff against each other to discover who could master the technique and paint a winning landscape ("Winter Glory") in less than an hour. Here's how they did. . .



Contestant 1: Phillip Grandall

"I never fully appreciated his work until I had to do it by myself for a good hour. His instructions were simple enough at first, but the guy turned on the turbo once the brush hit the canvas. After that I was totally lost. The man is an oil-based wizard and my crude renderings weren't even worthy of a mass burning. It's a shame, because I want to be like him and look like him, but in the end, all I could do was stare at the television in awe." **Rating:** Worthy of a spot in the middle school art show



Contestant 2: Jimmy Jellinek

"I figured that if I could paint this picture, anybody could. I imagined that Bob Ross's patient whisper and 'no pressure' technique would deliver me to the promised land, but it was not to be. I was lost before the painting started. I couldn't mix the paint properly, my brush strokes were as gentle as an adult gorilla and my mountain vista looked more like a child's interpretive drawing of abuse scenarios than a calm alpine sunset." **Rating:** Great, until it became clear he *did* use a brush



Contestant 3: Zoë Miller

"I've never watched a whole program before, just bits and pieces, and all I knew about the guy was that he painted quickly and made it look like anybody could paint one of his masterpieces really easily. But that wasn't the case. Bob Ross makes it look easy because Bob Ross is really good at painting. If you aren't, good luck. All you'll make in an hour is a mess. In the future I'll just stick to painting by numbers. Now that's easy!" **Rating:** Achieved a true mind-meld with Bob

The height of celebrity

See how you match up, and remember, they always look smaller in person



THE ORIGINS OF THE NETWORKS

They all had to start somewhere. Here's the junk they opened with

ESPN

September 7, 1979

Riveting first offering: A stunningly uneventful slow-pitch softball game between the Kentucky Bourbons and the

Milwaukee Schlitzes.

Moment of truth:

Coverage of 1980
NCAA Tournament
basketball games.

CNN

June 1, 1980

Riveting first offer-

ing: Several minutes of Ted Turner standing outside CNN's Atlanta headquarters boastfully congratulating himself for starting the channel.

Moment of truth: The

Gulf War, which the network covered like a sporting event.

MTV

August 1, 1981

Riveting first offer-

ing: The first video aired was "Video



Killed the Radio Star”
by the Buggles.

Moment of truth:

Live coverage of Live Aid in '85.

COURT TV

July 1, 1991

Riveting first offering: Anchorman Fred Graham announcing the three trials on "the daily docket."

Moment of truth: The Menendez trial.

The Food Network
November 2, 1993

Riveting first offering: *Food News and*

Views, hosted by Donna Hanover and David Rosengarten.

Moment of truth:
Chef Emeril Lagasse
arrives on the scene.

**like drinking
your
favorite song**

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"I FORECAST WEATHER—WHERE THE WEATHER NEVER CHANGES"

What do you do if you're a meteorologist in an area that's hot and sunny every day? If you're Sean McLaughlin from KPNX 12 in Phoenix, you don't do crap. "We don't take the weather so seriously down here," he says.

How do you do a forecast every day when the weather never changes?

I've got to come up with fun and interesting ways to present the weather every single day. So I think I've got a bigger challenge, than say, Tom Skilling from WGN in Chicago. The guy's got like six minutes and he fills all of it with a lot of weather.

Your job must be boring. How do you break up the monotony?

I do a lot of demonstrations. For instance, people are really into comets and meteors, so I take a fire extinguisher and spray it to simulate a comet's tail. I use dry ice to simulate air pollution. And my personal favorite, I go down to the gym and go into the sauna to

explain dry heat, then jump into the steam room to explain humidity.

Do you wish you worked in a more climatically active area?

There's a part of me that wishes I had more weather to talk about. But out here, I get to show a lot of my personality.

In Chicago or New York, it would be, "Here's the weather," and I'd do nothing but talk about the weather.

Is there a dream job for a serious weather professional?

Obviously, my dream would be to have Al Roker's job. But for weather geeks, there are two big jobs. If you're a tornado guy, you want the main meteorologist gig in Oklahoma City. And if you love hurricanes, you want to be the chief down in Miami.

You probably don't get ragged on like most weathermen for giving the wrong forecast.

Every day somebody complains. This one time when we got a lot of rain, someone called up and yelled into the phone, "Just make it stop, just make it stop raining. We don't need any more rain." They think I control the weather, and it's like, "Easy on the medication."

Have you ever been accosted in public for a bad forecast?

It gets a little weird when people start pointing at you in the grocery store, screaming, "Hey, dork, give us some cool weather." People are always giving me grief, but that's just part of the job.

"I wish the humans would go away so I could take these stupid antlers off"

"Quiet on the set! It's the pig's love scene!"

When TV's favorite animals miss their cues or get bored with the celebrity lifestyle, it's back to the farm for most of them. Others end up as dinner

Arnold, the pig from *Green Acres*

The original Arnold was an untrained pig that was used in just two episodes. His trainer kept the pig for a while, but when Arnold got too big, fat and useless, he was butchered and the trainer's wife cooked him. As they were about to sit down to eat Arnold on a Friday night, a phone call came from the folks at *Green Acres*—the pig had to come in for work on Monday. Dozens of Arnold wannabes quickly began acting classes.

Spot, the cat from *Star Trek: The Next Generation*

Three cats shared the job of playing Data's orange tabby—Brandy, Tyler and Monster.

Monster croaked at age 8 and is buried in a pet cemetery behind his owner's house. Tyler became the new face of Friskies. And Brandy, the shining star of the bunch (due to a mellow "he just lays there" disposition), went on to appear on *The Man Show* and dozens of commercials, including one for Tampico orange drink, which required that he travel to Mexico City. Fortunately, Brandy didn't suffer from Montezuma's Revenge—he drank only bottled water while on location.

Sigmund, the duck from *General Hospital*

Perhaps you've caught one of the random episodes of *GH* that featured Lucy's pet duck, played by a trio of web-footed thespians named Rock, Rhythm and Blues. Blissfully unaware of the fact that they are famous daytime soap stars, the three live happily on a farm in Leona Valley, CA, and swim around in their pond while their trainer awaits the next call from the casting couch at ABC.

Ted, Rachel's creepy-looking cat from *Friends*

If you missed the episode when Rachel brings home a hairless cat, you might have seen him co-starring as Mr. Bigglesworth in both *Austin Powers* movies. Right now, Ted and his look-alike, Mel, spend their days hanging out with their trainers and 30 other smelly cats on a ranch in California, waiting to see if Mike Myers is going to make the world suffer through a third *Austin Powers* film.

Mort, the moose from *Northern Exposure*

Even smart humans can't figure out how to duplicate a moose's natural diet, so the antlered beasts tend to die of malnutrition when kept in captivity. Mort, the moose from *Northern Exposure*, was no exception, and he died at the tender age of 3, not long after the opening credits that made him famous were taped. Showbiz can't be blamed for killing Mort, though. He was just a few weeks old when he was found orphaned in Alaska. If left on his own, he would've been bear food or road kill.

Digger, the alligator from the *Lubriderm* commercials

Dry skin isn't a problem for Digger, the female alligator that's been crawling through Lubriderm commercials for 11 years. The problem is she doesn't want to share her pond with two other alligators when she's not on the set. Her owner claims she's great around people, which makes her quite a pathetic reptile. It may have something to do with the fact that she spent her early years living in Florida with a drug dealer, who used to sit with her on his porch in an attempt to impress his neighbors.

Weathermen:
ill-patterned
neckwear

SIDE BARS (LEFT AND RIGHT) BY JIMMY JELLINEK; SIDEBAR (MIDDLE) BY AMY CLAURO; EVERETT COLLECTION (3); IMAGE BANK; ROMILLY LOCKYER/IMAGE BANK; COURTESY OF COLIN'S SLEAZY FRIENDS

WATCH IT!



Benji the dog

After being credited with inspiring more than a million animal adoptions, the original Benji and his daughter, Benji II, passed away. But Benji III is carrying on the legacy and living with his Bible-thumping 84-year-old owner, the man who trained the whole lineage of mutts to "do anything I ask them to do." One favorite trick is reserved for the Jehovah's Witnesses, who oddly enough won't acknowledge the American flag. When they come a-knockin', Benji III stands up tall, raises his paw and salutes the flag to show his patriotism.



"Did Mrs. Stallone do that to you?"

Marcel, the monkey from Friends

Ross's shoulder-riding primate friend was in fact played by three monkeys named Katie, Monkey and Freddie, who now live with their owner and more than 20 other primates on a five-acre ranch in California. They've kept busy over the years with roles in *Outbreak*, *George of the Jungle* and an American Express commercial, but they're currently spending their days grooming themselves and picking bugs off each other in their "big caged area," and munching on Purina monkey biscuits, jellybeans and Froot Loops.



With numbers down, the Scouts relaxed membership rules

The rich kids sneered at the vinyl shortage



"Brought to you from my parents' basement"

The best shows ever to hit public access

Driveways of the Rich and Famous, Los Angeles, CA

A look at the country's finest celebrity driveways, featuring on-the-spot interviews with Robin Williams's gardener or Aaron Spelling's pizza guy. If you're lucky, you'll get to see an agitated David Hasselhoff yelling "get the fuck out of here" when the show's host, John Cunningham, inquires about his pavement.

Friday Fright, Richland, WA

Ravena, an Elvira knockoff who claims she's the goddess of Stonehenge, and

her sidekick, Anok, a bearded mutant with a wandering eye, watch and discuss terrible films while Ravena shows off her huge rack.

Cosmic Comedy, Lincoln, NE

Possibly the greatest clown show ever, *Cosmic Comedy* featured Crotchety, a clown who reviewed porno flicks. After a complaint from an irate female viewer about the show's disgusting content, Crotchety, wearing just sunglasses and scary makeup, performed "one for the ladies," and jerked himself off in front of the camera.

The Chess Show, Portland, OR

Viewers call in and participate in a live chess game that's set against the background of

live bands and some scantily clad chicks. This one's strictly for the *Dungeons and Dragons* stoner crowd.

Goddess Kring, Seattle, WA

The Goddess Kring delivers stream-of-consciousness monologues about female empowerment, inner peace and Tori Amos. Made bearable by the fact that she's completely naked and adopts various yoga positions while slathering her body in paint, Kring also earns a crust as a stripper at Seattle's Lusty Bottom.

Thunderbird Theatre, Buffalo, NY

The sinister "Ski-Mask" rants mainly about the Catholic church, but also directs his anger at city council members, local government employees and anybody who pissed him off that day.

Colin's Sleazy Friends, Los Angeles, CA

Colin, an overweight Metallica fan, dedicates his show to interviewing the legends of porn in a thinly veiled effort to get laid.



TOP 10 TV SHOWS IN MENTAL HOSPITALS

- 1 THE JERRY SPRINGER SHOW
- 2 JUDGE JUDY
- 3 RICKI LAKE
- 4 LATE SHOW WITH DAVID LETTERMAN
- 5 20/20
- 6 SUDDENLY SUSAN
- 7 MONTEL
- 8 GENERAL HOSPITAL
- 9 BASEBALL
- 10 AS THE WORLD TURNS



WATCH IT!



THE LOSERS OF TV

Television loves minorities—they're so easy to laugh at! **FHM** traces the struggle of the less fashionable groups to take their rightful place.

Stupid foreigners

'70s: As Latka Gravas on *Taxi*, annoying Andy Kaufman's nonsensical high-pitched gabble confirmed to viewers that Eastern Europe was somewhere they should never go. '80s: Bronson Pinchot played Balki Bartokomous on *Perfect Strangers*. When the painfully infuriating Mediterranean émigré wasn't lamenting about sheep, he was getting

laugh? Cast a dirty foreigner with non-specific origins. Time-tested and politically approved, smelly foreigners will always come in one flavor—stupid!

Disabled

'70s: Ironside was confined to a wheelchair. He was a pesky civilian do-gooder who solved crimes. Positive role, but the reason he was a volunteer was because the police wouldn't let him serve... in a wheelchair.

'80s: Arnold Jackson's cocky wheelchair-bound friend Kathy on *Diff'rent Strokes* had a few decent one-liners. But her presence was pity-ridden. And she wasn't even cast until the show's laughs took a nosedive.

'90s: The coolest wheelchair bound stud on TV, Augustus Hill from *Oz*, sets up important scenes on cable's most violent jailhouse drama. Unfortunately, he's a

convict and a drug addict.

Level of acceptance today: Disabled Americans are still treated with kid gloves. Yet to land the meaty gigs, the sympathy route is about as good as it gets.

Fat People

'70s: Wise-cracking Rerun always had a snappy retort on *What's Happening!* But his fat ass was always being scolded for eating too much. He furthered the fat-body cause by proving that dancing fatties are always funny.

'80s: The ultimate fat-man stereotype Boss Hogg, from *Dukes of Hazzard*, was one step away

from a stroke. He invented the chicken-eating evil fat man.

'90s: Strike another blow for blubber, thanks to the despicable Newman from *Seinfeld*. His most memorable fatso scene: A hungry Newman fantasizes about eating a chicken-fried Kramer.

Level of acceptance today:

Still funny. Even a strong Camryn Manheim from *The Practice* is ridiculed when caught wearing revealing clothing off the set.

Old People

'70s: *M*A*S*H* introduced Col. Sherman Potter as the epitome of the cranky old man. Running the 4077th with authority, he proved that the elderly deserved respect, not diapers.

'80s: Wildly popular among the Del Boca Vista set, the *Golden Girls* broke the rules. Dorothy was bitter, Blanche was a slut, Rose was a ditz and Sophia was in the early stages of Alzheimer's.

'90s: Livia Soprano, mother to mob boss Tony Soprano, was evil, elderly and so popular that *Sopranos* fans demanded she come back for one more season. Unfortunately, as tends to happen with old people, death had other ideas.

Level of acceptance today: Always strong and comedically smelly, the elderly aren't funny at the moment. But they will be in high demand as soon as the baby boomers grow old. **FHM**



The Guardian Angels struggled at standup too

his well-deserving cousin's face smashed in.

'90s: As the South American exchange student on *That '70s Show*, Fez tries to live up to the image of a smooth-talking Latin lothario, but is held back—by his feminine lisp.

Level of acceptance today: Looking for a cheap, easy

COMPETITION

WIN A GREAT NEW TV!



It's common knowledge that television stars are best known for their hair. Can you guess which TV celebrities fit underneath these helmets?



Think you guessed correctly? Send your answers to **FHM** TV Contest. One winner will be chosen at random to receive an RCA 27-inch TV with the Guide Plus+ electronic programming. Six runners-up will win \$50 prizes. See page 207 for contest rules.

TOP 10 TV SHOWS IN RETIREMENT HOMES

- 1 WEATHER CHANNEL
- 2 WHEEL OF FORTUNE
- 3 60 MINUTES
- 4 THE TODAY SHOW
- 5 THE PRICE IS RIGHT
- 6 WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE?
- 7 SIZZLIN' SENIORS (LOCAL CABLE ACCESS IN PLANO, TEXAS)
- 8 SENIOR SCENE (LOCAL CABLE ACCESS IN SAN DIEGO, CA)
- 9 CROC HUNTER
- 10 DIAGNOSIS MURDER

ARE YOU TIRED OF THE SAME OLD NIGHTLIFE?

THE TRUTH IN B&W

INTRODUCING THE GUINNESS GUIDE TO LEFT-OF-CENTER SCENES ACROSS AMERICA...



NEW YORK: Bar Code

Ever wonder what nightlife will look like in 2010? Well, Bar Code in Times Square would probably be it. This 24-hour "entertainment bar" developed by some high-tech partiers features \$10 million in computerized interactive games to play while enjoying your Guinness. High scores aren't the focus here, especially at 4:00 am. Great for groups and insomniacs.



LOS ANGELES: Hollywood Park Racetrack & Casino

A gambler's paradise, Hollywood Park includes a casino, on-site sports bar and of course, some of the finest fillies in L.A. that aren't surgically enhanced. The best time to go is for "one-dollar Friday nights," where admission is \$1 to those 30 and under (finally, a place with a decadent citizens discount), and refreshments are \$1 for everyone. After hitting your trifecta, head over to the casino for continued high-rolling.

SAN FRANCISCO: Elbo Room

Blues Club, Jazz Club, Hip Hop Club, Reggae Club – if you can't decide, head over to the Elbo Room. To call this Mission District spot diverse would be a gross understatement. Though you'll get the best of San Fran music any night, you have to check out Sunday's "Dub Mission" where DJ Sep delivers tunes from the founding gods of Jamaican music.



MIAMI: The Rascal House

After spending all of your hard-earned money on Guinness and club cover charges, head over to The Rascal House for cheap eats and a taste of 1950s Miami. Chill in the same spot frequented by the most infamous Miami players such as Frank Sinatra and mob boss Sam Giancana. Ask your waitress, who is likely in her 60s or 70s, for a firsthand account of the glory days. She was probably still working then.

CHICAGO: Oasis Oxygen Bar

Though probably better suited for the airheads in L.A., Chicago's first and only "Oxygen Bar" sells what was once thought to be the last free "product" available – air. Found in the mammoth club Excalibur, Oasis lets you slide into a plush lounge chair and take hits of pure oxygen for 20 minutes. If you can get past looking like a dorky seventh-grader wearing headgear, you'll wind up feeling clearheaded, full of energy and ready to hit the real bar for a Guinness.

ATLANTA:

Dad's Garage Theatre Company

If you think "cutting edge" in Hot-lanta means partying with Abercrombie-clad frat boys in Buckhead, you might want to check out Dad's Garage. Though the Improv on weekends will have you crying with laughter, check out their production of "Oh Happy Day" written by late Monty Python genius Graham Chapman this fall.

BOSTON:

Milky Way Lounge & Lanes

This intergalactic disco bowling lounge not only serves up a perfect pint of Guinness but also transports you into another dimension. It's a funky disco bowl-o-rama, where eight-track favorites are pumped through the speakers and it sports a seven-lane candlepin alley lined by blue and white Christmas lights. You'll think you've died and landed in '70s heaven (or hell for that matter).



JAMIE FOXX

The multi-talented comedian on his ideal stripper, David Letterman and 'roid rages

In your new movie, *Bait*, you play a smalltime crook who's trying to go straight. Have you ever had trouble with the cops?

Of course. I'm black. I've been stopped twice a month for six straight months. The officer will ask me, "Where you goin'? Where you live? We had a call that said you fit a description." So I say, "Listen, I'm in the highest tax bracket you can possibly imagine and I'm paying most of your salaries. Could you please just leave me alone?" It got so bad that I wound up going down to the police station and saying, "Can I give you some money to stop you from pulling me over all the time?"

Speaking of harassment, what's the worst you've ever been heckled on stage?

Open-mic nights in Los Angeles on Mondays were the worst. That's when you get all the guys from the 'hood coming in. If you were a white comic, you didn't stand a chance. They were like, "Come on up here with your bullshit." It was rowdy; they'd boo and throw whatever they had in their hands at you. But that's where you get your chops. If you can make those guys laugh, you can make anybody laugh.

Have you ever done your Tyson impersonation in front of Iron Mike himself?

I did it in front of him when I first started my career, but I gave a disclaimer by saying, "Now, Mike, this is just a joke. Don't come up on stage and knock me out." I didn't think he'd go berserk, but at the same time, you have to respect the guy. He's kind of sensitive about a lot of that stuff. He really got tampered with when he was in jail.

How about on *The Jamie Foxx Show*? Have you had any really scary moments?

The guy who played Carmine on *Laverne & Shirley* [Eddie Mekka] was doing this scene where his tie gets caught in the elevator, but it really choked him. I started yelling for help, but everybody thought I was joking, so I grabbed some scissors and cut him down. But he wasn't breathing, he was unconscious. So I had to give him mouth-to-mouth to revive him.

We heard you changed your name from Eric Bishop to Jamie Foxx so that club owners would think you were a woman.

There were so few women going up for open-mic night that they'd just pick female names off a list to break up the monotony. So when they saw the name Jamie, they thought I must be a girl and they'd call me up.

After you finished working on *Any Given Sunday*, did you find it hard to go back and

tape episodes for your show?

It was hard because that initial coming back to the show was like jumping in a cold pool. It's like you go up to a mountain with the greats and then you have to come back down and your real life kicks in.

But your real life is all glamour and appearing on talk shows. What's so bad about that?

I like doing BET [Black Entertainment Television] because I'm with my own people. But when you go to a show that's not black, they're like, "We don't want you saying this and we don't want you saying that. You know how you black comedians are. We don't want you swearing. Nothing risqué."

Rumor has it that you had a problem like that on *Late Night with David Letterman*.

Fuck David Letterman. He's an asshole, he's a bitch. When I did his show, I wanted to do a Bill Cosby joke because he [Cosby] has an illegitimate daughter and he had a problem with my movie *Boozy Call*. It was basically like, "Looks like I'm not the only one who's doing booty calls." I did it for the producers before the show and they were like, "Oh, great, that'll be great." But when I did the joke, Letterman started going, "Oh, that's no good, that's no good. Jamie Foxx is on—what show are you on?—Jamie Foxx is on the WB, whatever." It was cold, man. They just set me up. When I was done, before I walked off stage, I warned the producers, "You better get him out of here before I whup his ass."

Was that when you were taking steroids for *Any Given Sunday*?

I only took creatine for the first few weeks.

After a particularly tense scene, you and LL Cool J got in a brawl. Was everybody having 'roid rages on the field?

Oh, yeah, man. A lot of them were on steroids, but it was this one actor who got them the worst. Most of those guys were doing steroids because they were competing, but this guy was stacking and doing everything and he'd just go nuts. He was real fragile and he'd just get the anger. He'd try to get bad with a couple of guys and they'd have to take him down.

Did Lawrence Taylor impart any of his philosophy to you during the filming?

He did one scene where he almost had everybody in tears, and I went up to him afterward and I was like, "Yo, man, that was a real touching scene. You almost had me cryin'." And he says, "Yeah, I always knew that you had a little bit of bitch in you." That was his philosophy right there.

What was it like partying with Oliver Stone?

Did he go nuts as well?

We had a good time. But let me put it this way, Oliver would have girls from modeling agencies on deck waiting for him.

How about you? Do you have chicks banging down your door?

Somebody told this lady that the only way she was going to get to see Jamie Foxx was if she got naked, so she got naked right in front of my hotel room. She started banging on the door, begging me to let her in, screaming, "Jamie, baby, let me in! The only reason I'm naked is for you." I was watching her through the peephole, and she was fine. But I couldn't let her in because I had my girl with me. So I was like, "I can't let you in, baby girl, I don't know you." But if my girl hadn't been there, damn, I would have let that other girl in, maybe given her some clothes to wear. When I called security, they were all fighting to see who would get to come up and get her.

What's the patented Jamie Foxx sexual maneuver?

Foxx Love. It's all in the piano hands. I start out with a massage, and once I get the massage going, it's pretty much over.

What Hollywood babe would you most like to get with?

Give me Halle Jackson, a cross between Halle Berry and Janet Jackson, but give her a bit of a weight problem.

You like big women... how do you feel about Oprah?

Oprah is sexy to me. I like healthy women. She's making money, doing her own thing.

Would she be your ideal stripper?

Yeah, man, the body is more important to me than the face. I say to my homeys all the time, "Man, is she ugly, but did you see that ass?" I want the girl who's not supposed to be stripping. I want the girl next door; I don't want no professional.

When you go to a strip club, do you go as yourself or incognito?

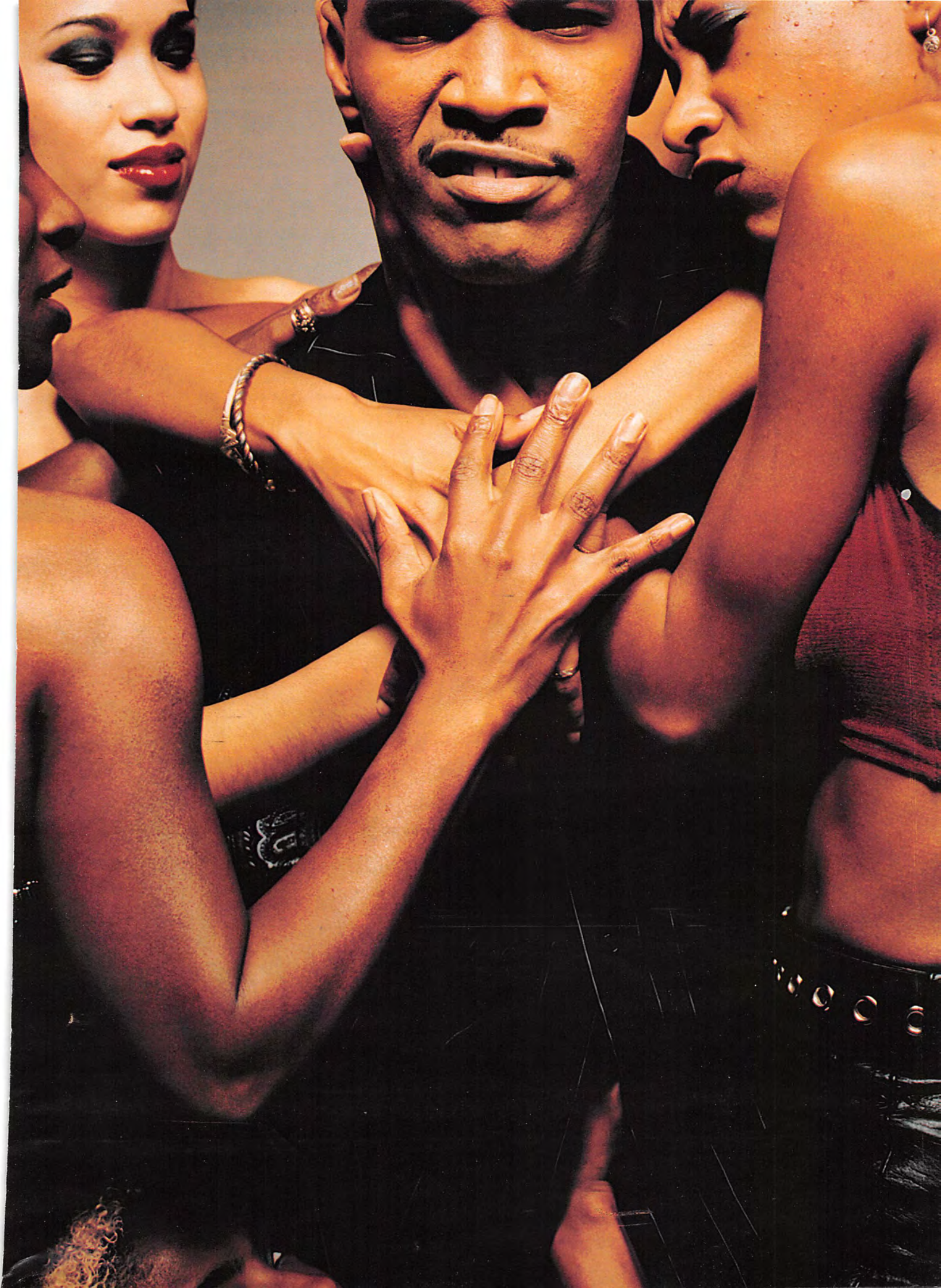
Both, but sometimes I wear this dread wig I got with a hat and sunglasses. I'll put on a pair of sweatpants and just go do my thing. They'll look over at me in the strip clubs and be like, "Who's the bum with all the money?"

What are you going to do 30 years from now when the magic runs out?

I'll be in Vegas, fat and bald and wearing a tuxedo. Or maybe I'll be at a little piano bar with a three-piece piano, standup bass, saxophone, and I'll be tellin' jokes with a space suit on and a little bow-tie while drinkin' a Mars mai tai. And in the background, some thick 21-year-old girls from the local college cheerleading team will be dancing.

Interview by Jimmy Kimmel

Q What Hollywood babe would you most like to get with?
A Give me Halle Jackson, a cross between Halle Berry and Janet Jackson.



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Saturday night may well be all right for a fight, but you better bring a friend if you face off against these plastic pugilists. Ash from *Army of Darkness*, the Shaft character from the new film, Snake Plissken from *Escape from L.A.* and deluxe 18-inch Freddy Krueger with motion-activated sound from *A Nightmare on Elm Street* are aggression in action figure form. Go to Spawn.com to see the rest of McFarlane Toys' Movie Maniacs 3 line for 2000 and find out where to buy them. Spawn.com: more entertaining than a chainsaw at a gun fight.

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IT'S AN ATTITUDE



★ AMERICA'S ★ LEAST WANTED



MIME ★ METER MAID ★ BOUNCER

WHETHER THEY REALIZE IT
OR NOT, NOBODY LIKES THEM!

WE HATE YOU!

Want to earn the disdain of all you meet? Then try one of these occupations

BY JIMMY JELLINEK • ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICK ALLEN • PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES WESTMAN



3PO posed naked for the lesbian street artist

10 METER MAID

Annette Fordyce, Washington

Why do you still ticket a shopper when you see him running toward his car to move it?

He should know better. I've been around long enough to know that it's not shoppers who take up most of the spaces around stores, it's employees. Those people are continually moving their cars like a chain reaction, and they have all the spaces. If it's a real shopper—and I'll check to see if he has packages in his hands—then I might give him a break. But most of them just try to feed me a bunch of bull, and that never works.

What are the most tickets you've handed out in one day?

I wrote 213 tickets in eight hours while working alone. And nobody's ever written more. The guy that usually works with me said, "My God, what did you do on Saturday?" There's never been anybody who's written as many tickets as I have and there never will be. I even wrote my husband a ticket—and he was driving my car.

Do you enjoy writing tickets for repeat offenses?

Oh, absolutely, but at the same time, I'm very scared of those people—some of them can be quite vicious. A guy once grabbed my ticket book out of my hand and slapped me in the face with it. I called the police, and he had to pay a fine for assault and write me a letter of apology.

Do you care that people hate you?

Of course. But ultimately it's their problem, not mine. Nobody gets upset about anything until you hit them in the pocketbook. So we get blamed for their stupidity.

I just have to tell myself, "Hey, he left his car for two-and-a-half hours, not me."

Would you like to take this opportunity to apologize?

At first, I had a hard time living with myself, because I had sympathy for them. But after 25 years, I think I know how to do my job. People treat me rudely, but they'd be a lot better off if they didn't.



Fans went ape at the premiere of *Blair Witch II*

9 DALLAS COWBOYS FAN

Mike Vicki, Connecticut

You're from Connecticut and you root for the Cowboys. You must be the ultimate fair-weather fan.

Screw you, I've liked them the whole time, even during the crap years. Don't ever call me a fair-weather fan. I have Cowboys pumping

through my veins.

Have you ever been to Dallas?

Nope. And it doesn't make a difference, because I've liked them since the late '70s when they were winning. I must have been about eight years old when I first saw them on *Monday Night Football*, and I just got hooked because they were the best.

Aren't the players just a bunch of criminals?

Sure, but that's why I love them. Look, if I was growing up now and I was looking for a sports team, it probably wouldn't be the Cowboys, because they're a bunch of crackheads. But I can't help myself; they're my team and it's just in my blood. And besides, they win Super Bowls. They've been to eight and won five of them.

Do you catch a lot of flak when you wear your Cowboys jersey out to bars?

When they started winning in the mid '90s and we'd go

out to a sports bar to watch the game, people would say, "Oh, you just jumped on the bandwagon. You probably didn't like them when they sucked." And when I go to Giants Stadium to watch the Cowboys beat up on the Giants, I get taunted pretty badly. It's even worse if the Cowboys lose.

Do you care that people hate you?

Yeah, because they think I jumped on the bandwagon. But I don't give a shit; we got the rings and that's all that matters. Why should I waste my time on some loser team just because I happen to live near New York?

Would you like to take this opportunity to apologize?

I'm not going to apologize and I don't owe anybody an explanation. The Cowboys are the greatest team ever created. Anybody who thinks otherwise is just jealous.



The eager young fan emerged from its cocoon



"Gingivitis," said Kevorkian. "Let me help you die"

8 DENTIST

Kenny Peskin, Illinois

Why are your hands always so damn cold?

Because I have a cold heart and ice water running through my veins.

Why do you keep patients waiting forever, forcing them to stare at all those instruments?

Usually, I'm with another patient, trying to do my best for them, and it's not the kind of thing you can just rush through. You wouldn't want me racing through your procedure, would you?

Must you always whisper, "Ah, there's the problem. . . . That's not good," as you're digging around in someone's mouth?

Well, there lies the satisfaction. It comes from a sense of pride that you got the job done. Some

A guy once grabbed my ticket book out of my hand and slapped me in the face with it

days, depending on the mood of my patient, I'll give a full play-by-play.

Can't you buy a quieter drill?

It's only loud to you because it's in your head.

Ever been assaulted by a patient?

Every once in a while, somebody will punch me in the face. They'll just wind up on me. Fortunately, I have the option of sticking an IV in the person's arm and sedating them.

Do you care that people hate you?

Yeah, it's kind of a double whammy. They're pissed off that they have to go through the procedure and they're pissed off that they have to pay for it.

Would you like to take this opportunity to apologize?

Of course I would. Sometimes I don't even like going to work because I know that I'm going to inflict pain on every single person I see throughout the day.



Next year, the hill people would light their fireworks outside

7 LANDLORD

Paul Stallings, New York

Why do tenants always have to wait a week to get something fixed?

If they leave a message for me personally that something hasn't been done, they're not entitled to call me angrily the first time. Three days later when it's still not done, they're entitled to be angry. But they have to give me the opportunity to respond personally before they shout at me.

Is your business making people miserable?

No, I just do what other people won't do. There are people out there in the world who you see, but you don't really have to deal with. Those people have to live someplace—the weird, strange, unpleasant, difficult, obtuse people have to live somewhere. And as a landlord, you get to know those people who the rest of the world has the luxury of walking by and not dealing with. It's not pleasant.

How can you keep raising rent? Folks are going to end up on the street!

It's a business. If I'm overreaching on the rent, then move to where someone isn't overreaching. When the rents go down and the market goes down, I can't argue, because people are going to move unless I lower the rent. So I lower

the rent to keep them as tenants.

Do you care that people hate you?

I always like to tell people when they're interviewing for one of my apartments that if they'd like to go to the building and knock on any door and find someone who really thinks I'm a bad guy or a bad landlord, go right ahead. They can have their money back. But I can always name a couple of people who, no matter what I do, aren't going like me.

Would you like to take this opportunity to apologize?

No, because I'm apologetic by nature and always on the defensive. I can almost count on one hand the number of times when I've actually gone on the offensive and have been angry or said, "You're unreasonable" or "You're a jerk." No matter how unreasonable, I basically lie back and take it.



The Jackal zeroed in on Quincy

6 INTERNET MILLIONAIRE

Josh Harris, New York

How did you wind up an Internet millionaire?

I started with nothing. In fact, negative nothing. I just acted like a banker. I sat on a good idea until its time came along. Then I learned how to start businesses and get money to make money.

Is your good fortune based on the fact that hard-working people invested in your crappy startup?

The people who are the most pissed off at me are the people who bought high and sold low on the stock market. They wanted to have a piece of the pie and they helped fuel my wealth.

Now that you're loaded, do you plan on loafing around, taking vacations and rubbing your cash in people's faces?

Technically, I could, but I'd just go nuts. I work pretty hard. In the past 20 years, I don't think I've ever taken a vacation of substance.

What do you call being in your pajamas at 12:30 in the afternoon, like you are today?

Well, there are certain benefits. I don't have to work if I don't want to.

So have you lost all of your middle-class friends?

They can't do the things I want to do.

I'd love to go fly-fishing with my friends, but they can't go. If I want to go, I just hop in the car. Also, my friends eat regular food; I eat fine quality. None of my best friends can do that at all.

Should people feel sorry for you?

No, it's just a fact of life. Nobody comes around here because they want to see me; they just want my money. I've gained a real appreciation for the problems of the rich.

Do you care that people hate you?

They just think I won the lottery. So if they want to hate me, that's their business.

Would you like to take this opportunity to apologize?

Not really. If I were in Russia, I might apologize, but I'm in a place where this is what you're supposed to do. That's what this country is all about.



LOSERS



"Yes, I'm naked, and my girlfriend is spanking me"

5 CABLE TV CUSTOMER SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE

Glen Wilson, New York

Why do you make subscribers wait around all day for the cable guy to come?

We're not expecting you to stay in all day. If your doctor tells you to come in at two o'clock, most times you sit there well beyond that—and that's your physician. So to fix your cable problem, a four-hour window is not so outlandish.

You folks always seem to be eating a lot and caring very little. Explain.

You just had a bad experience. But it's like anything else. If you go to a mechanic and he cheats you, you'll say all mechanics are crooks when you've only dealt with one.

Do you get your ass chewed by a lot of customers?

Only because they've come home on some hot, crowded train and then they turn on the TV and it's not working. More than anything, I have to play psychiatrist.

Give us a taste of your magic.

An elderly woman whose TV stopped working wasn't happy with the technician. She started to cry, so I put her on hold and went to the supervisor. However, it was impossible for us to accommodate her. I said, "Ma'am, I'm sorry. I've done all I can." And the crying just stopped. She yelled, "What good are you anyway?" and hung up.

Do you care that people hate you? I let it slide. If I took every call personally, I'd be in the wrong business.

Would you like to take this opportunity to apologize?

Absolutely. I'm sorry that they are having a problem. I try to do my best. But I feel I'm making their lives better.

"But I don't need another credit card," whined Caesar



"Captain, I think they put the periscope in wrong"

4 JACKHAMMER GUY

Peter Drozd, New York

Why do you start hammering at 7 a.m.?

I have no choice; the permit dictates when I start. And if it says start at 7 a.m., I start at 7 a.m. Plus, it's hard work and it takes a long time. I have to be done by 6 p.m., and to do that I gotta start early. If I'm not done, I get fined.

Don't you care that folks are sleeping?

No, I don't care. That's why we get the permits, so nobody can say anything.

What would you do if I came to your house and started jackhammering under your window at 7 a.m.?

Nothing, I wouldn't give a crap. I'd know that you have a job to do and that you have to eat.

Do people you've woken up try to stop you?

Every goddamn day between 7 a.m. and 9 a.m., some jerk calls the goddamn police on us. And they come by and hassle us for a while, but we have permits, so they have to leave us alone.

Do people yell at you?

All day long, from the moment I start hammer-

ing until I stop in the afternoon, people are yelling at me. I don't think they know how much this job sucks.

Do you care that people hate you?

Not at all, because one of these days one of those guys is going to have a problem and need us to come and fix it. Well, maybe we won't, or maybe we'll overcharge him.

Would you like to take this opportunity to apologize?

No. We warn them that we'll be working early in the morning until late in the afternoon. But it doesn't matter, they still complain. Look, I even hate this job. But it's my job.



The aliens were probing the wrong hole

3 RADIO DISC JOCKEY

Jamie Garret, Texas

Why are you disc jockeys so damn annoying?

Because the DJ is an egotistical asshole who thinks the whole world revolves around him and his voice.

Why do you do "the voice"?

That's all the DJ has going for him. I try not to, but I can't help it.

Do you realize people don't find you funny?

One guy called in and said, "Man, I've been hoping to hear something funny, but you're just not funny." So I said, "Well, that's cool. We'll see what everyone else thinks." So I put the call

on the air and had a bunch of people call in and tell the guy to go to hell.

Do people call in to say you suck very often?

No, they mostly send e-mails, which seems to be our main complaint center now because people don't have enough balls to say it to me. They're just idiots in the middle of their day, and they're angry that their blah life is not what they want it to be, so they bitch at me.

Do you care that people hate you?

I'm sure there are people out there



Penis hated the metal condom

People think that just because I'm a mime, I can't hear them. When they say I suck, I can hear them

who would just love to slash my tires. But I'm sure it's like that for most DJs.

Would you like to take this opportunity to apologize?

Oh, I would. I feel bad when it's 7:31 in the morning and people have to hear me tell them it's going to be hot and humid.



The blind men guarded the empty corridor

2 BOUNCER

Michael Doto, New York

Do you think you're better than your customers?

Yes, I do. Whether they like it or not, I'm in charge. The bouncer's always above the customer. We have to keep an eye out at all times.

Why must you act like such a tough guy to do your job efficiently?

I'm not wasted like customers are, so maybe it just seems like I'm being uptight. I have to maintain a certain distance. If I acted lenient and fun, they'll just walk all over me.

So you like to fight with the weak?

I'm not getting paid enough for that bullshit. I don't want to fight with anybody; he'd probably press charges. He'd have to hit me, then we'd take him out back and beat the shit out of him. If I don't keep order, people are going to complain or somebody is going to wind up getting hurt. Just recently, some dude sucker punched me right in the nose when I wasn't looking.

Do you enjoy embarrassing people by tossing them out?

It certainly breaks up the evening. You get guys standing on the bar in their boxers like they're hot shit, putting on a show. We just wait for those guys to screw up. I know the minute someone walks through the door whether or not we're going to toss him out. We just wait.

Do you care that people hate you?

Sometimes you tell people that you're a bouncer and automatically they think that you're a thug. But I'm not going to get all paranoid about it. They're the ones acting like dicks. This is my job, and if they don't let me do it properly, there will be trouble. The only thing I really worry about is if somebody I've tossed out is going to come back with all of his buddies and some kind of weapon.

Would you like to take this opportunity to apologize?

Why should I apologize for people acting stupid? I'm sure they did something to deserve it.



Jacko made Bubbles do "dirty" poses

1 MIME

Wesley Brainerd,

Oklahoma

Why won't you just speak already?

If somebody's dying and in need of medical attention, I wouldn't just stand there like, "Sorry, can't talk." But when I don the black and white, I choose to be in silence. It's not that I'm against words. It's that

I can say what can't be said. I can communicate in one gesture what would take a whole book to convey. But there are times I'll talk if it's absolutely necessary. My art serves

Although ugly, the geisha knew card tricks

me, I don't serve my art.

Why clown around as a mime? Isn't it a bit last-century?

First off, I'm a mime, not a clown; that is the ultimate insult. You don't ever want to be a clown. Marcel Marceau doesn't believe in clowning around. I studied with Marcel, so I learned to express myself this way. He wants you to move with poetry.

How hard can it be to climb an imaginary rope?

You can't just go down to the YMCA and take a mime class. People don't realize how difficult it is. There are tons of copycats, but to be truly great, you want style and grace. Purchasing a Marcel Marceau videotape and studying it will not make you ready for the street corner, it will just make you an inferior performer.

You must realize that you get on people's nerves?

Sure. I was once following this

guy around, and he turned to me and yelled, "I'm going to punch you in the mouth if you don't leave me alone." So I left. I'm not going to go where I'm not wanted.

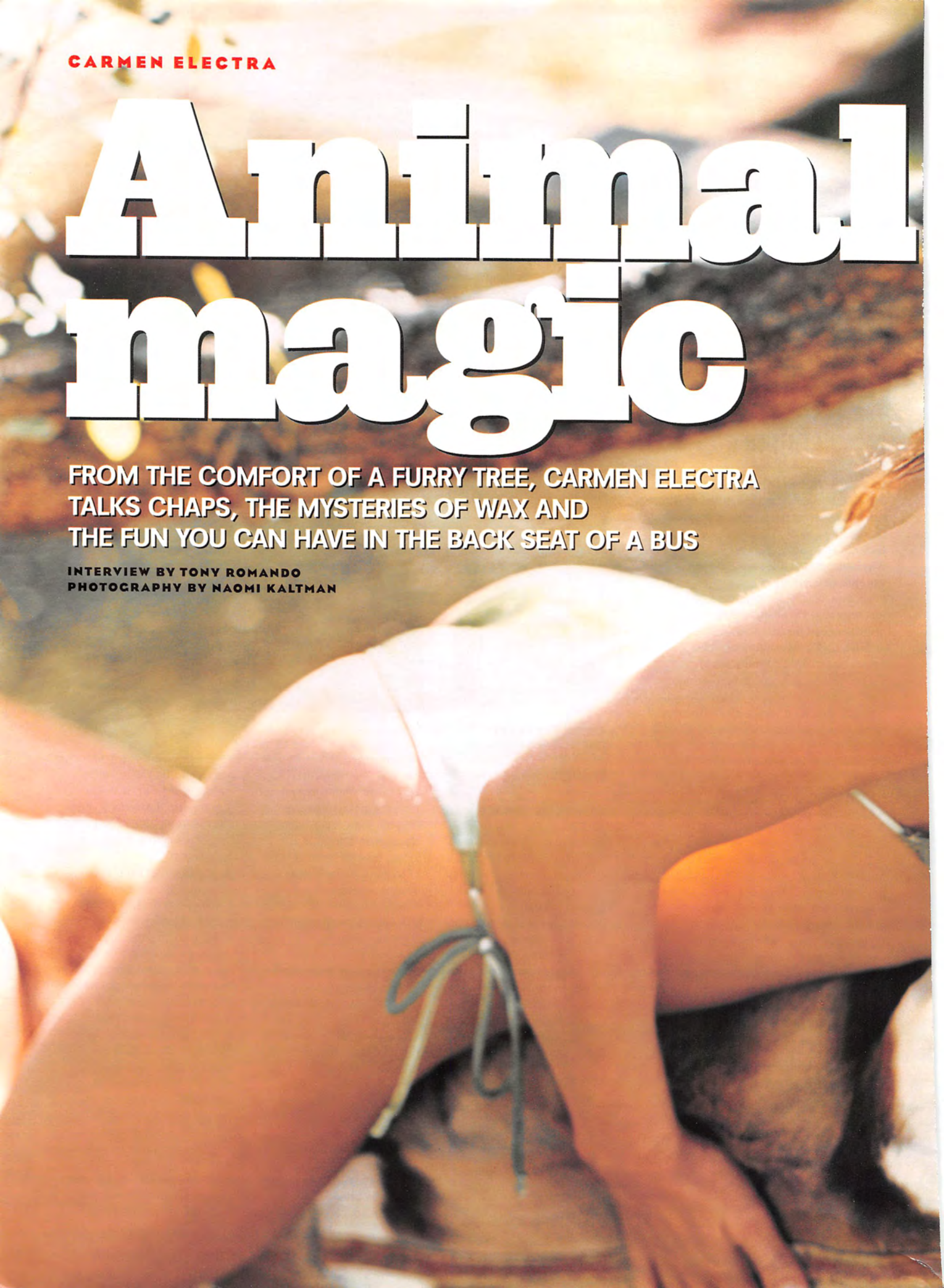
Do you care that people hate you?

It really hurts because people think that just because you're a mime, you can't hear what they're saying. Well, I'm not a big stuffed animal. I'm not inanimate. And when you walk past me and say that I suck or that you hate mimes, I can definitely hear you.

Would you like to take this opportunity to apologize?

What for? Since the ancient Greek performer who lost his voice and had to perform in silence, the obligation of the mime has been true. I choose to work in silence. And if people don't like what I do, they should give me a chance to turn around their preconceptions. **FHM**





CARMEN ELECTRA

Animal magic

**FROM THE COMFORT OF A FURRY TREE, CARMEN ELECTRA
TALKS CHAPS, THE MYSTERIES OF WAX AND
THE FUN YOU CAN HAVE IN THE BACK SEAT OF A BUS**

**INTERVIEW BY TONY ROMANDO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY NAOMI KALTMAN**



CARMEN ELECTRA

I'M ATTRACTED TO
SOMEONE WHO WILL
JUST THROW ME
DOWN AND TAKE
CONTROL. I LOVE
FEELING HELPLESS

A

t some point toward the end of this century, old, whiskery men will sit in the shade of a mighty oak talking about the things that sent the blood coursing through their veins as young men. And before their hatchet-faced nurses wheel them sourly back to the ward, their ancient brains will stir with memories of the excellent, pulse-enhancing movies that filled the summer of 2000. But their geriatric conversation will not recall the thrilling swordsmanship and head-severing abilities of the gladiator Maximus, or the boiling Atlantic and its ship-swallowing tricks that made it the star of *The Perfect Storm*. Instead, their thoughts will instantly settle—causing their blankets to gently rise—on the moment when Carmen Electra, unencumbered by excessive clothing, pitter-pattered her way through the refreshing shower of a garden sprinkler, in a vain attempt to avoid a lunatic with a hook. Barely able to recall their own names, the image of Carmen in white lingerie dashing through the garden is as fresh and clear to them as if they had witnessed it as recently as breakfast time.

Rewind back to today. The explosive impact of Carmen Electra's scene-stealing sprint in the horror spoof *Scary Movie* has helped propel the flick to the biggest opening for an R-rated movie in Hollywood history. So just at a time when the public was finally starting to grow weary of hearing about her brief yet colorful marriage to "difficult" basketball star and all-around showoff Dennis Rodman, she's forced her way back into the spotlight with a performance that will echo down the centuries.

Now that she is back at the head of the parade, the 27-year-old former *Baywatch* star is planning her next attack on the American pulse. "My next film role is another cameo," she says. "I play a dominatrix. . . . It's cool because I'm into aggressive sex." Nurse!

Do you spend a lot of time on the high plains rustling cattle in your underwear?

No. I'm not really into horses. And the ranch was weird and scary. When we showed up, they were shooting a porno in the barn. There were beds outside and little sets everywhere where they shoot the porn. I wanted to watch, but unfortunately, we didn't get done with our shoot in time. They brought some of the porn stars over to meet me. They were sweet girls.

STYLING BY DEBORAH WAKNIN FOR JUDY CASEY INC.; HAIR & MAKEUP BY ERIC BARNARD FOR I NUOVO/CLOUTIER; OPENING SPREAD: BIKINI BY ELIZABETTA ROGIANI; THIS PAGE: BIKINI TOP BY FRANKIE B., PRIVATE COLLECTION, SHORTS CUSTOM MADE BY FILTH MART; OPPOSITE PAGE: TOP BY DKNY, LEATHER PANTS BY FRANKIE B.



CARMEN ELECTRA

**I THINK WOMEN ARE
INCREDIBLY SEXY. BUT
THE PROBLEM HAS
ALWAYS BEEN THAT
WOMEN TRY TO FORCE
THEMSELVES ON ME**



Were they also parading around in chaps?

No, robes. Before today, I don't think I've ever worn chaps. I think they're really sexy, but normally I wouldn't parade around in them. There are very few people who can get away with wearing chaps without it being too scary.

Is running naked through your front-lawn sprinkler a big part of your life?

When I was 17, I had a Slip'N Slide. My two girlfriends and I were hanging out one night and we decided to get crazy. We stripped down to our panties—topless and everything—and started sliding across the yard on the Slip'N Slide. It was cool.

Do you often find yourself frolicking with naked women in the dark?

All I get is women trying to pick me up. I was recently at a party, and Leonardo DiCaprio was there hanging out and talking to three gorgeous women. The girls saw me, left Leo, and were all over me. Later on that evening, Leo walked up to me and said, "That was crazy. The girls I was with ditched me for you." But no, I've never had a sexual experience with a woman.

Are you morally opposed to an experience of that nature?

Not at all. I've never been afraid of my sexuality. I think women are incredibly sexy. But with me, the problem's always been that women try to force themselves on me and I don't like that. It's gonna have to happen naturally and beautifully, not planned or forced. I'm not against it at all. But see what I mean? Just look at those girls over there at the bar. They've been leering and smiling at me for the past two hours.

Was getting married to Dennis Rodman a stunt, or did that come naturally?

We had already been dating for a year when he called me from Vegas and asked if I would join him. He sent a private jet. There was something dangerous and exciting about him. We partied at the Hard Rock and then I went to bed. The next thing I know, he wakes me up at 5:30 in the morning and goes, "Stand up, stand on the bed." So I'm standing on the bed and we're eye to eye, because he's 6-8 and I'm 5-4. It was the sweetest moment, and he's probably gonna kill me for saying it, but his eyes were watery and he looks at me and goes, "Let's go get married. Let's go do it right now, let's go get married." I was like, "Yeah, let's do it." Then we cried. I know Dennis is a little crazy sometimes, but I really had a chance to get to know the down-to-earth Dennis, the sweet side of him. I've always fantasized about having a perfect family, but we turned out more like The Addams Family than The Brady Bunch.

How was the honeymoon? More importantly, is he truly a large man?

We're very sexually compatible. As for large, you'll have to see it for yourself sometime. I wonder where that rumor started? I'm an honest person, but I don't want to hurt my friend and put his business out there by answering honestly, so I'd rather not say anything at all.

Were you crushed when he divorced you?

I divorced him. I received a call from Dennis the day after the wedding—I had to leave Vegas for a calendar shoot—and he goes, "You're not gonna

like this one." And I go, "What now, Dennis?" "My manager released a statement to the press saying that I was drunk and didn't know what I was doing." He fired his agent for me, but I still took that hard. I know what's real and what happened and that's all that really matters, but it got a little weird after that. I felt like things weren't completely right and we needed to end it. I just thought, "This has got to stop." So a few months after that, I called him to tell him I wanted a divorce. I wanted to at least give him that respect. This conversation is like therapy.

Are you still friends?

Of course. I tamed Dennis as much as anyone could. He's still chasing me—all the time. I just had a birthday and a bunch of my friends, including Dennis, went to Vegas. And he was asking me to marry him again. I said no. He asks me all the time. He just called me an hour ago and asked me to marry him.

Speaking of marriage, what makes a great butt?

Genetics. A good ass should be nice and round and firm. And it doesn't necessarily have to be so tan. I think waxing is dope. There's a place I go called Pink Cheeks and it has this thing called Playboy Wax. It's amazing. I walk in, take my underwear off and lay down on a table. I do a position from ballet where I raise my foot and put it on the inside of my knee. The woman waxes me—she's incredible. I turn around, I get on my hands and knees and she waxes my ass. There's nothing like getting waxed, I'm telling you. My roommate, she has a bigger ass. We call her "Big Booty." So when she gets it done, they have to spread her ass to get at the hair. She doesn't really have to go that far to get mine.

Word on the street is that David Hasselhoff refuses to shave his hairy chest but waxes his man-action.

I haven't heard about that. But I was on Howard Stern, and Jon Bon Jovi called in and he was talking about how he's waxing now, and Howard's interested in waxing. It adds to sex 110 percent. I get a better sensation when I'm having sex or doing anything. I think if a man had his woman do it for him, it could be fun. And I would love to wax my man. I think it could be very erotic. Some people like pain and would probably be really into that. I think it would be fun to wax each other. I can actually have an orgasm from wearing tight jeans and driving a car. There's no hair, so I'm completely sensitive.

Isn't that a bit dangerous at 65 mph?

If I'm wearing a pair of tight jeans and I have a nice wax it is. I actually have a story about my very first orgasm. I was 12 years old and I was taking the bus to school. This was when we wore our jeans so tight. I remember I was really, really tired, it was early in the morning, and I was leaning forward with my hands up against the seat and my head leaning against my hands. And I started to fall asleep. But all of a sudden, my mouth dropped, and I couldn't make any noises because I was on this bus with a bunch of kids. So I was just holding this feeling inside of me. I think it was because of the tight jeans and the way the bus was bouncing, and I just... that was the first orgasm I



WAXING ADDS TO
SEX 110 PERCENT.
I WOULD LOVE TO
WAX MY MAN. I
THINK IT COULD
BE VERY EROTIC

ever had. And I just remember everyday, I would wear the tight jeans and sit in the same seat, but I couldn't get that feeling again.

Should that worry men? Should they buy their women baggy cargo pants?

Not really, though women do have orgasms at the weirdest times in the weirdest places. One of my best friends—she has an orgasm every time she takes Tae-Bo. She starts to have it in class, so she runs out to finish it off. Ten minutes later, we're going, "You're missing class," and she's like, "I had to leave. I had an orgasm."

Have you kept in touch with any of the folks from *Baywatch*?

No. I didn't go to the reunion. I couldn't imagine it would be that much fun. I do love Yasmine Bleeth though. We got drunk together at a party and she's, like, the coolest girl ever. There was a huge party at this mansion and I'm sitting at the bar. I buzz easy, so I wasn't drinking. She ordered a shot of vodka for both of us. She's like, "Come on," and I looked at her and said, "No, that's OK." And she said, "You're not being a wimp, are you?" And that's all I needed to hear. She called me out. So I took the shot and I was like, "OK, this is cool. I'm not feeling anything yet." She ordered another one and I'm like, "Oh, my God, what am I going to do?" So it was Carmen against Yasmine. I was like, "OK, I gotta hang. I gotta hang in the mix." So it was the third shot, and I didn't know what was going on. She got drunk, lost her shoe and fell into a bush.

Obviously liquor isn't the key to your heart. What is?

I'm more attracted to a stronger man rather than a feminine man. Someone who would just throw me down and take control. I love feeling helpless. I haven't been talked dirty to in so long. I feel like a nun. I'm so boring. But I definitely like a man who is aggressive and confident. I like aggressive sex. I love that. For some interesting reason, I also like a guy who has a little bit of a belly. I think that's really cute.

Is that all?

It's fun to role-play. I would make him dress up in all black and wear a mask. And I would be in my house and he would break in and be a burglar—like a real burglar. Then he totally ties me up and takes advantage of me. That would just be amazing. But I would know it's my boyfriend, obviously. I would never want that to really happen; that's a horrible experience.

Now that your old pal has changed his name back to Prince, will you change yours back to Tara Patrick?

I feel like Tara and Carmen are two different people. Tara is a side of me that's more sweet, insecure, innocent and down-to-earth. Carmen is the stronger side of me. I've really neglected the soft side of me. I'm trying to get back to it.

Maybe Tara Electra?

I don't think that sounds too good. If I go back, I'm just going to have to go back the whole way. I'm trying to change for the better in a lot of ways. It's so sad when you lose your innocence. I feel like I only have a little bit left and I don't want to lose it. **FHM**

Robert DeNiro

Ben Stiller



Falling in love with the girl of his dreams was easy.
Now comes the hard part...

Meet the Parents

From the director of "Austin Powers"

UNIVERSAL PICTURES AND DREAMWORKS PICTURES PRESENT A NANCY TENENBAUM FILMS AND A TRIBECA PRODUCTION A JAY ROACH FILM ROBERT DE NIRO BEN STILLER "MEET THE PARENTS"
BY THE DANNER TERI POLO JAMES REBHORN JON ABRAHAMS AND OWEN WILSON MUSIC BY RANDY NEWMAN MUSIC SUPERVISOR RANDALL POSTER CASTING BY ELLEN CHENOWETH COSTUME DESIGNER DANIEL ORLANDI EDITOR JON POLL
PRODUCTION DESIGNER RUSTY SMITH DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY PETER JAMES ACS, ASC PRODUCED BY NANCY TENENBAUM AND JANE ROSENTHAL ROBERT DE NIRO JAY ROACH STORY BY GREG GLIENNA & MARY RUTH CLARKE
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COMING SOON

www.meettheparents.com

NYPD SCUBA DIVER

Diving specialist Steve Bienkowski on drug smugglers, failed suicides and floating body parts

What's the visibility like in the Hudson and East Rivers?

You can't see anything down there. The minute you get to the bottom, it's black; you may as well be diving in crude oil.

What kinds of jobs come across your desk?

Our most important function is water rescue, but we also do evidence recovery where if somebody commits a crime and is seen throwing evidence in the water, like a gun or a knife or what have you, we go in and find it.

Which calls do you most dread?

Looking for someone who's drowned. The most dreadful thing is the thought of finding him and his not making it. Location is everything; people oftentimes don't give you the right information. They say, "I saw him go down right there." But he didn't go down right there. He may have come up for air there, but the current was going out, so now they gave us the wrong location. And we have no visibility, so it's going to take a lot longer to find him.

How long does an investigation or a search last?

It varies. The longest was TWA Flight 100; we did that for 96 days from July 17 to November 11. We got 11 bodies. We were working with the US Navy and a couple of other dive teams. When we finished, four were still missing, but the commercial fishing dredgers inadvertently got them after we left. That job was as bad a job as you can have. Those people were totally innocent. It wasn't a suicide, they weren't drug dealers or killed because of the profession they chose. There were toys and things you'd pack to go on vacation floating in the water.

Do you get counseling after a search like that?

You know, the police department sends us counselors, but we're our own best counselors. The people they send have no idea what we do.

What is the worst job you've been on?

There was this child who submerged off Orchard Beach, and from the time we got the job until the time the child was found was 12 minutes—unbelievable. They got him on the first dive; aviation was right there, so they were flying the kid to the hospital within minutes. We thought, "Great job. The kid's going to live." What we didn't know was his family had looked for him for half an hour before they called us. If they'd called right away, we could've saved him. As it was, they revived him and he lived for a few days, but that was it.

And the best?

We get a lot of great rescues. You see the looks of horror on people's faces, like, "The boat is sinking, and I have my whole family with me,"

and we come in with the helicopter, and they're like, "Oh, man, this is over with. The cavalry is here." It feeds your soul when you pull somebody from the water and give him another shot.

How long are you under water on each dive?

Usually 45 minutes to an hour. In January and February, we can only last 30 minutes. We wear dry suits, but we use wet-suit gloves because they give you a better sense of touch. So your hands are freezing. Some guys put Vaseline on their hands to keep out the cold or put their gloves in the microwave to get a few extra minutes.

How big is the scuba team?

There are 30 of us to cover the entire city—146 square miles of waterfront and 576 miles of shoreline, plus ponds, lakes and reservoirs. We work three days of 12-hour tours—two days on the boat and one in the helicopter on air-sea rescue—then we get three days off.

Which bridge is most popular for suicides?

The Brooklyn Bridge. It's one of the lowest in the city, and you have pedestrian access.

What's your role in a suicide case?

We let the emergency services do their job of trying to talk the person down. If he does end up in the water and the helicopter is there, they'll jump out and grab him. And we have divers on the boat to get him when he lands. It's drowning, not the fall, that kills people. We had one guy jump from the Brooklyn Bridge, and he didn't even have a bruise.

Is it true that a couple of cops once found a body, then got a boat and dragged it a few blocks down so that another precinct had to deal with it?

People are always saying that, but it makes no difference—we are a support unit for 75 precincts. Sometimes you find a body and if you pick it up the wrong way it will fall apart, so we drag it in what's called a Stokes Basket. So people may have seen us dragging the body for that reason.

Do you investigate the death if you find a body, or pass it on to land-locked detectives?

We work in coordination with whatever precinct covers the area. They tell us what they know, and we'll go see what we can find. Then we hand it over to them, whether it's a body, body parts or a weapon. Most people don't even know the police department has divers, so when someone throws a gun in the water, he thinks there's no chance it's going to end up in court with him.

Do you always come up with the evidence you've been asked to find?

Mostly. Sometimes we come up with too much. Oftentimes we'll be looking for a gun, say a .357 nickel-plated four-inch barrel, and we'll come up with a blue 9 millimeter.

What are the most guns you've come up with

before you found the right one?

Three years ago in Flushing Meadows Park in Queens, we found 22 guns before we got the right one. Then there was an investigation of the murder of a reporter for a South American magazine, and I think it was more than that.

Do you get involved in drug investigations?

We are cross-designated US Customs officers. US Customs in New York doesn't have divers, so they use us to search boats in the harbor.

What was your biggest haul?

The Bright Eagle in 1990; our divers found 460 kilos of cocaine. A colleague told me it was just a routine search. He was swimming under the hull feeling for packages, and he looked up and there were two men looking back down at him. What they do is climb up past the rudder post and stow away in the rudder compartment with a little rubber boat. When they get to the States, they jump down and paddle to shore with their drugs. The captain never knows they're on the boat.

Are you armed?

We have weapons designed to go in the water with us, but none of us have had to use them.

Is it dangerous?

My own little drama was when I was looking for body parts in the North Cove Marina. Somebody had found a foot floating over there, and we were trying to find the rest of the body. Anyhow, I swam under the landfill. I thought the sea wall went all the way down, but there's a tunnel for water to cool all the computers in the World Trade Center. I didn't even know it existed. I tried coming up, but I was in this cement cubicle. So I went down, tried again and hit another one. I had no light, so I couldn't tell how much air I had left.

Can you catch diseases from the water?

There are some ponds in the city that are just breeding hatcheries for bacteria—they're like science projects. There are all kinds of debris down there: cars, shopping carts, bicycles, you name it. Sometimes we get tangled and get a rip in our suits, so we do get exposed to the water.

Do you often see turds floating around?

Unfortunately, yes. We were searching for a state trooper who was missing off Randall's Island, and I brought up a license plate from a car we found. As I was on the surface, I was swallowing water and there were all these tiny little BB-size balls in it. It just so happened we were by the sewage plant, so you know what I was swallowing.

Do you have slang for floaters?

No, but we do for condoms. We call them Coney Island whitefish.

Would you eat a fish from a New York City river?

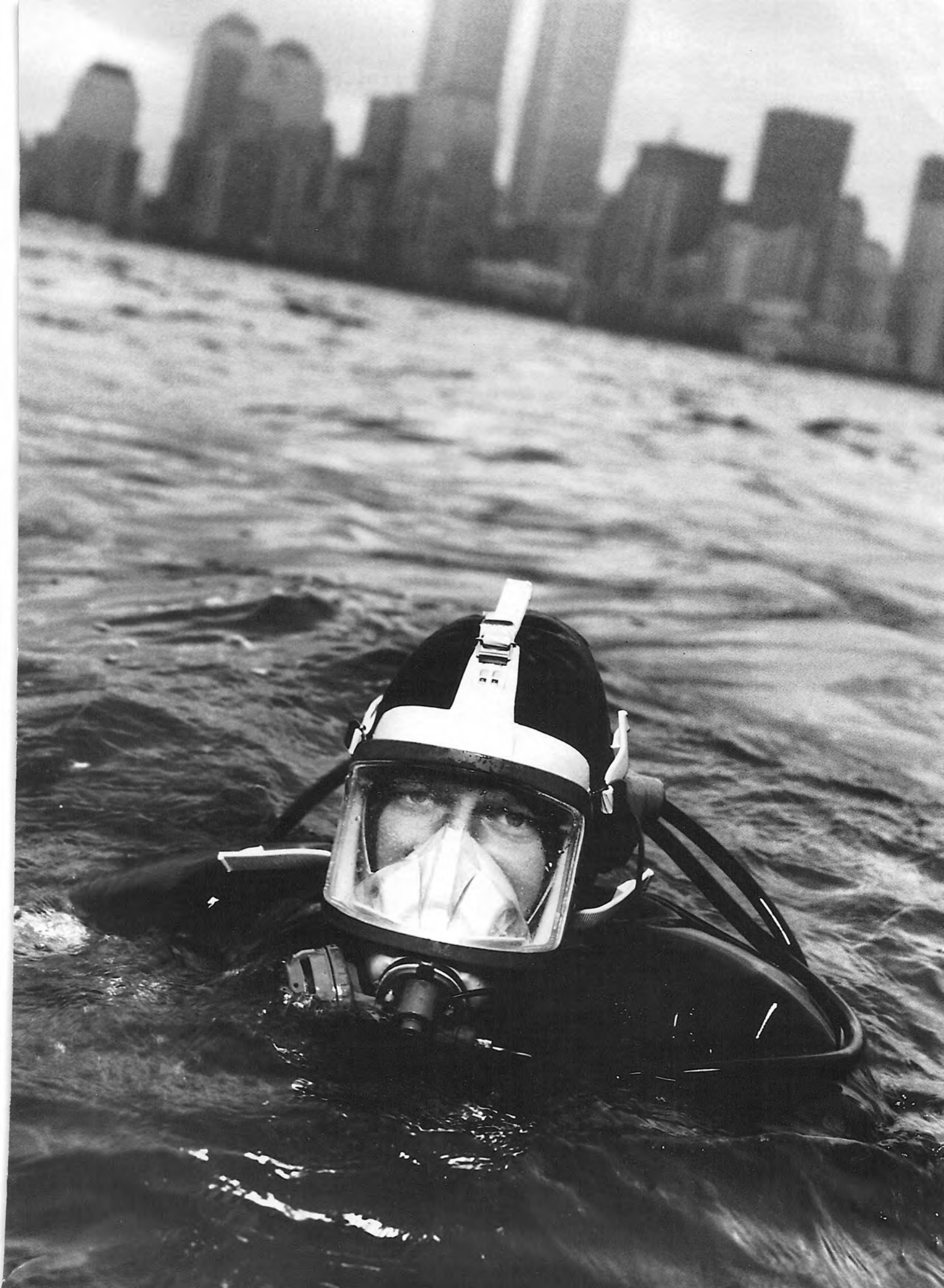
No. Not me.

Do you see a lot of rats or nasty beasties?

Just the alligators from the sewers. Only kidding.

Interview by Bridget Freer

Photograph by Len Irish



ROCKS. TONIC. JUICE. MAGIC.



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FHM fashion

OCTOBER 2000 - REVEALED AND EXPLAINED

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VICTOR YUAN





CONTEST

LEATHER PLEASURE

The traditional bomber jacket may look cool, but it's no fun when the cheap elastic bunches up at your waist. That's not the case with this heavy-duty leather jacket by Tommy Jeans. It's great to wear when you're braving the streets—articulated shoulders give you

padding for when you hit the asphalt, and the deep zippered pockets will keep those wads of cash secure. Perforated strips under the arms and along the sides add interest. The leather jacket by Tommy Jeans retails for \$395. Call 800-798-8858 for store locations.

WIN!

We have three Tommy Jeans jackets (two large and one medium) to give away. If you'd like to be one of the lucky three to win, send us a photo of your current pathetic outerwear and make sure it gets to us before November 1, when we'll be choosing the winners. Remember to include your size. Write to Tommy Jeans Competition, FHM, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. See page 207 for official rules.



SUIT YOURSELF

DKNY makes shopping easier for musclemen and circus freaks alike

Guys built like cartoon pretty boy Johnny Bravo may have some difficulty finding suits that fit right—until now that is. DKNY's System 3 offers suits that are sold as separates, with pants that

come finished in either trendy flat-front or traditional pleated. Another benefit is that you get three looks in one: Wear the suit together, or mix each piece with other tops and bottoms, without looking like a dweeb in a "suit jacket" or "suit pants." The DKNY System 3 jacket retails for \$275, and the pants go for \$100. In navy, charcoal and black at select DKNY stores.

CARRYALL

Wallet wizardry

Retailer offers fuss-free way to stash cash and cards

If your wallet is as overstuffed as George Costanza's beehive on *Seinfeld*, check out J.Crew's magic wallet, which provides not only a sleeker way to carry around your ID, credit cards and cash when you're out on the town, but

also a little entertainment for the ladies. Place the business card of the babe you're trying to impress inside the wallet, then close it and open from the reverse side. Presto! Her business card is now secured under

the elastic straps. Now in faux lizard, the J.Crew magic wallet retails for \$25 and is available at J.Crew stores nationwide.



FOOTWEAR

Comfy kicks

Revolutionary sneakers ditch the hefty add-ons

When packed with technological gizmos, sneakers can feel more like cement blocks than something you'd wear to go running. Nike's colorful new Air Presto is about to change all that. The lightweight, foam-like material makes you feel as if you're walking around in your socks, and the colorful plastic support cage custom-fits the shoe to your foot. The Nike Air Presto retails for \$85 and is available by logging on to www.nike.com.



FASHION AID

CYBER-STYLE

Another step closer to living like George Jetson

While the new "business casual" trend has freed you from a constricting suit and tie, you now know how your fashion-victim girlfriend feels when she complains that she has nothing to wear. Fortunately for you, smartcasual.com, a new Web site launching this October, makes getting dressed for work that much easier. When you register with the site, simply answer a few questions about your personal style, and Smartvalet—the only engine on the Web that can match cool threads

to your personal preferences—will serve up outfits that not only go together, but are available in your size. Claiborne, Perry Ellis and Lacoste are just a few of the brands available. If you're nervous about



shopping without your woman's approval, just click on the "e-mail to significant other" button and see what she thinks. If she approves of your choice, you're home free. If not, it's back to square one.

ESSENTIAL OINTMENTS

NEXT-DAY NECESSITIES

The boss doesn't need to know you have a such a wild side

You might have spent the better part of your weekend attached to a barstool, but you don't have to look like it come Monday morning.

Surface by Aramis, a new line of grooming products for men, is a post-raver emergency kit with fast results.

If the Pillsbury Dough Boy sees more sun than you do, try

Surface's Healthy Look Gel. A safer bet than a self-tanner, it gives you an instant boost of color but blends in so well that it's virtually impossible to leave streaks or lines.

To get rid of the embarrassing glare on your nose and forehead, rub on Shine Erasing Gel and watch as silica microspheres absorb

the excess oil, leaving you shine-free. The Skin Smoothing Gel acts like an invisible second skin by filling in

wrinkles to create a younger appearance, while the Optimizing Skin Cream uses blue reflectors and mirror spheres to diffuse light so you look healthy and well-rested. Surface products retail for between \$20 to \$25 each and are available at Barneys, Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman Marcus, Bloomingdale's and Macy's West stores.



Jason Lee

Versatile actor Jason Lee on the downfall of MTV, desperate skater kids and the New York-actor-guy look

As an actor or a professional skateboarder, what's the craziest thing that's ever happened to you with a fan?

It happened when I was a skateboarder. When you tour the country, you see a lot of skater kids who go to demonstrations. These kids usually want you to give them stuff, and one kid said, "Give me a skateboard and I'll let you sleep with my girlfriend."

Did you sleep with her?

No, and I didn't give him the skateboard. I got a kick out of it though. This guy was so desperate to get his hands on a skateboard without having to pay for one. And his girlfriend was right there.

Changing the subject, is there anything you've ever worn that you'd be mortified to wear now?

When I was younger, I'd wear the pegged-in, baggy Jimmy's pants with weird designs on them in those fluorescent '80s colors. And I'd wear a purple Jimmy's beret that would go off to one side, and bicycle gloves.

What's your style now?

I wear a lot of Diesel jeans. A lot of T-shirts. A lot of Clarks shoes. I wear those new New Balance sneakers, and I got some funky BW sport sneakers from Germany at American Rag that apparently Helmut Lang has now. I don't wear suits, but I'm not "slob guy" either.

What's the sexiest thing you've ever seen a woman wear?

My wife used to wear this tight, blue velvet dress, like the one in *Blue Velvet*. She usually doesn't wear stuff like that, so it was awesome.

I hear you're just as enthusiastic about your cars.

I'm such a car nut. All my cars are silver. I have an SUV I drive every day, the new Honda S2000 sports car that they just came out with and a Suburban to tow around my 1972 BMW 2002 race car.

Where do you race an antique like that?

There are these vintage auto-racing associations I'm going to start racing in. It's cool because it's not about mullets and Bud Light. You race against other guys in Mini Coopers and old MGs and Austin Heals; guys who are really into these old vintage British cars and race them just for the fun of it.

Do things get ugly if you sideswipe another guy's Austin Healy?

Well, then you're kind of screwed, but there are ways to fix it. And because there's no money at stake, people aren't that competitive.

Have you ever gotten in an accident?

Not in my race car, but I've had many skateboarding. I've snapped my wrist in half, sliced open my

Q What's the sexiest thing you've ever seen a woman wear?

A My wife used to wear this tight, blue velvet dress, like the one in *Blue Velvet*.

kind of rocker would you be?

Well, I actually play music with my friends in the studio at my house. It's really experimental electronic music. We did this one song with a heavy beat and this dark organ music. Then we added the pope talking in Latin and these women moaning, which we sampled from a porno we had rented.

Who is the coolest rocker out there?

Beck. I think he and Bjork are the two most influential musicians we have now, in that they're bringing what they're doing to the mainstream. Which is amazing because right now mainstream is 'N Sync and the Backstreet Boys.

So you're not a Britney Spears worshipper?

Music right now is horrible. People are losing their standards. I mean, Britney Spears hosted *Saturday Night Live*! All those fuckers on that show make fun of people like her, but they booked her anyway to boost their ratings.

What do you think of the jokers over at MTV?

I hate MTV. They've been responsible for ruining

skin and sprained both my ankles many times. Once, I fractured my pelvis. I was goofing around on this ramp—it was only five feet high—and my board hit the top and stuck, and I slammed onto the ground. I landed right on my pelvis.

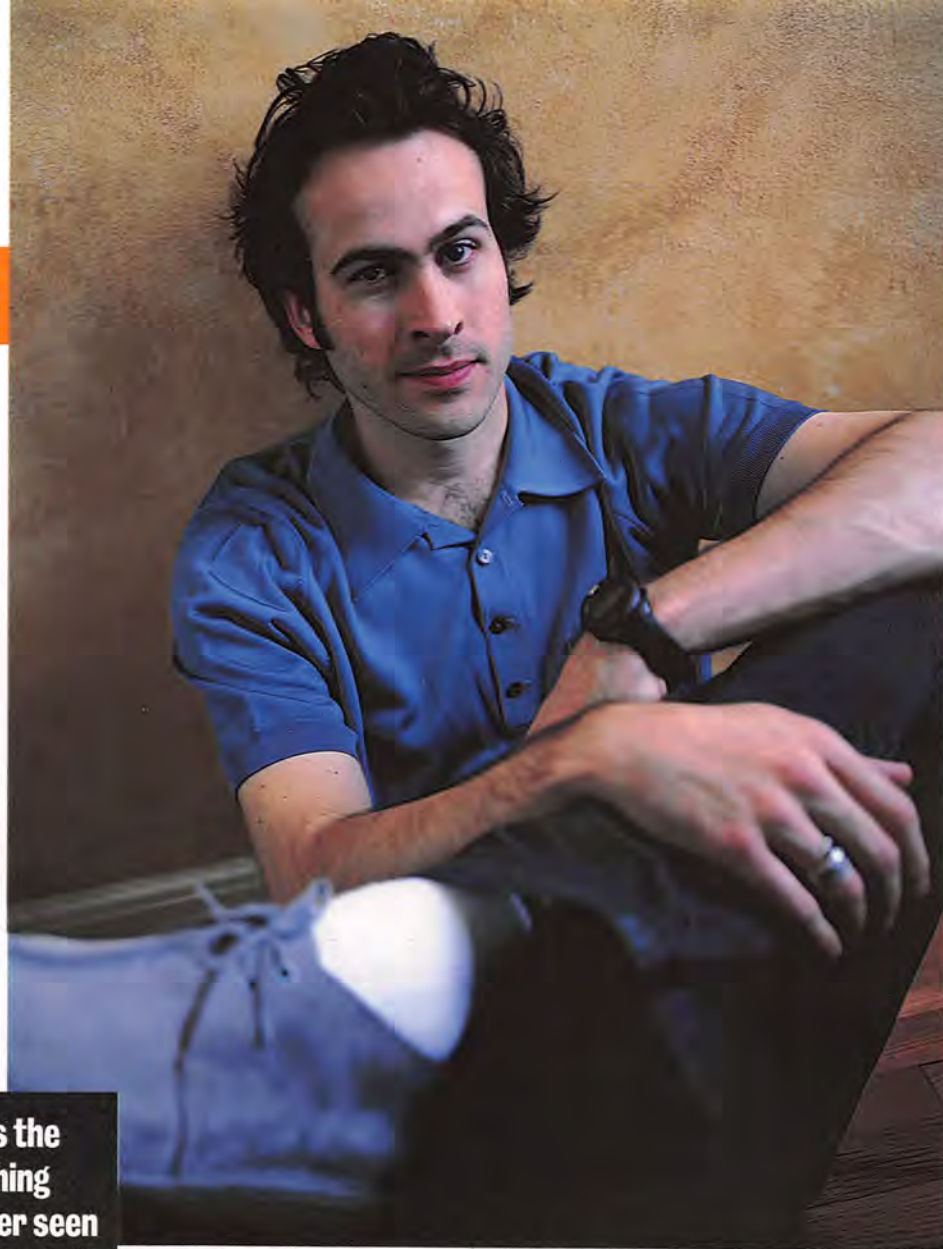
Based on your experience with Cameron Crowe's new movie about a 1970s rock band, what

music on so many levels. Their philosophy is, "We're a big corporate company now and we never play videos and we do stupid fucking shows that have nothing to do with music." The channel is called Music Television. MTV realized most Americans don't care about Bjork and those kinds of bands. Most people want to hear jock music that pumps them up when they're getting drunk at some party trying to rape some girl. I can say that because I went to high school in Orange County, CA. The jock dated the head cheerleader. He drove the Iroc-Z28 and she drove the cutesy little white Volkswagen Rabbit and I was the dirty skater who'd get picked on and used to make people laugh.

What's the most embarrassing fashion trend in Hollywood right now?

The worst is the actor-guy look. You know, with the suit with the shirt underneath with, like, four buttons undone and the collar and the cuffs outside of the suit jacket. That look actually made a comeback because Sean Penn popularized it, and then it became this cool New York-actor-guy look. It's one thing to work as an actor, but it's another to constantly dress like it and act like it, with the cigarettes and everything. In the end, though, it's fashion. And there are trends in fashion, so people want to wear what everyone else is wearing, but I don't really buy into it. I'm satisfied with my small closet of T-shirts and thrift-store clothes and jeans.

Interview by Elisabeth Dick



RAY KACHATORIAN; VINTAGE SHIRT, JEANS BY DIESEL, SHOES BY CLARKS ENGLAND



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fashion

INVEST GREAT MENSWEAR THAT WON'T BLOW YOUR BUDGET



THE LEATHER JACKET, \$350

Call 800-277-8953

This leather jacket from Banana Republic stands out from the rest, thanks to its slick construction and funky details. Cut like a blazer, this jacket instantly dresses up a basic T-shirt and jeans for a night on the town. The raw edges give it a cool, unfinished look while the turquoise suede ensures that the ladies will do a double take when you walk by.

THE BELT, \$28

Call 800-427-7895

or log on to

www.gap.com

With all the flashy options out there, it can be difficult to find a good basic belt that doesn't bore you to tears. This suede belt from the Gap is a stylish alternative. The thickness will draw attention, while the rough texture gives it a rugged feel.

THE SWEATER, \$48

Call 888-232-4535

or log on to

www.ae.com

Looking sharp for a stroll with your girlfriend can pose a few problems this fall. A long-sleeve T-shirt can look too casual, but a wool sweater is too damn hot.

That's why you need American Eagle's cotton mock-turtleneck sweater. The vertical ribbing is flattering to

almost any body type, and the elbow pads add a sporty touch.

THE SUEDE JACKET, \$79

Call 212-489-8777

You won't find a better deal than this suede zip-front jacket from H&M. Cut in the latest style, this jacket fits right in with the fall trend toward all things leather. And with modern vertical zip pockets, you'll have plenty of room to store all the cash you saved on this great bargain.

THE BOOTS, \$198

Call 800-536-2653

Shoes finish off any outfit, so throw those square-toed boots from last year in the back of your closet and pick up a pair of Kenneth Cole's quality lace-up boots. The slightly pointed toe is the new look for fall and the simple design goes well with everything from jeans to dress pants.

THE JEANS, \$48

Select Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores

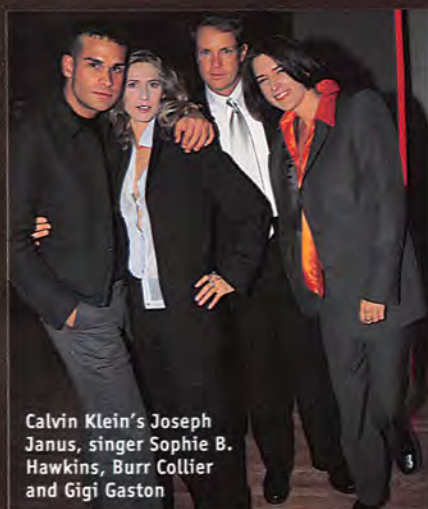
Known for their excellent fit, these double-stone easy-fit jeans by CK look good on nearly everyone. Slightly worn in, these jeans are the updated version of the dark denim that's become so popular. The distressed denim also adds interest exactly where you want it.



DARRYL PATTERSON; TEXT
BY ELISABETH DICK

MARQUEE

PHOTO: PATRICK MC MULLEN



Calvin Klein's Joseph Janus, singer Sophie B. Hawkins, Burr Collier and Gigi Gaston



Sophie B. Hawkins

Calvin Klein Sponsors 'Night of Zero Tolerance'

Over 1,000 New Yorker's packed the Metropolitan Pavilion this summer to raise money for the Sanctuary for Families, a non-profit organization dedicated to helping the victims of domestic violence. Hosted by Calvin Klein, the 5th Annual Night of Zero Tolerance raised over

\$500,000 via a live auction with prizes ranging from a "Sex in the City" set visit to batting practice with Keith Hernandez, a recording session with Mariah Carey and a custom-made gown from Mr. CK. The bash also included a performance by singer/songwriter Sophie B. Hawkins.

Meet the Parents

FHM, Polo Jeans Co. and Universal invite you to an advance screening

of *Meet the Parents* starring Ben Stiller and Robert DeNiro in Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle.

Everything that could go wrong for groom-to-be Greg Focker (Ben Stiller) does. The problems begin with Greg's disastrous first meeting with his girlfriend's family—most notably her intimidating father Jack Byrnes (Robert DeNiro)—and it's all downhill from there.

Call 1-888-polojeans or visit their website, www.polojeansco.com for participating retailers and more information on how to attend the special advance screenings of *Meet the Parents*.

In theatres October 6, 2000.

POLO JEANS CO.



the way of the gun

Academy Award®-winning screenwriter Christopher McQuarrie makes his directorial debut with *The Way of the Gun*, a twisting crime drama about two cold-blooded career criminals who kidnap a surrogate mother and find themselves in an escalating cycle of guns and mayhem. Film stars Ryan Phillippe, Benicio Del Toro, Juliette Lewis, Taye Diggs and James Caan.

www.wayofthegun.com

Opens in theatres September 8th.

OFFICIAL CALL FOR ENTRIES



SKYY VODKA
SHORT FILM AWARDS

AS A LONGTIME SUPPORTER OF INDEPENDENT FILMMAKERS, SKYY VODKA IS REWARDING CUTTING EDGE FILMS WITH THE SKYY VODKA SHORT FILM AWARDS.

SKYY VODKA IS ACCEPTING FILM SUBMISSIONS IN FOUR CATEGORIES: NON-FICTION, FICTION, ANIMATION AND "COCKTAIL MOMENTS."

THE WINNER IN EACH CATEGORY WILL RECEIVE RECOGNITION IN A FULL PAGE VARIETY AD, A MEETING WITH AN AGENT OR MANAGER, A GRAND PRIZE OF \$5,000 PLUS OTHER VALUABLE PRIZES.

THE SHORT FILM AWARDS ARE OPEN TO ALL FILMMAKERS 21 AND OLDER. ENTRIES WILL BE ACCEPTED FROM SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 THROUGH FEBRUARY 28, 2001.

sundance
channel



Interview

VISIT WWW.SKYY.COM FOR ENTRY FORMS AND MORE INFORMATION.

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fashion

JOIN THE

ALL THE FUN OF DRESSING LIKE GI JOE—WITHOUT HAVING TO ENLIST

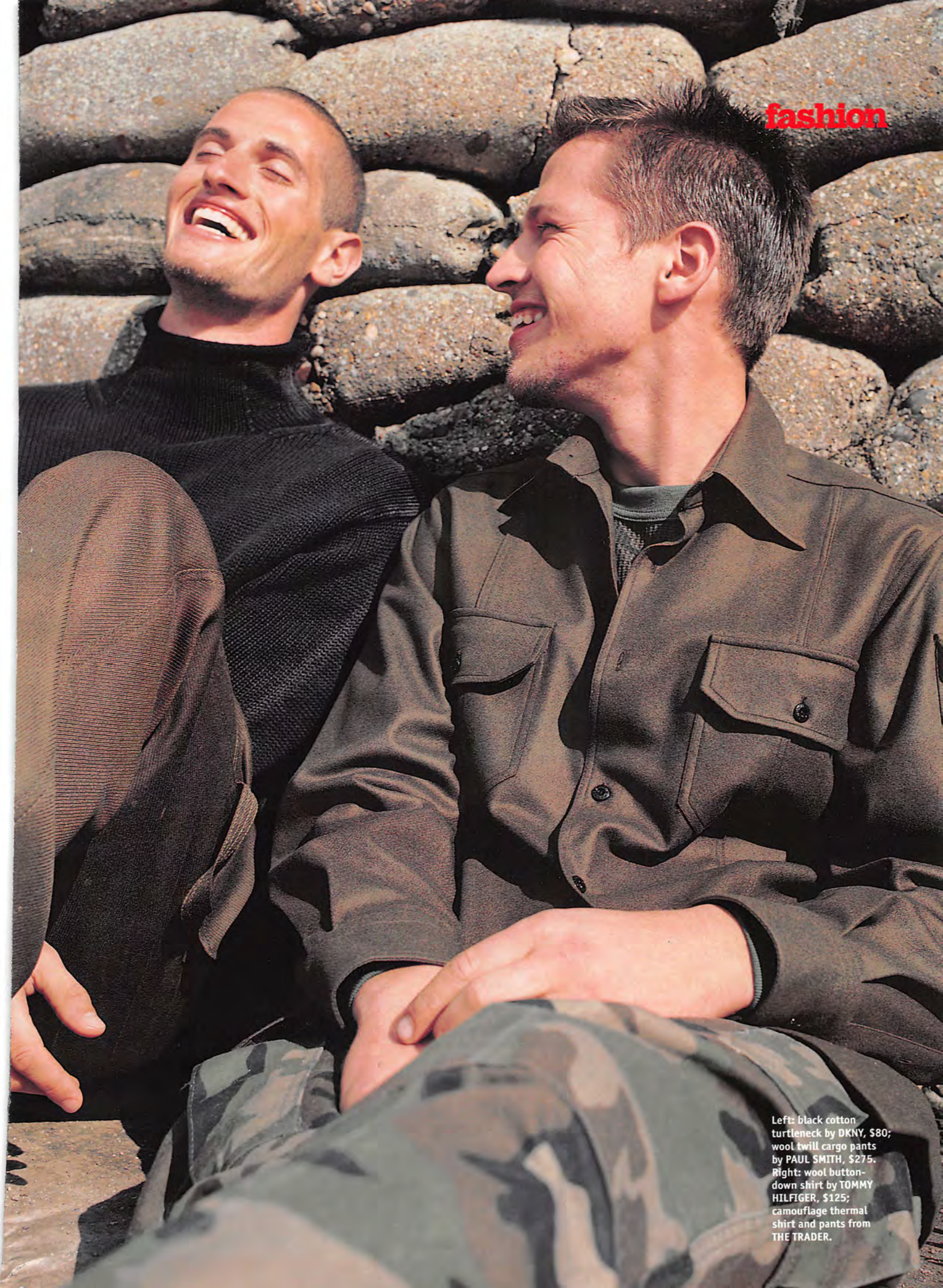
A male model with a short buzz cut stands on a dark, rocky beach. He is wearing a light olive-green, long-sleeved button-down shirt with multiple pockets, worn over a dark grey mock-neck sweater. He is also wearing dark cargo pants with large pockets. The background shows a rocky shoreline with some white foam from waves and a cloudy sky.

Left: G-8 US Navy jacket by SPIEWAK, \$150; pocket T-shirt by DICKIES, \$10; camouflage pants from CANAL JEAN COMPANY. Middle: nylon jacket with camouflage hood by SPIEWAK, \$100; ribbed mock-neck wool sweater by BC ETHIC, \$58; nylon cargo pants by MASON'S, \$70. Right: linen shirt with epaulets by MASON'S, \$60; muscle T-shirt by CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR, \$18; cotton nylon pants by MASON'S, \$60. All boots by KENNETH COLE.

RANKS!

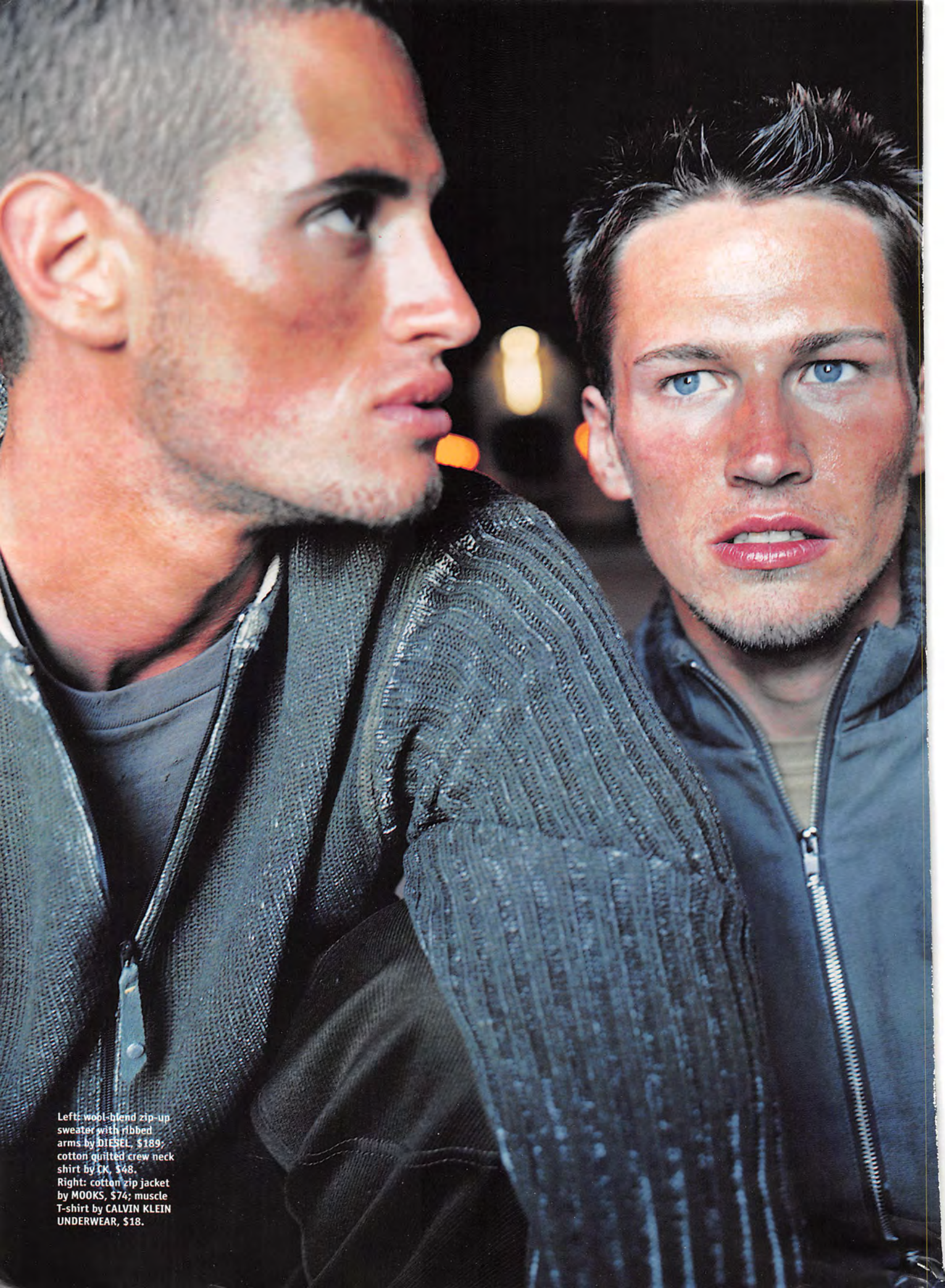


Clockwise from top left: camouflage pants from CANAL JEAN COMPANY; wool V-neck patrol sweater by DOCKERS, \$79; T-shirt by JOE BOXER, \$19 for pack of three; cotton zip shirt with epaulets by MASON'S, \$60; cotton-blend cargo pants by POLO JEANS COMPANY RALPH LAUREN, \$98; eyelet cotton henley by HARD YAKKA, \$53; nylon hooded jacket with toggles by SPIEWAK, \$130.

A photograph of two men sitting on large, grey, textured rocks. The man on the left is wearing a black turtleneck and brown cargo pants, laughing with his head tilted back. The man on the right is wearing a dark olive green button-down shirt and camouflage pants, smiling and looking towards the first man. The word "fashion" is printed in red in the upper right corner.

fashion

Left: black cotton turtleneck by DKNY, \$80; wool twill cargo pants by PAUL SMITH, \$275. Right: wool button-down shirt by TOMMY HILFINGER, \$125; camouflage thermal shirt and pants from THE TRADER.



Left: wool-blend zip-up sweater with ribbed arms by DIESEL, \$189; cotton quilted crew neck shirt by CK, \$48.
Right: cotton zip jacket by MOOKS, \$74; muscle T-shirt by CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR, \$18.

fashion



Left: camouflage quilted jacket by SPIEWAK, \$100; military-style wool-blend sweater with nylon overlay by TIMBERLAND, \$118; surplus zipper pant by DKNY, \$148.
Middle, left: CPO wind cheater by DOCKERS, \$79; camouflage pants from WEISS & MAHONEY.
Middle, right: long-sleeve tiger-print T-shirt by POLO JEANS COMPANY RALPH LAUREN, \$32; quilted vest (part of the flyer jacket) by SCHOTT, \$225; cotton cargo pants by DICKIES, \$25.
Right: cotton button-front work shirt by DICKIES, \$20; wool twill cargo pants by PAUL SMITH, \$275.

fashion

Leather biker jacket by
RUFFO, \$1,050; wool
ribbed tank by DOCKERS,
\$24; tri-pocket cargo
pants by MASON'S, \$70.



Clockwise from top right:
 eyelet cotton henley
 by HARD YAKKA, \$53;
 camouflage pants from
 THE TRADER, \$25; nylon
 G-8 US Navy jacket by
 SPIEWAK, \$150; pocket
 T-shirt by DICKIES, \$10;
 eyelet cotton henley by
 HARD YAKKA, \$53;
 camouflage pants from
 THE TRADER; long-sleeve
 tiger print T-shirt by
 POLO JEANS COMPANY
 RALPH LAUREN, \$32;
 cotton cargo pants by
 DICKIES, \$25. Center:
 wool zip-neck sweater by
 NY INDUSTRIE, \$243;
 camouflage shirt with
 epaulets from
 CANAL JEAN COMPANY.





Distressed denim trench
by DKNY, \$348; camouflage
pants from WEISS &
MAHONEY.

Photography by
VICTOR YUAN AT
PEARCESTONER.COM

Fashion by
ANTONY WRIGHT

Grooming by
TANYA CHIANALE AT
ROCKIT USING CLINIQUE

Models: BRIAN GIDISH
AND JAMES PENFOLD AT
SELECT; MARC FOSTER

AND MARTIN READ
AT ORDINARY PEOPLE;
DUNCAN MEADOWS AT RAGE

fashion

Left: nylon jacket by SPIEWAK, \$130; merino wool zip-neck sweater with nylon detail by TOMMY HILFINGER, \$125; nylon pants by MASON'S, \$70. Middle, left: camouflage vest from CANAL JEAN COMPANY; quilted cotton crew neck top by CK, \$78; nylon pants by MASON'S, \$70. Middle, right: flyer jacket with removable quilted vest by SCHOTT, \$225; camouflage pants by WEISS & MAHONEY. Right: nylon jacket with camouflage hood by SPIEWAK, \$100; camouflage thermal shirt from THE TRADER; cotton nylon pants from MASON'S, \$70.



BACK IN BLACK

LOSE YOUR BRIGHTLY COLORED CLOTHING—
HERE COMES THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS!

fashion



OPPOSITE: Matte sunglasses by DOLCE & GABBANA, \$190; black stretch wool crew-neck sweater by SLATES, \$75. THIS PAGE: wool coat by NICOLE FARHI, \$1,395; leather jacket by NICOLE FARHI, \$1,395; jeans by CK JEANS, \$48.



Bonded leather jacket by
DKNY, \$698; hand-knit
mock turtleneck by
NAUTICA, \$198;
studded leather belt by
JIL SANDER, \$335;
classic denim pants by
HELMUT LANG, \$140.

Wool roll-neck sweater
by THEORY, \$195; leather
pants by BANANA
REPUBLIC, \$350;
capretto leather loafer
by HELMUT LANG, \$350.



fashion

Ribbed zip-front cotton
sweater by BANANA
REPUBLIC, \$135; suede
pants by COSTUME
NATIONAL, \$587;
automatic aquatimer
watch by IWC, \$3,995.



Leather jacket by JOHN
BARTLETT, \$1,600;
ribbed cotton roll-neck
by H&M, \$25; shiny
jeans by CK JEANS, \$68.





Wool coat by CLUB MONACO, \$349; roll-neck knit by KENNETH COLE, \$99; leather pants by THEORY, \$485; capretto leather loafer by HELMUT LANG, \$350; automatic aquatimer watch by IWC, \$3,995.

fashion

Leather shirt by THEORY, \$485.

Photography by
ALBERTO BADALAMENTI
Fashion by ANTONY WRIGHT
Grooming by F. WAYNE FOR
BCM AT LAICALE.COM
Model: JOSH HAMMITT AT
WILHELMINA



fashion

ELEMENTS

Three-quarter-sleeve
T-shirt with stitched
pattern by DIESEL, \$45

HANG LOOSE!

THIS SEASON'S TEES MIMIC THE RELAXED
STYLE OF THE THRIFT STORE

THE DIESEL INDIGO TECH CONCEPT READ AND FOLLOW ALL LABELS. WARNING: TRAINING OR EXPERIENCE REQUIRED. D.I.T. GARMENTS USE PROCEDURES
CONTROL AND CALIBRATE ALL GARMENT DETAILS AND RELEVANT FUNCTIONS BEFORE EACH USE. THE DARK SIDE OF THE DENIM IS ON THE OUTSIDE.
ONLY FOR DEFENCE. NEVER FOR OFFENCE. STEADY YOUR MIND AND CALM YOUR SENSES. THE DARK SIDE OF THE DENIM IS ON THE OUTSIDE.
IT CAN SERVE YOU WELL BUT WEAR IT TOO LONG AND CONTROL YOUR DESTINY IT WILL.
ONLY WITH SINGLEMINDED PERSEVERANCE DEDICATION TO THE DENIM GAME AND ATTENTION TO THE WASHING AND CAREFUL STUDY OF THE WEAVE
WILL THE TRUE NATURE OF INDIGO BE REVEALED TO YOU.



Antique ringier T-shirt
by ROOTS, \$23



South Side T-shirt
by PUMA, \$18



Morocco button T-shirt
by LEVI'S, \$20



Coney Island T-shirt
by Left Field at GUYSHOP.COM, \$36



Global Legend T-shirt
by H&M, \$15



Sound system T-shirt
by STÜSSY, \$20



Upside-down-man T-shirt
by MAHARISHI, \$85



Motor-cross podium icon T-shirt
by NO FEAR, \$17



Helicopter T-shirt
by MOOKS, \$20



Bull print T-shirt
by GUESS, \$26



Rodeo T-shirt
by TOMMY JEANS, \$29



Waffle-knit T-shirt
by Club Monaco, \$39



Tonka screen-printed T-shirt
by DKNY PURE, \$58



T-shirt with detached label
by FINAL HOME, \$165



Baseball T-shirt
by FRENCH CONNECTION, \$48



Los Banos Tiger Sharks contrast T-shirt
by DUFFER, \$45



Thermal T-shirt
by GAP, \$25

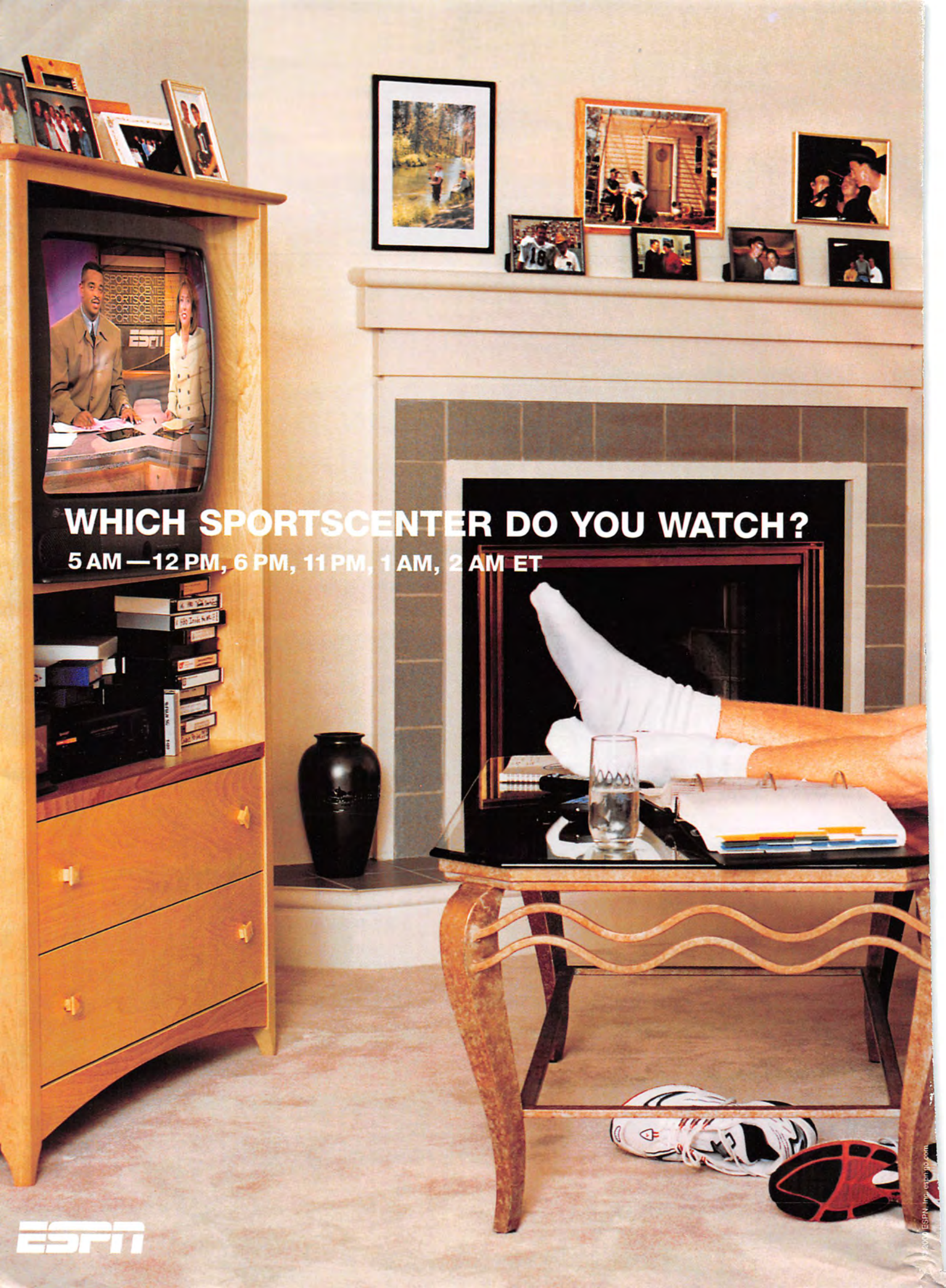


Striped thermal T-shirt
by J.CREW, \$34



Bowling Shintos vintage-cut
cotton jersey T-shirt
by EVISU, \$120

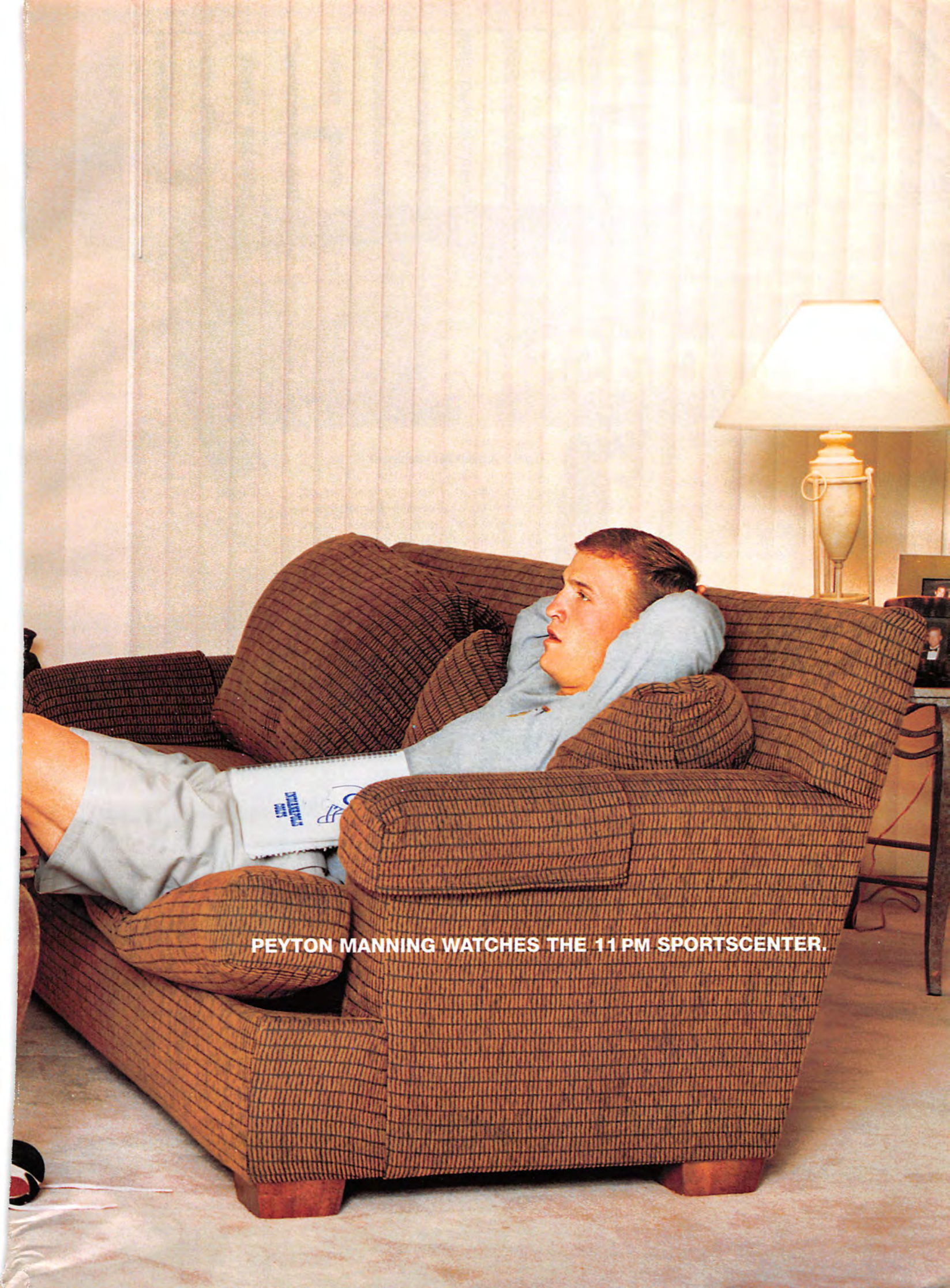
Photography by DOUG ROSA
Compiled by ANTONY WRIGHT
Styling by MIAKO KATOH



WHICH SPORTSCENTER DO YOU WATCH?

5 AM — 12 PM, 6 PM, 11 PM, 1 AM, 2 AM ET

ESPN



PEYTON MANNING WATCHES THE 11 PM SPORTSCENTER.

MACHINERY

THE LOWDOWN ON THE HOTTEST GADGETS AND EQUIPMENT
FROM OUR CRACK TEAM OF FHM MACHINEHEADS

Camp classics

Whether you enjoy sleeping with God's creatures or have been abandoned in the woods as part of some bizarre ritual, the experience doesn't have to be totally unpleasant. Jon Nealon rounds up the best gadgets to keep you dry, warm and breathing until a search party finds your sorry ass



Grizzly spray

Counter Assault Bear Deterrent

Because gruesome bear maulings are an unfortunate part of too many family campouts, Counter Assault has developed an intense pepper spray meant to ward off approaching grizzlies. Campers can wear the deterrent in its handy holster and draw on any bear that comes within 30 feet. The blast won't permanently injure the bear, but it will abate its appetite for human flesh.

Contact: www.counterassault.com; Price: \$50



Water maker

Mountain Safety Research MiniWorks Ceramic Filter

Whether gathering water from flowing streams, stagnating ponds or faucets in Detroit, you'll want to filter that aqua before letting a single drop touch your lips. The MiniWorks is an advanced portable water filtration system, boasting a ceramic filter and activated carbon-core center that cleans water to levels that exceed EPA standards.

Contact: www.msrrcorp.com; Price: \$65



Man sack

Sierra Designs Flex Sandman

Despite making you feel as if you're stuck in a freakish cocoon, the Flex Sandman offers more squirm room than competing bags. It allows you to bring your arms up to your head to use as a fleshy pillow, and the NightCap hood makes for hysterically funny campfire imitations of a baby exiting the birth canal.

Contact: www.sierradesigns.com
Price: \$209



Pocket hut

Sierra Designs Ultra Light Year CD

You haven't pitched a tent this quickly since you accidentally stumbled upon www.limbercheerleaders.com. With a streamlined design and a weight of less than three pounds, the Ultra Light Year CD takes mere minutes to erect.

Contact: www.sierradesigns.com

Price: \$349

Meat heater

Mountain Safety Research PocketRocket Stove

If you happen to fall down with the pointy three-ounce PocketRocket in your pants, expect to be left with a bloody stub. Once at camp, though, that fine serrated edge nicely supports your cooking pot. The stovepot can be threaded onto any butane fuel canister, which, incidentally, should also not be carried in your pocket.

Contact: www.msrcorp.com; Price: \$35

Trek specs

Olympus Magellan Binocular

While the only people who care about binoculars are avid birdwatchers and peeping Toms, the Magellan brings a whole new level of excitement to looking at faraway things. Its viewfinder contains a built-in compass and a superimposed rangefinder scale that lets you calculate the size of objects in the distance, such as Sasquatch as he scurries into the woods.

Contact: www.olympusamerica.com; Price: \$400

Massive tool

The Leatherman-Wave

Instead of using knives from the Swiss army—a bunch of neutral, holey-cheese-eating ninnies—why not put your trust in something as American tough as a Leatherman? A streamlined masterpiece with 18 functions, the Wave boasts five screwdrivers, two knives and the ever-popular diamond-coated file.

Contact:

www.leatherman.com; Price: \$65

Night-light

Coleman Remote Control Lantern

The biggest breakthrough in lighting since the Clapper, Coleman's remote-control lamp comes with a handy, key-chain-like device that can be clutched by a camper snuggled safely in his sleeping bag. A simple touch of a button toggles the lantern between Off, High, Low and, for the wimp who wets himself when he hears spooky noises coming from the woods, Night-light.

Contact: www.coleman.com; Price: \$45



STRAWBRIDGE'S HECHT'S ROBINSONS-MAY FOLEY'S KAUFMANN'S
FILENE'S FAMOUS-BARR L.S. AYERS THE JONES STORE MEIER & FRANK
Chris in loose jean with SONY minidisc/headphones.

lostchris.com

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A LEVI'S® BRAND



DVD PLAYERS

View masters

Like a night at the movies, without the pricey popcorn

Watching a movie on DVD is like smoking crack: You can't comprehend the thrills you're missing until you've tried it. The digital format offers stunning visuals (500 lines of resolution compared to VHS's 240), not to mention surround sound that rivals your local multiplex. The switchover from VHS is well underway. Nearly 10,000 titles are available on CD-size discs, and DVD players have been plugged into 5.5 million homes in the past three years, with another 8 million expected this year. Chris Chiarella samples the machines and guides you out of the analog age.



Best for frequent fliers Sharp DV-L70U

You already love the obliging stewardesses, stylish in-flight magazines and tasty peanut snacks, but now with the portable L70U (thickness: one inch; wide-screen monitor: seven inches), DVDs can become an equally integral part of your memorable flight experience.

The good: Because the L70U also hooks into

your TV, you can pretend you're on a cramped plane even when confined to your spacious living room.

The bad: Batteries only last three hours, and a spare will set you back \$350.

Contact: www.sharp-usa.com; **Price:** \$1,400

WEIGHING DVD OPTIONS

Buying a DVD player means wading through the alphabet soup of audio and video options that technology's created. All are good—and some are even better

VIDEO

Good: Composite Everything travels through one wire.

Better: S-Video Video output via two wires (one for colors, one for

light and dark), producing a more detailed picture.

Best: Component Separate red, green and blue components yield the best video resolution. Only the newest

TVs accept the necessary three wires.

AUDIO

Good: Dolby Digital 2.0 Two channels of output for stereo sound. More

Best for the common man Cambridge SoundWorks 106E

Reliable, loaded with options and cheap as a '70s horror flick, the 106E is unquestionable testimony to the power of innovative technology and inexpensive foreign labor.

The good: Offers great performance and the much-lauded component video connection.

The bad: It can't handle Digital Theaters Systems (DTS) audio output,



but did you really think you could have everything for only two bills?

Contact: www.hifi.com

Price: \$200

Best for hobbits Konka DT138U



For those inhabiting small living spaces such as dorm rooms, New York apartments and cozy warrens dug into the sides of hills, the upstarts at Konka have smooshed a DVD player and a 13-inch TV into one tight unit.

The good: It's small.

The bad: To make it small, Konka had to strip the DVD player of certain functions. So forget about multiple speakers for surround sound.

Contact: www.konkausa.com

Price: \$349

Best for CIA types Samsung DVD-N2000



Wannabe spies can pretend to have access to Uncle Sam's sleuthing systems through Samsung's impressive NUON technology. It gives viewers 20x zoom capabilities, as well as the ability to pan and zoom around the frame as the movie plays.

The good: The N2000 also plays family-

oriented games and educational software. And did we mention porn?

The bad: Game designers hesitant to embrace yet another programming platform may make NUON the next Atari Jaguar.

Contact: www.samsung-electronics.com

Price: \$399

Best for trust fund babies Sony DVP-CX850D

After a hard day of rolling in Daddy's Range Rover, you sure as hell don't want to walk all the way over to your home entertainment system to pop in a DVD. Thankfully, the CX850D stores 200 discs in its innards, letting you browse your film library from your Brookstone massage chair.

The good: The changer also plays CDs. (As if you don't already have a 200-disc CD changer.)

The bad: Someone has to enter the



information of 200 DVDs into the machine's memory. But then, that's what manservants are for.

Contact: www.sony.com

Price: \$899

complex sound formats will be reduced to stereo if you have only two speakers.

Better: Dolby Digital 5.1 Surround-sound tailored for five speakers (right front and back, left front and back, and

center) and a subwoofer (the ".1").

Best: Digital Theaters Systems

Similar to Dolby 5.1 but with a lower compression rate, DTS is the format of choice for home theater hardcores.

MY EXCELLENT MACHINE 5

The tunnel borer

For six years, Bob Schleiff has burrowed through the earth like an enormous mole

This isn't a cute little drill car like you see in cartoons, is it?

No, this is a \$10 million machine that weighs about 750 tons. It has a flat 100-ton head that turns on its own, and there are about 40 cutters on the front of it. Each cutter weighs about 300 pounds and also turns on its own. The goal is to exert millions of pounds of thrust pressure into the rock face so that the cutters penetrate the rock and shatter it. Buckets then scoop up the broken rock and dump it into a hopper, which empties onto a conveyor belt that carries the broken rock out onto a train.

What kind of juice do you need to crank this monster up?

It runs off 13,800 volts of electricity, which is brought down in cables that are the diameter of a large salami. Then you have transformers near the machine that weigh several tons apiece.

Transformers reduce the voltage down to whatever you need.

Is steering a real bitch?

It's like steering a boat: When you want to go around a buoy, you don't steer it from the bow, you steer it from the ass end. When you want to make a turn in the tunnel, you ease the end of the machine in the opposite direction than you want the front to go.

Something like this probably doesn't move very fast.

The fastest this machine's moved is 26 feet per hour, but that's through the most ideal ground.

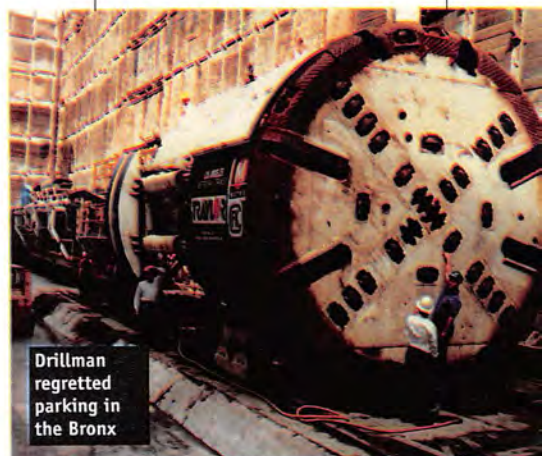
So driving it doesn't require the reflexes of a Formula 1 racer.

No, but things can happen really fast and you can get stuck. If you go out there and just mine, mine, mine without backing up to inspect the condition of your cutters, they're going to wear down and reduce the circumference of the tunnel. Then you'll be trying to

fit a 16-foot machine through a 15-foot-8 area. Your hydraulics systems don't know anything, so they try to cram the machine through the smaller hole. You end up jammed in and steel bound.

That must suck.

Yeah. It's never happened to me, but I've helped somebody else out. You have to find the path they used to get into the area, then you have to move back and forth and try to jiggle the machine out.



Ever come across any fossils or an unexpectedly high water table in your digging?

Water, yes. Working under Boston Harbor, we were getting about 8,000 gallons per minute of water. You need to have an elaborate system for discharging the water as you go. We try to mine uphill. That way you're not diving into water; it's running down and away behind you. Water can make for a messy job.

Have you ever come up in the wrong place, such as somebody's basement?

Nope. Everybody's smart these days. The surveyors get paid pretty good bucks for what they are doing, and we use the global positioning system. The last five or six tunnels that I've been involved in have been just about balls-right-on every time. We are within hundredths of an inch or less at all times.

FHM HOSPITAL

HOWEVER HIDEOUS YOUR WART OR OBSCURE YOUR PHOBIA,
THE FHM EXPERTS CAN TAKE AWAY THE PAIN. . . .

The fat burglar
was easily
captured by the
agile Italian



CIRTH

Where's my six-pack?

Q I've been trying to develop a "six-pack" for about seven months now. I carry out a fairly balanced exercise routine in the gym—although I do concentrate on my stomach—but my belly just seems to have expanded even more and

gone rock-hard! Why is this happening?

A. Pennington, Cumberland, MD

A The "six-pack" effect you're seeking is the result of low body-fat levels—not well-developed abdominals. You can do all the crunches and leg raises

you want, but if your body fat is above 10 percent, you'll never see the rectus abdominus—i.e., the six-pack. What's happened is you've developed your stomach to the point where the muscles have grown and are well-developed, hence the rock-hard feeling. However, you have yet to

shed the fat, which is why you have the bulge instead of a washboard. Continue with your weight-training and abdominal workouts, but add some cardiovascular work and a sensible nutrition plan to help shed that winter coat and reveal the fruits of your labors. (AC)

ANATOMY CLASS

THE GUT

Dr. Robert Gotlin explains why a fat belly is a good belly

What is the gut?

It's the area below the rib cage and above the hips. That's where most of your vital organs are—the kidneys, liver, gallbladder, intestines, spleen, lots of stuff. It's all wrapped up in a complex system of muscles. There's loads packed in there, but the organs can move around quite a bit.

How can I tell if something's injured in there?

Pain is a pretty good indication. It's not the actual organs that will hurt; it's just that in order to injure the actual organs in your gut, you've got to get through skin and muscle, which are loaded with nerves.

What are some common gut injuries?

The abdominal wall muscles can tear. The New Jersey Nets' Jayson Williams just last year had abdominal strains, and so did the Spurs' Tim Duncan. Those muscles go down to the groin, which is the only real area of the gut that can be hurt just by twisting it wrong. If you tear them, it will take three, maybe

even six weeks or more to heal.

Is that a hernia?

If the tear is low in the gut, that is a hernia, yes. The intestines start coming through, and you see it under the flesh; it looks like popcorn. The only way it gets better is by luck or by surgery.

What else gets hurt in there?

The two most common organs to get injured are the spleen and kidneys. The spleen lies on the left side of the gut, right below the rib cage. When you hurt it, it'll feel like a sharp, deep pain. You may even get a left shoulder pain because the same nerves that are attached to the spleen are attached to the shoulder. The kidneys are on both sides of the flank. If you've been running and you stop, where you put your hands, those are your kidneys. Kidney injuries are similar, but the pain is in the lower back. It's more of a soreness, like someone is gnawing at your back.



Purdue kept his best bird for himself

How can I tell the difference between that and basic lower-back pain?

Typically, you'll see blood in your urine. That's a good indication that something's wrong. A ruptured spleen is no fun.

Do boxers hurt their guts a lot?

Of course. They've got tons of blood in the urine. But if they're playing fair, the kidney punch is not allowed. The spleen is typically protected because any decent boxer will keep his left elbow in to protect it.

Is a fat gut a safer gut?

In a strange way, yes, a fat gut is probably better for you. But I'm not promoting that.

Dr. Gotlin is the director of orthopedics at New York's Beth Israel Hospital.

OVERFLOW

BATTLE THE BEER BELLY

A few sets of these reps on a regular basis will stunt the growth of those George Costanza love handles

The Straight Leg

Lying flat on the ground, keep your hands under your chin rather than pulling on your neck, and your ankles crossed. Crunch forward, then lower your shoulders until they're hovering just above the ground.



The Oblique

Cross one leg and place the opposite hand behind your head. Use your upper torso to direct your elbow to the crossed knee. Slowly return to the starting position to flex those love-handle-hidden obliques.



The Classic Crunch

Rather than pulling on your neck and relying on momentum, cross your hands across your chest and curl up with your lower back on the ground. Breathe in through your nostrils on the crunch and out through your mouth coming down.



The Knee-Up Position

Keeping a flat back and your hands under your chin, crunch forward, focusing on bringing your rib cage toward your hips. The raised knee will reinforce your form and technique.



DECEPTION

FEEL THE BURN

Body sticker makes sit-ups obsolete

Lethargic loads who refuse to tighten their pudgy midsections with crunches can now heave a sigh of relief thanks to the Solar Screen. The shaded body sticker bears the chick-luring six-pack pattern and can be stuck to a sunbather's chest and abdomen. After several hours of soaking up rays, he removes the decal to reveal a body that appears ripped (and cancer-laden). When asked if there could possibly be a lazier method of fooling the opposite sex, inventor Glen Raymond boasted, "I'd defy anybody to look this different with this little effort."



Swayze did hard time in the prison shower

Relationships

SUSAN QUILLIAM
Relationships
psychologist
and author



Love Coach, Susan's new book on relationships, is in bookstores now.

Relationships

DR. PETER S. KANARIS
Psychologist
and sex
therapist



Get Peter's e-newsletter, "Sex Ed. on the Web," at www.SexualhelpNet.com.

Doctor

GARY LIEBERMAN, M.D.
General
practitioner



Gary is based in Chapel Trail, FL, and has been in practice for 22 years.

Skin care

ALAN R. KLING
Board-certified
dermatologist



Alan is an assistant clinical professor of dermatology in New York.

Eye care

PHILLIP J. CALENDIA, M.D.
Board-certified
ophthal-
mologist



Phillip is an ophthalmologist in private practice in North Carolina.

Grooming

GIULIANA DEVUANO
Men's stylist,
Avon Centre
Salon, New
York City



Giuliana's client list includes Billy Joel, Al Pacino and Joe Cocker.

HIDEOUSNESS

MY MOUTH LOOKS LIKE A TRAIN WRECK

Q After a couple of decades of eating crap, smoking and not going to the dentist, my teeth are on their way out. I have to do something about it, or I'm going to look like a diseased chimp. The thing is, I don't have much cash, and I haven't a clue as to how much it costs to have teeth capped or replaced. If I go through with it, how long can I expect it to last?
K. Ross, Wheeling, WV

A You're displeased now, but just ask most senior citizens what they wish they had most of all. It isn't cable TV. It's the ability to eat with comfort and talk with friends without their teeth dropping out. Start by seeing a dentist who can educate you on your own particular mouth and its needs. And don't forget that you can get wonderful care at a dental school for half or less than half the cost of private practice fees. (LR)



"Welcome to Heathrow"

PEARLINESS

OBLITERATE TOOTH GUNK

If your teeth look like George Washington's wood chips, try the Braun Oral-B 3D Plaque Remover electric toothbrush. Its marketers brag about the brush head's oscillating motion transforming your toothpaste into a cleaning micro-foam that penetrates hard-to-reach areas. A user will tell you it seems to clean teeth as well as the dentist does, and that he'll never again go back to primitive manual brushing. Contact: www.braun.com Price: \$99.99

Nessie:
rechargeable

WOMEN'S HEALTH ANSWERS

SHOULD I MEET MY BOYFRIEND?

Q I'm a 25-year-old female, and a few months ago I discovered Internet chat rooms. I met a guy in one of them and have struck up a relationship with him. We talk about all sorts of things, and I've told him stuff I'd normally never tell anyone else. Although I'm intrigued to meet him in the flesh, I'm obviously worried that he might be some sicko. I'm not sure what to do because he could turn out to be real shady.

K. Aaronson, Newton, MA
A You've highlighted one of the serious problems with Internet romance—instant intimacy. You start chatting with someone, and because you can't see or hear each other, it feels safe to let the barriers down quickly. Before you know it, you're talking about things you would

normally only discuss with lovers—and without all the checks you would usually make. But then comes the crunch—is your man genuinely nice, or just good at bullshitting? In this case, if you're seriously wary, I would let him go—gently and respectfully, but firmly. But if you've liked what you've learned about him, then you need to make all the checks you haven't made so far.

Exchange photos, so you can both see what the other looks like. Call him, so you can hear each other's voices. Swap personal details—date of birth, job, address, family, friends. If you both still want to meet, use caution: Meet in a

public place and let friends and family know where you'll be. Meet for just a few hours so if you bore the socks off each other, you can make a fast exit. In all honesty, your relationship doesn't have as much of a chance of success as if you'd met face to face before the first date. That said, I've heard of some very happy Internet relationships blossoming. And yours may just be one of them. (SQ)



"Where's my piano?" Mozart snapped

I WANT PUNKS!

Q I am 34 years old and have been with my current partner for eight years. At 28, he is still happy with the relationship, but my biological clock is ticking and I need a stronger commitment. He doesn't seem to want to get married, much less have children. I need to have things out with him but I don't want to mess it up. I thought you may be able to advise me.
M. Trout, Spearsville, LA

A As a woman, I absolutely appreciate your dilemma. But I have to warn you that the news isn't good. You say you need to talk about making a commitment and about having kids, but it sounds as if you've had this conversation before. The fact is he doesn't want a further commitment and he doesn't want kids. There's a real conflict of aims here, and all the advice in the world won't make any difference. So if you feel your partner will change his mind in time, then fine, hang in there. Otherwise, if you want kids more than you want this man, you may have to move on. (SQ)



Hope's anecdote moved into its fourth hour

FACTS

Most healthy adults can survive without eating anything for as long as a month—if they drink at least two quarts of water a day... An estimated two percent of the doctors practicing in the US are actually impostors... Among people under 30, those who use tanning lamps are three times more likely to develop a melanoma than those who don't...

DENTIST

LAURENCE RIFKIN
Doctor of
Dental Surgery



Laurence was the LA Lakers team dentist from 1984 to 1987

FITNESS

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Strength
coach, US
Athletic
Training Center



Alwyn is a world-level competitor and national champion in Tae Kwon-Do

FHM HOSPITAL

EYE MAGIC

Can lasers make me see?

Q I have terrible eyesight, but I am very self-conscious about wearing glasses. Contact lenses are not an option because the thought of sticking anything in my eyes freaks me out. I've heard a lot about laser eye surgery, but a friend of mine had a horrible experience. His vision is now permanently blurred. His doctors said it's a problem that even glasses can't correct. Is drastically blurred vision a common side effect of laser surgery?

C. Worthington, Calhoun, MS

A No. Drastically blurred vision is a rare side effect of laser vision correction surgery (LVCS). Serious side effects are quite infrequent, and the success rate is very high. About 98 percent of patients who've had LVCS no longer need glasses or contact lenses to legally drive a car. But, as with any

surgery, the more you know about LVCS, the easier it is to decide if it is right for you. Here are some facts that may be helpful. There are two types of LVCS: PRK and LASIK. LASIK is better for most people because healing after surgery is faster—and more predictable—than with PRK. Most LASIK patients feel little or no discomfort afterward and see well within one to three days.

Many people who are nearsighted, farsighted or have astigmatism, and have healthy eyes, are good candidates for LVCS to correct their distance vision. However, LVCS can't reverse normal aging changes that require most people to wear glasses from about age 40 for close-up work. Though the risk of persistent blurred or decreased vision is small, it still exists. For this reason, it is important you have a complete eye exam and talk to your ophthalmologist before making a decision. (PC)



"Someone to see you, Mr. President. She says her name's Monica"

MAGNIFICATION

SEEING MADE EASY

Blind bats everywhere can ditch their dorky glasses or filmy contact lenses when they hit the slopes this winter. That's because SkiVision's new specs are armed with prescription lenses built into the frames. The goggles come in five different colors—blue, yellow, purple, amber and pink—and are held in place by an oversized, extra-wide headband. Manufacturer SeaVision USA refers to the specs as "stylish," but that's only for those who consider shop-class teachers and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar to be fashion icons.

Contact: www.seavisionusa.com; Price: \$140



Welding:
fashionable

LASERS IN SPORT

SPORTS STARS BECOME GUINEA PIGS

A number of high-profile athletes were among the 800,000 people who paid \$2,000 to \$2,500 per eye on LASIK surgery last year. Here's a sampling of the mixed results



Jeff Bagwell, Houston Astros
Before LASIK:

"I'd be batting," he says, "my contact lens would move and then everything got blurry." **After LASIK:** At first, Bagwell's vision wasn't as good as he had hoped. "I think my eyes had to adjust to playing at night."



Troy Aikman, Dallas Cowboys
Before LASIK:

He couldn't see the big E on an eye chart. **After LASIK:** He won his next five tournaments. "After LASIK," says Dr. Mark Whitten, Woods' doctor, "to someone as nearsighted as Tiger, the hole looks huge."



Tiger Woods, pro golfer
Before LASIK:

Forget the big E—he couldn't see the chart at all. **After LASIK:** He won his next five tournaments. "After LASIK," says Dr. Mark Whitten, Woods' doctor, "to someone as nearsighted as Tiger, the hole looks huge."



Hal Sutton, pro golfer
Before LASIK:

Like many other golfers who wear lenses, his eyes were often irritated by wind, rain and sand. **After LASIK:** Sutton says he "had some fluctuation in my vision the first three or four months" after the surgery.



Greg Maddux, Atlanta Braves
Before LASIK:

"I saw the catcher," he says, referring to the times he'd warm up without his lenses. "But I wasn't sure who it was." **After LASIK:** Two days afterward, he beat the Red Sox, 8-1, and said, "Best thing I ever bought."

Marilyn Monroe had six toes on each foot; Florida Marlins pitcher Antonio Alfonseca has six fingers on each hand... The average adult falls asleep seven minutes after turning out the lights

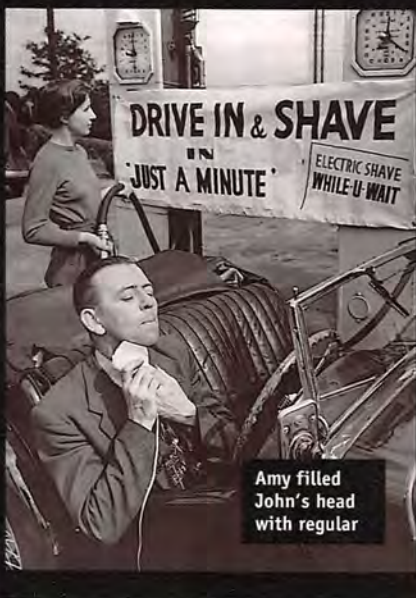
LETHARGY

TOO LAZY TO SHAVE

Q My job entails early-morning starts and because I'm lazy I never wake up with enough time to shave properly. As a result, my face often looks really rough by the afternoon. Is there any quick method for a decent shave, especially one I could do at night which will still look OK for work the next day?

T. Jones, East Lansing, MI

A I have good news and bad news. The bad: There is really no way to "shortcut" a proper shave. After all, this is your face! You deserve to give yourself a few extra minutes to make sure you shave carefully—you'll waste more time going over your mistakes if you shave haphazardly. And the good news: If you shave at night, you can achieve a lasting result when you use a thick shaving cream or light oil, instead of foam. This will give you a closer shave that will look good all day long. (GD)



Amy filled John's head with regular

WHY AREN'T YOU DEAD YET?

THANKS TO AN ACTION HERO, JODY NOLAN SURVIVED FALLING OFF A 140-FOOT CLIFF

Tell me about this massive spill. My friend and I were at Zuma Beach in California, and there are some cliffs out there. On a whim, I decided to climb one: Point Dume. I was at the top about to pull myself up, but I'm a bodybuilder, so I weigh a lot. Some sandstone broke off and I fell down the side.

Somehow I made it to a ledge about 40 feet down and landed on my feet. That's where I got the compound fracture on my left ankle.

That doesn't sound so bad.

I guess it's not. But because my ankle was broken, I rolled off that ledge and fell another 100 feet onto some jagged rocks.



... and before



Nolan now . . .

Did you think you were dead?

I was spitting up blood and my ribs were busted. I fractured three or four vertebrae, and my pelvis and right femur were broken. I cracked my head open too.

I went into a coma three days later and was in it for a month and a half.

Were you conscious when you were rescued?

Yeah. When I got to the hospital, I was fighting everyone, so they tried to strap me down. This ex-

Marine guy got my right hand buckled down. He was going for my left, and I broke through the strap on my right. It took six guys to get me down. Then I spent 10 hours in surgery.

What'd they do?

They removed a third of my right lung and my spleen. When I woke up from the coma I got gangrene in my gut, so they had to cut out my gallbladder and a few feet of intestines. When I fell I was 200 pounds; when I woke up I was around 100. I was like one of those Ethiopians.

So why aren't you dead yet?

Well, it's funny. I'd always been a big Chuck Norris fan. Since I was in California, my dad wrote him about me, but he couldn't visit because he was filming *Delta Force 2* or *3* in the Philippines. So instead, he kept sending me stuff like letters and T-shirts. I had a VCR in the ICU, and he sent me movies. It really helped to keep my spirits up.

For even more life improvement, visit our Hospital section at www.FHMus.com

RAZORATION

UPGRADE YOUR SHAVE

Tired of your face resembling sandpaper by five o'clock? It's time to discard your rusty-canned foam stuff in favor of one of these sensitive-skin gels or creams.

Aveeno Therapeutic Shave Gel, \$2.99 for 7 oz. Enriched with natural oatmeal, Aveeno gel is formulated for skin that's prone to razor bumps. And unlike many leading shave gels, it doesn't clog pores or contain fragrances that can irritate sensitive skin and make you smell like a medicine cabinet.

Black Opal Desensitizing Clear Shave Gel, \$4.99 for 5.5 oz.

The clear ice-blue gel digs deep into the skin's surface so you can actually see hairs that are entrapped in lesions, making shaving easier and less painful. Moisture-rich, this gel lubricates, pampers and protects the most sensitive skin.

The Art of Shaving Cream, \$19 for 5.3 oz.

Most guys wouldn't dream of buying a shaving cream with a unit cost more than 10 times that of other brands. But this will last longer than foams or gels because its formula is super-concentrated, plus its moisturizing treatment soothes skin better than any of its competitors.

Fat tub scored the gel sisters



fashion

WHERE TO BUY

BANANA REPUBLIC: Call 888-277-8953, or log on to www.bananarepublic.com
BC ETHIC: Select Nordstrom's and Bloomingdale's stores, or log on to www.bcethic.com
CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR: Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores
CANAL JEAN COMPANY: Canal Jean Company NY, 212-226-1130
CK: Select Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores
CLUB MONACO: Club Monaco stores nationwide, or log on to www.clubmonaco.com
COSTUME NATIONAL: Select Costume National, Saks Fifth Avenue and Barneys New York stores
DICKIES: Select JC Penney and Kmart stores, or call 800-342-5437
DIESEL: Select Diesel and Bloomingdale's stores, or call 877-434-3735
DKNY: Select DKNY and Bloomingdale's stores
DKNY (leather jacket): Select Saks Fifth Avenue stores, and Atrium NY, 212-473-9200
DOCKERS: Call 800-362-5377, or log on to www.dockers.com
DOLCE & GABBANA: Select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques
DUFFER: Louis Boston, 617-262-6100, and Rolo San Francisco, 415-431-4545
EVISU: Barneys New York, 212-593-7800, and Atrium NY, 212-473-9200
FINAL HOME: Final Home, 212-966-0202
FRENCH CONNECTION: French Connection stores nationwide, or call 888-741-3285
GAP: Gap stores nationwide, or log on to www.gap.com
GUESS: Guess stores nationwide, or call 800-394-8377
GUYSHOP.COM: Log on to www.guyshop.com
H&M: H&M NY, 212-489-8777
HARD YAKKA: Select Nordstrom's stores
HELMUT LANG: Log on to www.helmutlang.com
IWC: Wempe Jewelers, 212-397-9000
J.CREW: Call 800-562-0258
JIL SANDER: Select Jil Sander stores
JOE BOXER: Call 800-563-2693
JOHN BARTLETT: Jeffrey, 212-206-1272, Barneys

New York, 212-593-7800, and select Saks Fifth Avenue stores
KENNETH COLE: Call 800-536-2653, or log on to www.kennethcole.com
LEVI'S: Call 800-872-5384, or log on to www.dockers.com
MAHARISHI: Barneys New York, 212-593-7800, and Fred Segal LA, 323-651-4129
MASON'S: Select Ron Herman and Fred Segal stores, or log on to www.masons.de
MOOKS: Call 877-226-6657
NAUTICA: Select Bloomingdale's and Lord & Taylor stores, or call 877-628-8422
NEW YORK INDUSTRIE: Select Barneys New York stores and Rolo San Francisco, 415-431-4545
NICOLE FARHI: Nicole Farhi NY, 212-223-8811
NO FEAR: Call 888-411-3327, or log on to www.nofear.com
PAUL SMITH: Paul Smith NY, 212-627-9770, and select Saks Fifth Avenue stores
POLO JEANS COMPANY RALPH LAUREN: Select Bloomingdale's, Macy's and Polo Jeans Company stores, or log on to www.polojeansco.com
PUMA: Call 800-782-7862
ROOTS: Roots NY, 212-324-3333, or Roots Beverly Hills, 310-858-8543
RUFFO RESEARCH: Barneys New York, 212-593-7800
SCHOTT: Call 800-257-2468, or log on to www.schottnyc.com
SLATES: Call 800-752-8371, or log on to www.slates.com
SPIEWAK: Log on to www.spiewak.com
STUSSY: Select Stussy stores, or log on to www.stussy.com
THEORY: Select Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue stores
TIMBERLAND: Call 800-445-5545
TOMMY HILFIGER: Select Bloomingdale's and Macy's stores
TOMMY JEANS: Call 800-798-8858
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NO PURCHASE NECESSARY to enter or win. Offers open to legal US residents age 18 or older. Void where prohibited. Promotion begins 9/12/00. Entries must be postmarked before 11/1/00 and received by 11/9/00. (1) To enter the Mystery Machine contest, send a 3x5 card with your name, address and identification of the machine pictured in the October issue of *FHM* to: Mystery Machine 4, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. One winner will be selected in a random drawing on or about 11/13/00 from all entries correctly identifying the Mystery Machine and will be notified by mail on or before November 17, 2000. The Mystery Machine Winner will receive a Handspring Visor Deluxe (approximate retail value, \$249). (2) To

enter the Tommy Jeans jacket contest, send a photo of your current outerwear with your name and address to Tommy Jeans Contest, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. Three (3) winners will be selected by the Editorial Staff of *FHM* based on their discretionary assessment of need and will be notified by mail on or before 11/17/00. Each Tommy Jeans winner will receive a jacket (retail value, \$395). Total value of all prizes \$1,185. No substitution of prize except Sponsor may substitute a prize of equal or greater value in the event a prize becomes unavailable. Winners may be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility/waiver/release agreement within 10 days of notification or forfeit prize and another winner will be

selected. Taxes are sole responsibility of the winners. (3) To enter the RCA 27-inch television contest, send a 3x5 card with your name, address and a correct identification of which haircut belongs to which celebrity to RCA 27-inch Television Contest, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. First correct entry selected by editorial staff of *FHM* based on random drawing to be held on or about 11/13/00 will win an RCA 27" television model number F27689 worth approximately \$700. Next six correct entries will each win \$50. Winners will be notified by mail on or before November 17, 2000. Prize notification returned as undeliverable will result in disqualification of that entry and the prize will be awarded to the next winner. Limit one entry per person.

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Due to exceedingly high safety standards, only five workers died during the construction of the Empire State Building's massive 102 stories. It's an astounding feat for sure, but it's important to note that not one of those stories is gut-bustingly funny. That's why *FHM* doesn't list safety as a prerequisite when we solicit tales, just that they be entertaining and true. If yours makes it to this page, we'll send you \$50. Story of the Month, no matter how deadly, gets \$200. Write to True Stories, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011, or e-mail us at FHMtrue@emapUSA.com. And remember, your mother was wrong: When someone loses an eye, the fun has just begun.



ATTORNEY PRIVILEGES Lawyer lets his hot air out

As an attorney specializing in "little people's" rights (i.e., midgets and dwarfs), I often go to conventions to meet potential clients. I was asked to give a lecture at one such gathering in Texas. The stage was set with one normal-sized podium in the center and two smaller ones on each side for audience members to make comments. Everything was going fine until I felt a burst of gas tearing at my insides. Thinking swiftly, I decided that at the next pause in my speech, I'd relieve myself quickly and quietly. The pause arrived and I let go. But I'd forgotten about the two ass-high mics on either side of me. A look of disgust shot through the crowd, as my wind was amplified to a deep explosion. I spoke for another 30 seconds before cutting my speech short and returning to my hotel. Needless to say, I didn't win any new friends.

Jason Thompson, Mt. Vernon, IL

HOSPITAL CARE Man loses at wheelchair hockey

When my friend Mike mangled his leg skiing last winter, he was forced to stay in the hospital for two weeks. To keep his spirits up, we'd race wheelchairs around the entire hospital when I came to visit. Though I let him win, he got more and more competitive. As I rolled after him one day, listening to him shout, "You're my bitch," I decided I'd had enough. When he got into the elevator, confident of his lead, I folded my chair and ran down the stairs. I emerged from the stairwell and spotted him wheeling along at an arrogantly slow pace. As I wheeled past, I slammed into his chair, sending him into the wall before hitting the floor. "Who's the bitch now?" I shouted. I then realized it wasn't Mike I'd checked, but an older man suffering from a bladder condition. As he lay there in an ever-widening yellow puddle, I abandoned my chair and ran home. The remainder of Mike's hospital stay didn't include any more visits from me.

Dan Ratner, Jackson Hole, UT

HARD WORK Neighbor gets lesson in patience

Last summer, I agreed to help my crotchety old neighbor with some work around the house. She had wanted some exposed beams to be stained and waxed, but knowing this would take forever, I opted for a fast-drying polyurethane stain. The old woman sat there shouting orders while I worked on the ladder above her. Finally, her scolding was replaced by a phlegm-filled snore, and I saw my chance to



TRUE STORY OF THE MONTH

ANIMAL CRUELTY Boyfriend uses cat for sport

When my girlfriend invited me over to her house to give me a surprise, I was a little bothered by the fact that I'd have to endure the antics of her annoying cat, Earl, while I was there. When I arrived, she left me in the living room and went to fix us some drinks. I decided to spend my few moments alone with the feline tossing him at what appeared to be a rolled-up carpet propped against the wall. Upon each impact, he'd sneer at me, and I'd laugh, grab him and toss him again. After

several minutes, my girlfriend returned, handed me a glass of wine and announced it was time for my surprise. She made me cover my eyes, and then unrolled the tube I'd been throwing the cat against. It turns out it wasn't a carpet at all, but some sort of painting she'd spent days making for me. As she looked at the long rips Earl's claws had just made with my help, her eyes shot back and forth between the cat and her ruined art. "I'm sorry," I said, watching her eyes well up with tears. "I should have made you get rid of that cat a long time ago." **Dante Haskins, Allentown, PA**

escape. I slopped on the coating as fast as I could and bolted. Later, I realized I'd left my watch inside, but when I heard her bellowing from outside the door, I decided to cut my losses and tiptoe away. Several hours later, I saw her being brought out of her house with a patch of hair missing from her bloody head. Apparently, in my zeal to finish, a big glob of polyurethane had landed on her chair and hardened with her head firmly attached. I never got my watch, but at least I won't be asked to do any more work for her.

Rob Pitt, Alameda, CA

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE Jesus-lover sees heavens open

After a long night of partying, my roommates and I awoke to my neighbor leading a religious sing-along in his yard. Because the loud "hallelujahs" were keeping me up, I went over and asked if he could

move the jamboree inside, only to have the Bible-lover shout, "Don't rain on my parade just because you don't love Jesus." Feeling the effects of last night's tequila in my stomach, I marched home and told my roommates the story. One of them suggested we launch a bag of vomit from our roof into their party, using a large slingshot we owned. I sprayed into a bag, and the three of us headed to the roof. "Here's something for the choir," I yelled, as one roommate let go of the bag. But instead of the vomit comet landing in the crowd below, it hit our balcony rail. The bile bag exploded, and I was instantly covered in foul fluid. As I prepared to be sick again, I heard them rejoicing below with a healthy "hallelujah!"

Sam Diamond, San Francisco, CA

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